★ Sept. 25, 1943

THE NEW YORKER

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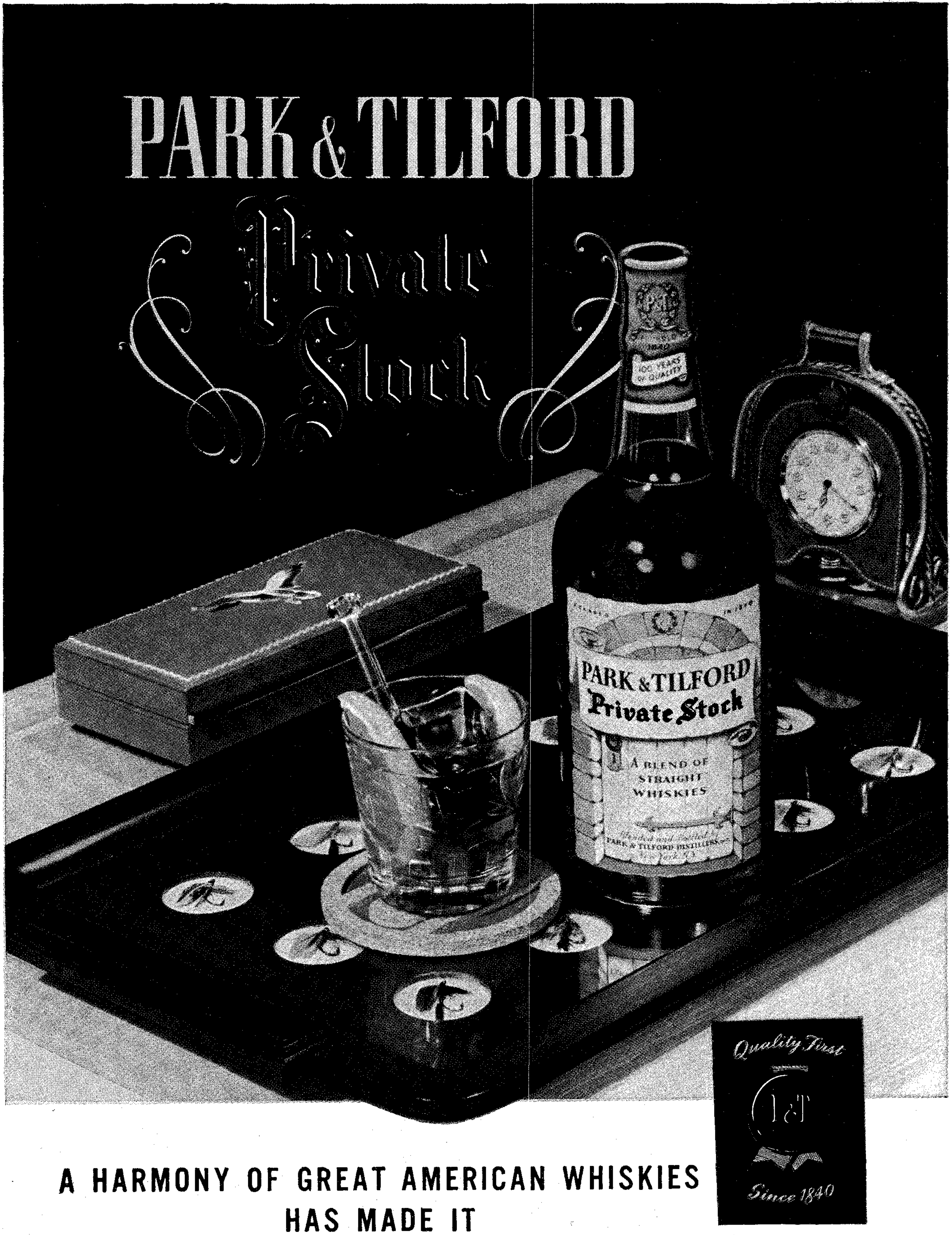
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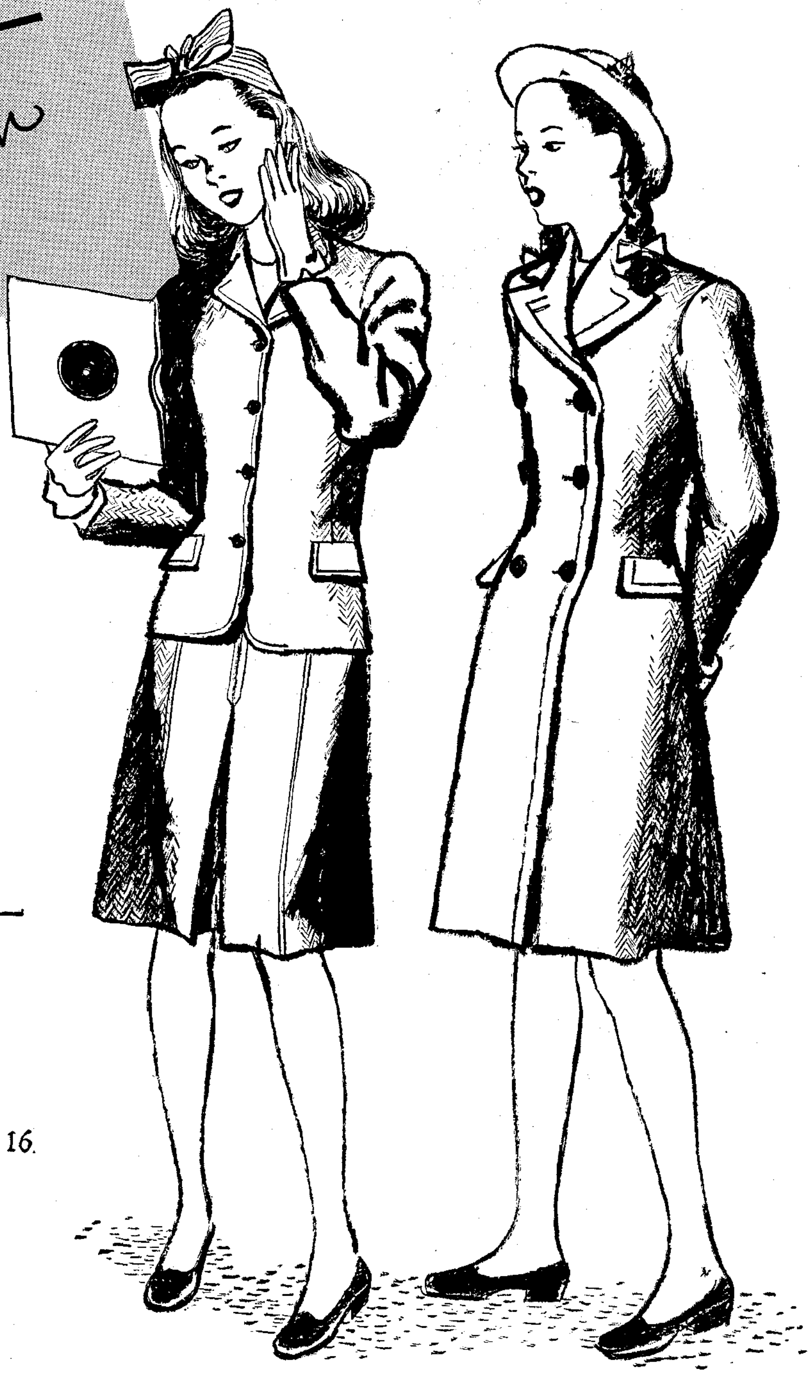

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIRD
WAR
LOAN
OB

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—Very nice Victorian thriller by the author of "Rope's End." Judith Evelyn and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. Third year. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. Josephine Hull and Effie Shannon head the cast of this beautifully original and hair-raising comedy, which is now in its third year. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Moves on Mon., Sept. 27, to the Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Blithe Spirit—Noel Coward's remarkable play about a man whose wives come back to haunt him. Among the spooks and their mortal foils are Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Mildred Natwick, and Haila Stoddard. Third season. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., Oct. 2.)

The Doughgirls—Three sporty girls are turned loose in wartime Washington and nearly wreck it. Joseph Fields is the author, and the cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, Doris Nolan, and Arlene Francis. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Janie—A comedy concerning adolescent and military life in the suburbs which may easily appeal to suburban adolescents. With Linda Watkins. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Kiss and Tell—A typical George Abbott piece about a girl who pretends she's going to have a baby. Jessie Royce Landis and Robert Keith head a pleasant, competent cast. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is rounding out its fourth year. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney will return to the cast on Fri., Sept. 24. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

A New Life—Elmer Rice's rather disappointing study, with abundant obstetrical details, of a mother's struggle to save her child from its plutocratic grandparents. Presented by the Playwrights' Company with a cast including Betty Field, George Lambert, and Ann Thomas. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:45.)

The Skin of Our Teeth—Thornton Wilder's superb fantasy about a New Jersey family which survived the Ice Age, the Flood, and a couple of wars. Gladys George, Conrad Nagel, and Viola Frayne head the cast. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly at 8:40. Mat. Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., Sept. 25.)

Three's a Family—Practically all the girls have babies in this farce. Ruth Weston, Robert Burton, and William Wadsworth are heavily involved. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 2:50.)

Tomorrow the World—A sober, though somewhat elementary, attempt to deal with the problem of reëducating the children of Nazi Germany. With Skippy Homeier and Ralph Bellamy. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Two Mrs. Carrolls—Mainly a vehicle for Elisabeth Bergner, who knows her business. The play takes a while to get started but finally develops into something of a thriller. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Land of Fame—Whitford Kane and Stephen Schnabel in a play by Albert and Mary Bein. Produced by Mr. Bein and Frederick Fox. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Blossom Time—Alexander Gray as Franz Schubert and Barbara Scully as Mitzi in a competent revival of this tuneful old bore. (Ambassador, 49, W. CI 7-0760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:40.)

Early to Bed—Richard Kollmar in a comedy concerned dimly with bull fighting and Martinique, but it certainly isn't anything to bother you one way or another. Muriel Angelus, Mary Small, and Bob Howard also appear, and there is characteristic music by Fats Waller. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Laugh Time—Frank Fay in charge of an assortment of acrobats, dancers, and trained dogs. Ethel Waters and Bert Wheeler assist him from time to time and it's all pretty good fun. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:30, and Sun. at 2:15 and 5:30.)

The Merry Widow—A big, good-looking revival, with Jan Kiepura and Marta Eggerth in the leading rôles and Melville Cooper doing most of the clowning. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs" that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. Richard Rodgers wrote the music, and the cast includes Alfred Drake, Joseph Buloff, Joan Roberts, and Celeste Holm. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Porgy and Bess—The inhabitants of Catfish Row are back again and as wonderful as ever. Todd Duncan still heads the cast of this Gershwin-Heyward folk opera. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Closes Sat., Oct. 2.)

Rosalinda—A colorful adaptation of Strauss's light opera "Die Fledermaus," with a cast made up of members of the New Opera Company. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Something for the Boys—Ethel Merman singing Cole Porter songs in a comedy that is about Army life as much as anything else. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Star and Garter—A peculiar mixture of authentic burlesque and a high-class parody of it. Rough but stimulating. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Student Prince—A revival of a curiously successful operetta of the twenties. Everett Marshall and Sigmund Romberg are names you ought to remember. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 6-5353. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30.)

Ziegfeld Follies—Not the "Follies" as the Master used to turn them out, but still big and occasionally funny. Milton Berle, Eric Blore, and many, many more. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:35.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Hairpin Harmony—A musical comedy written and produced by Harold Orlob, with Karen Conrad and Carlyle Blackwell. Opens Mon., Sept. 27. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

All for All—Jack Pearl in a new version of Aaron Hoffman's "Give and Take." Produced by A. L. Berman. Opens Wed., Sept. 29. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

Dance Recital—Katherine Dunham and her company in a program of primitive and jazz dances. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly at 8:45. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:45.)

Ice Shows—"Ice-Capades of 1944," a revue featuring such champions as Donna Atwood and Nate Walley. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6815. Nightly at 8:30. Mat. Sun. at 2:30.) . . . "Stars on Ice," a spectacle produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Don Cossacks—The Russian chorus and dancers, under the direction of Serge Jaroff: Fri. and Sat., Oct. 1-2, at 8:45 P.M. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210.)

Paul Draper and Larry Adler—Appearing in a joint recital: Sat., Oct. 2, at 8:30 P.M. (Central High School, 225 W. 24. For tickets, call ST 9-1391.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—A pleasant spot, and a fine place for serious dancing. Jules Lande's orchestra.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—The Bowman Room will reopen on Wed., Sept. 29, with Ray Heatherton's band and an ice show.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Mildred Bailey, Teddy Wilson's orchestra, and, through Sat., Sept. 25, Jimmy Savo.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Palm trees that would surprise the average botanist and a show that includes Ella Logan, Nat Brandwynne's orchestra, and Frank Marti's samba band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still popular with refugees from Hollywood. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

LaRue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—A favorite with people who like their dancing gentle. Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalvo's orchestras.

Monte Carlo Beach, 51 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band play in this decorative room. . . . Alessandro Rosati and Milan Smolen entertain in the Garden.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room has Stanley Melba's orchestra and a dance team. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde has taken over the Persian Room again, and there is also Bob Grant's orchestra.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—A quiet place, with Larry Keyes' orchestra.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Joseph Marvin's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band are in the Café Lounge. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—You know, the Stork Club. Russ Smith's and Roy George's orchestras. Tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Leo Reisman's and Mischa Borr's orchestras will play on the Starlight Roof through Thurs., Sept. 30. On the following night the orchestras will move down to the Wedgwood Room, where there will al-

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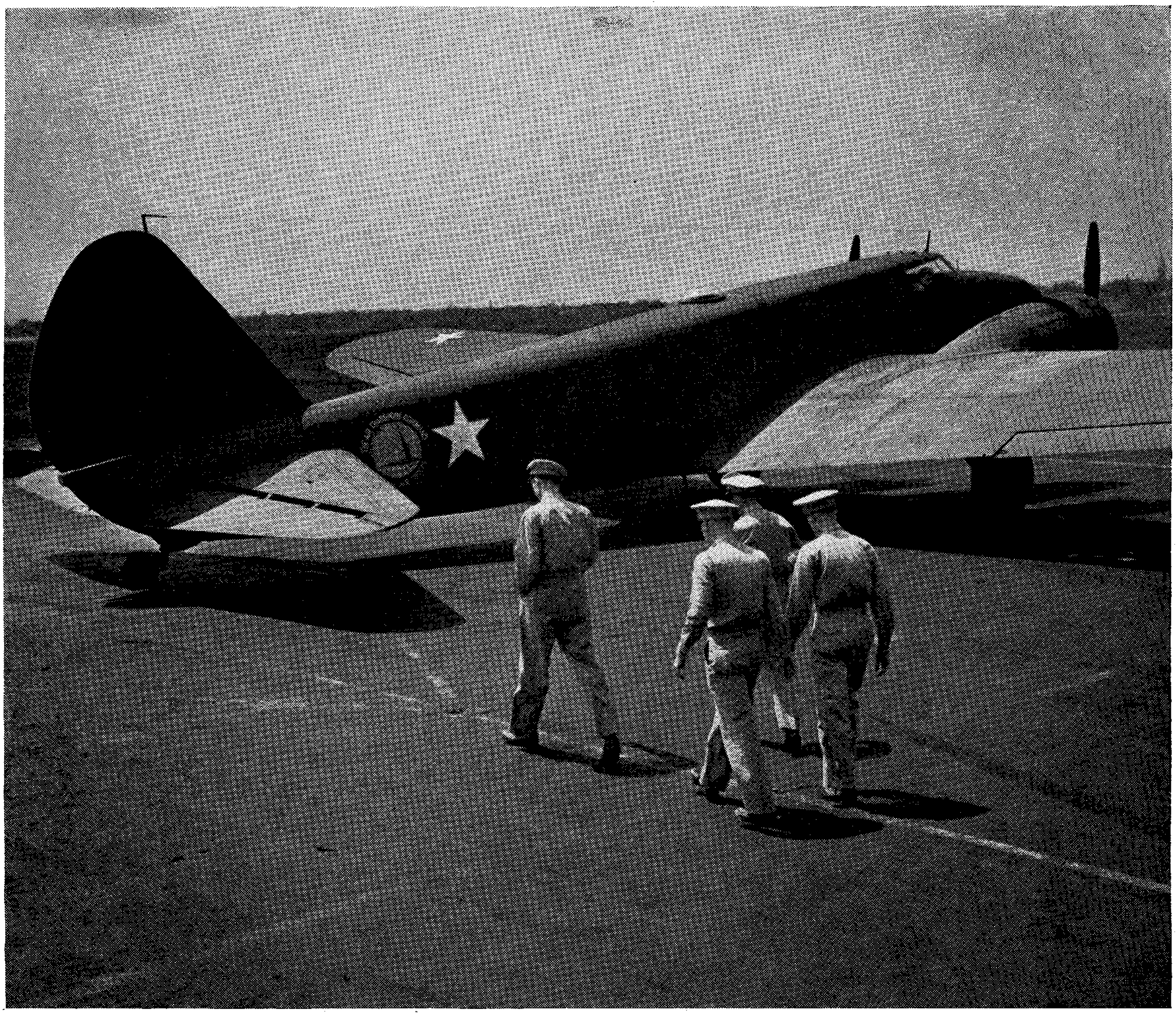

Back the Attack – with War Bonds

Ten years after

Think back, if you will, to 1933! That was the year in which the Century of Progress Exposition opened in Chicago.

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Commercial ships up to that time had been principally biplanes or high-wing monoplanes which chugged along at a modest 115 miles an hour.

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That's only the first part of the story.

Today, ten years after, when most planes of that era have vanished from the skies, twenty-seven sturdy Boeing 247's are doing heavy duty for the Army Air Transport Command. And many others are in service elsewhere in the world. One of these ships has flown some *four million* miles—and is still going strong!

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

so be a supper show headed by Frank Sinatra. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is on hand in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Maxine Sullivan heads a varied show. . . . **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): the Leonard Ware Trio and several others are keeping things going here at the moment, and on Thurs., Sept. 30, Mme. Claude Alphand will return. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): a casual sort of place, where Spivy can be found playing the piano and singing her repertory of rough-and-ready songs. . . . **LA VIE PARISIENNE,** 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): not much connection with the life Parisian, but there's Celeste Holm and a small show. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): handsome and well-appointed, with Roger Stearns playing the piano. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): both the music and the lights are soft enough for Romance.

Miscellaneous—The **VERSAILLES,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a big East Side place with a touch of Broadway about it; Val Olman's orchestra, Panchito's rumba band, and a show that includes Charles Weidman and Carl Brisson. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): a small one with more charm for its size, or perhaps because of it, than most; Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): one of the tiniest dance floors yet; songs by Anne Francine and music by George Morris's orchestra. . . . **CASBAH,** 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): fairly fancy, with Danny Yates' orchestra and a small show. . . . **LA MARTINIQUE,** 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a cheerful place, containing Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and some entertainment. . . . **RIOBAMBA,** 151 E. 57 (PL 8-1960): big and fairly noisy, with Charles Baum's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Cornelius Codolban's orchestra and Russian entertainment. . . . **ASTOR ROOF,** B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Tommy Tucker's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Barry Winton's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Johnny Long's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glen Gray's orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES,** 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): noisy, but all right if you feel like community singing; no dancing. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): claims to be New York's oldest Spanish night club, and it may well be. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a low-ceilinged cellar spot, with Richard Dyer-Bennett singing folk songs. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S,** 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rowdy carryings-on until all hours, far south of the beaten track.

•

Broadway Atmosphere—At the **HURRICANE,** B'way at 49 (CO 5-1995): Duke Ellington and his band will be here through Fri., Sept. 24. . . . **DIAMOND HORSESHOE,** 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a revue, all about the postwar world, in the Billy Rose manner. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): the Left Bank crossed with Times Square; Georgie Price heads the show. . . . **FOLIES BERGÈRE,** 232 W. 47 (CI 6-8020): Enric Madriguera's and Roy Eldridge's orchestras and girls galore. . . . **CAFÉ ZANZIBAR,** B'way at 50 (CI 7-7380): all-Negro entertainment with some big and some fair-sized names, including Ella Fitzgerald, the Berry Brothers, and Maurice Rocco; Don Redman's orchestra. . . . **LA CONGA,** 209 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): south of the border, with Machito's rumba band and a show. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID,** B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): castanets, ruffles, and dark, flashing eyes.

Mostly for Music—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a Village favorite, with Mary Lou Williams, Joshua White, Pearl Primus, and Eddie Heywood's orchestra. . . . **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): another downtown landmark, this one with Brad Gowans' orchestra, featuring Pee Wee Russell, Eddie Condon, and Chelsea Quealey. . . . **ONYX,** 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): Billie Holiday and a trio. . . . **THREE DEUCES,** 72 W. 52 (EL 5-7742): just big enough for Art Tatum, Ben Webster's orchestra, and a few admirers. . . . **KELLY'S STABLE,** 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): nothing elaborate about the setting, but there's Coleman Hawkins and the Clarence Profit Quintet.

ART

American Impressionists—Paintings by George Inness, John H. Twachtman, Childe Hassam, A. P. Ryder, and other nineteenth-century artists: Babcock, 38 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 12 noon; through Oct. 16.

Drawings—Works in this medium by several sculptors and painters, including Charles Despiau, Aristide Maillol, Henri Matisse, and Diego Rivera: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 9.

East and West—Ancient Chinese art compared with works by Occidental artists from medieval times to the present: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Thurs., Sept. 30.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2.

European and American—At the **ANDRE SELIGMANN,** 15 E. 57: oils, water colors, and sculptures by European and American artists from the eighteenth century to the present. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Oct. 1. . . . **ROSENBERG,** 16 E. 57: an exhibition of nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings by French and American artists. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 2.

French—At the **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64: paintings of the Midi by such artists as Monet, Renoir, and Cézanne. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 2. . . . **NIVEAU,** 63 E. 57: a showing of familiar paintings by Dufy, Utrillo, Vlaminck, Kisling, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 15.

Groups—At the **A.C.A.,** 63 E. 57: works in several media by Philip Evergood, Raphael and Moses Soyer, Anton Refrégier, and others, in the first show in this gallery's new quarters. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 25. . . . **FERARGIL,** 63 E. 57: annual summer exhibit, including works by Thomas Cole, George Inness, Grant Wood, and other American artists. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Sept. 24. . . . **PERLS,** 32 E. 58: oils by artists whose works were shown here last season. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 25. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 711 5 Ave., at 55: paintings done this summer by Paul Sample, George Grosz, Ernest Fiene, and other members of this gallery's group (through Oct. 13); also, paintings and drawings by Marshall Glasier (through Sat., Oct. 2). Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. . . . **MACBETH,** 11 E. 57: an exhibit of contemporary oils and water colors by Ogden M. Pleissner, Peter Hurd, Joseph De Martini, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Oct. 1. . . . **DOWNTOWN,** 43 E. 51: paintings by Jack Levine, O. Louis Guglielmi, and other artists now in the armed forces. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 2. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 730 5 Ave., at 57: figure paintings and drawings by Louis Bouché, Guy Pène du Bois, John Sloan, and other contemporaries. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 16.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—An exhibition of aquatints, lithographs, and other prints by modern Argentine artists (through Oct. 17); also, the Jules S. Bache collection of European paintings and sculptures from the Renaissance through the eighteenth century (through Thurs., Sept. 30). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—Ten newly acquired oils by Edward Hopper, Marsden Hartley, André Masson, Giorgio de Chirico, and others; also, Picasso's Guernica mural. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Sun., Sept. 26.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A loan show of over a hundred paintings by Werner Drewes, Ladislaus Moholy-Nagy, and twenty other contemporary artists. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 15.

Posters—At the **AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER,** 44 W. 56: originals of about forty war posters done by Soviet artists; a benefit for Russian War Relief. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Tues., Sept. 28. . . . **NORLYST,** 59 W. 56: twenty familiar Toulouse-Lautrec posters and a few examples of his contemporaries' work. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 2.

Small Paintings—Works by Isabel Bishop, Waldo Peirce, Doris Rosenthal, and other contemporary Americans: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 16.

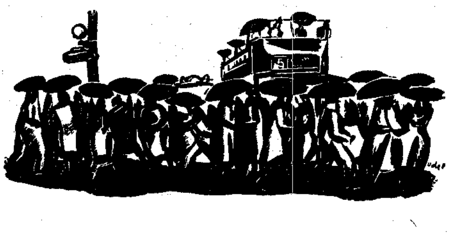
SPORTS

Baseball—At Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. Detroit, Thurs. through Sat., Sept. 23-25, at 2:30 P.M.; Yankees vs. Cleveland, Sun., Sept. 26 (doubleheader), at 2 P.M., and Mon. and Tues., Sept. 27-28, at 2:30 P.M.; Yankees vs. Chicago, Wed., Sept. 29 (doubleheader), at 1:30 P.M., and Thurs., Sept. 30, at 2:30 P.M.; Yankees vs. St. Louis, Fri. and Sat., Oct. 1-2, at 2:30 P.M.

Dog Show—Westbury Kennel Association, Westbury, L.I., Sun., Sept. 26, at 10 A.M.; a benefit for Dogs for Defense.

Football—Columbia vs. Princeton, at Baker Field, Sat., Oct. 2, at 2:30 P.M.

Golf—Westchester Open Championship, Metropolis C. C., White Plains, Thurs., Sept. 23. . . . Invitation tournament, Garden City C.C., Garden City, L.I., starting Fri., Oct. 1.



Racing—Weekdays at Belmont Park, at 1:15 P.M.; through Oct. 9. Admission on Sat., Oct. 2, by purchase of War Bonds. (Manhattan Handicap and the Matron, Sept. 25; the Lawrence Realization, Sept. 28; the Futurity and the Jockey Club Gold Cup, Oct. 2.) Frequent special trains will leave Penn Station on Sat. between 10:55 A.M. and 1:30 P.M.; and on other days between 11:20 A.M. and 1:30 P.M.

Yachting—Final championship race on the Sound: Horseshoe Harbor Y.C., Sun., Sept. 26, at about 1 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

War Loan Drive—The campaign is now well under way, and midtown headquarters are in the War Center on 50th St. near 7th Ave., where a rally is held nightly. . . . There will be a variety show at the Capitol Theatre, B'way at 51, on Fri., Oct. 1, at midnight, with entertainment by the Rockettes, Ella Logan, Bert Lahr, and many others. (Admission by War Bonds purchased at the big movie houses.)

Wartime Exhibitions—At the **CHRYSLER BLDG.,** 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of combat vehicles, artillery, small arms, and bombs, assembled by the Army, of the kinds being used by our forces overseas, as well as booby traps and other equipment captured from the enemy. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M.; through Oct. 31. . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53: the rôle of the airplane during and after the current war, as illustrated by maps, globes, models, photomurals, and other graphic material; also, at 2:30 P.M. each day, a fifteen-minute film showing the Sikorsky helicopter in action. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Oct. 31.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36—The development of America from 1492 to 1792, as shown by maps, autograph manuscripts and letters, books, and other material. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 30.

On the Air—Philharmonic-Symphony, Vladimir *Golschmann conducting; soloist, Joseph Schuster;* Sun., Sept. 26, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Frank Black conducting, Sun., Sept. 26, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . Premier of Shostakovich's Second Piano Sonata, played by Vera Brodsky, Wed., Sept. 29, at 11:30 P.M., WABC. . . . Football: Princeton vs. Pennsylvania, Sat., Sept. 25, at 2:15 P.M., WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Raymond Clapper, Mon. and Thurs. at 10 P.M., WOR; Leon Henderson, Sat. at 6:45 P.M., WJZ; Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC; Max Lerner, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR; Ed Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:30 P.M., WABC; Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR; William L. Shirer, Sun. at 10:30 P.M., WABC; Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ; Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . News from abroad: Mon. through Sat. at 6:45 P.M. and Sun. at 2:30 P.M., WABC; Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; and Sun. at 12 noon, WJZ.

Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—English and American furniture and porcelains, hooked and Oriental rugs, and paintings by nineteenth-century English and American artists; owned by Mrs. Frank Day Tuttle and others: Thurs. through Sat., Sept. 23-25, at 2 P.M.

Note—The Post Office is now accepting Christmas packages for servicemen overseas. Gifts for men in the Army should be mailed by Oct. 15, and for those in the Navy by Nov. 1. Parcels must not exceed fifteen inches in length, thirty-six inches in length and girth combined, and five pounds in weight.

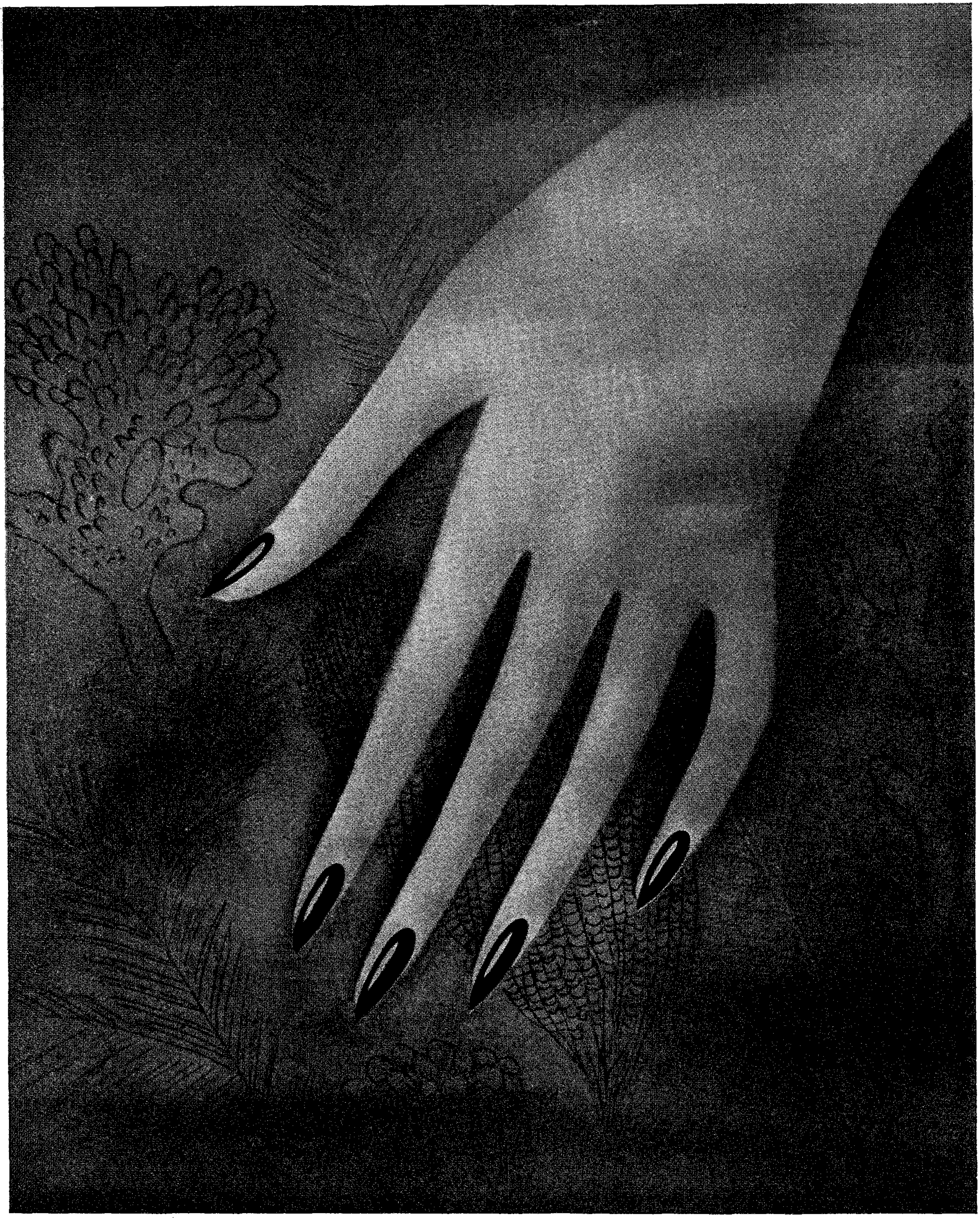
MOTION PICTURES

The Adventures of Tartu—A superior English thriller about sabotage in a German munitions factory. With Robert Donat and Valerie Hobson. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., Sept. 27. . . . State, B'way at 45; and Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Wed., Sept. 29.)

Casablanca—Intrigue in the North African metropolis when the Germans were still running loose there. Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Mon., Sept. 25-27.)

The Constant Nymph—Another version, and an able one, of the novel about an adolescent girl in love with a musician. Charles Boyer and Joan Fontaine. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., Sept. 24. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; through Mon., Sept. 27. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Tues., Sept. 28. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Fri. through Wed., Sept. 24-29. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Sun. and Mon., Sept. 26-27.)

For Whom the Bell Tolls—A scenic and well-acted adaptation of Hemingway, somewhat marred by political cloudiness. The cast includes Gary Coop-



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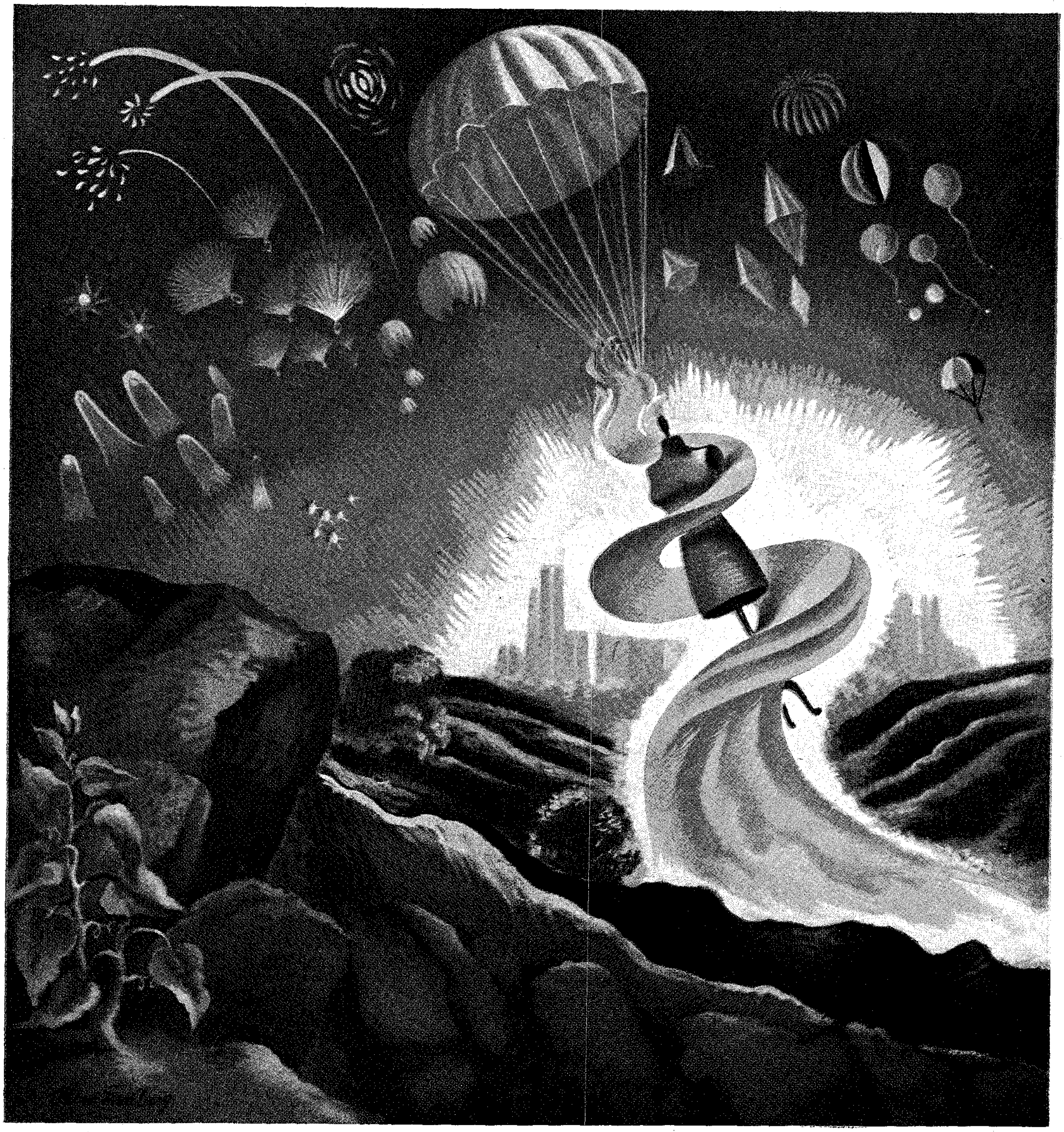

ON THE HORIZON OF TOMORROW...

"Fighting fabrics" of today—parachutes and mountain tents—bearing the stamp of Textron, are previews of miracle Textron fabrics for you and your dream home in the wonderland of tomorrow . . ."Textronic" research of today is producing for tomorrow textiles of gossamer fragility and infinite strength. Some to let sun in . . . some to keep water out . . . some of new miracle-fast shades—impossible to shrink! . . . Soon the veil of the future will be lifted and Textron *Textiles* of *Tomorrow* will be yours.

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In anticipation of things to come . . . this October at your favorite department store, you will be able to buy in limited quantities, exclusive, luxurious Textron Fabrics in finest Rayon . . . glorious lengths of lovely weaves in the most flattering and exciting colors.

TEXTRON

er, Ingrid Bergman, Akim Tamiroff, and Katina Paxinou. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; daily at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

Hers to Hold—The frolicsome romance of a rich girl and a flier. Deanna Durbin and Joseph Cotten. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sat., Sept. 25. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; through Wed., Sept. 29. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Tues. through Fri., Sept. 28-Oct. 1.)

Holy Matrimony—A new version of Arnold Bennett's "Buried Alive," with Gracie Fields and Monty Woolley making it everything you could ask. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50; through Tues., Sept. 28.)

Johnny Come Lately—James Cagney's first independent production, a neatly handled period piece about small-town journalism forty years ago. (Capitol, B'way at 51.)

Mission to Moscow—The case for Russia is presented with a great deal of ineptitude in this screening of Mr. Davies' book, but it's a strong-enough case to stand up by itself. Walter Huston, Oscar Homolka, and Ann Harding play some of the important people involved. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Fri. through Mon., Sept. 24-27.)

Next of Kin—The British have put this thriller together to show you that mum, in wartime, is the word. With Nova Pilbeam. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 28-29.)

This Is the Army—A fine soldier show transferred to the screen with Hollywood additions, many of them successful. George Murphy, Joan Leslie, and Charles Butterworth are some of the civilians in the cast. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

Watch on the Rhine—An excellent treatment of Lillian Hellman's play, with Paul Lukas and others from the Broadway cast and Bette Davis to boot. (Strand, B'way at 47; through Thurs., Sept. 30.)

REVIVALS

The Beachcomber (1938)—A Somerset Maugham story of carryings-on in the South Seas that has nothing to do with the present. Charles Laughton and Elsa Lanchester. (Park, at Columbus Circle; through Fri., Sept. 24.)

The Black Swan (1942)—Pirates in Technicolor. Tyrone Power, Maureen O'Hara, George Sanders. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Wed. through Fri., Sept. 29-Oct. 1.)

Catherine the Great (1934)—Elisabeth Bergner as the Empress of All the Russias and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as the young Czar. (World, 153 W. 49; through Thurs., Sept. 30.)

Crossroads (1942)—Blackmail in the French diplomatic service. William Powell and Hedy Lamarr. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Sept. 28-30.)

The Ghost Goes West (1935)—Robert Donat in a René Clair film about a Scottish castle moved to America. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Thurs., Sept. 24-30.)

Holiday (1938)—The Philip Barry piece. Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. through Wed., Sept. 26-29.)

It Happened One Night (1934)—Frank Capra, Claudette Colbert, and Clark Gable. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Tues., Sept. 26-28.)

Lost Horizon (1937)—Where people live forever. Ronald Colman and Margo. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Tues., Sept. 26-28.)

Major Barbara (1941)—Bernard Shaw's film version of his Salvation Army comedy. Wendy Hiller, Rex Harrison, Robert Morley, and Emlyn Williams. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs., Sept. 23.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Tues. through Fri., Sept. 28-Oct. 1.)

The Private Life of Henry VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as the character with all the wives. (World, 153 W. 49; through Thurs., Sept. 30.)

The Scarlet Pimpernel (1935)—Leslie Howard and Merle Oberon in the French Revolution. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Thurs., Sept. 24-30.)

Tortilla Flat (1942)—The Steinbeck novel about California *paisanos*. Hedy Lamarr, Spencer Tracy, John Garfield, and Frank Morgan. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Sept. 23.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old motion pictures on the following schedule. Unless otherwise noted, showings will be at 3 and 5:30 P.M.—**THURS AND FRI., SEPT. 23-24:** seven early American films (1907-1912) with Mary Pickford, D. W. Griffith, and others. **SAT. AND SUN., SEPT. 25-26** (Sat. at 4 P.M. only, and Sun. at 2 and 4:30 P.M.): "The New York Hat" (1912), Mary Pickford; "A Fool There Was" (1914), Theda Bara; "The Fugitive" (1914), William S. Hart; and "The Clever Dummy" (1917), Mack Sennett. **MON. AND TUES., SEPT. 27-28:** five Mack Sennett comedies (1910-1920). **WED. AND THURS., SEPT. 29-30:** five Charlie Chaplin films (1914). **FRI. AND SAT., OCT. 1-2:** six comedies (1908-1929), including "The Freshman," with Harold Lloyd, and "The Sex Life of the Polyp," with Robert Benchley.

EXQUISITE MOONSTONE JEWELRY

Presenting a superb collection of fine jewel pieces with Moonstones of rare and iridescent beauty, set with precious stones, in gold and palladium.

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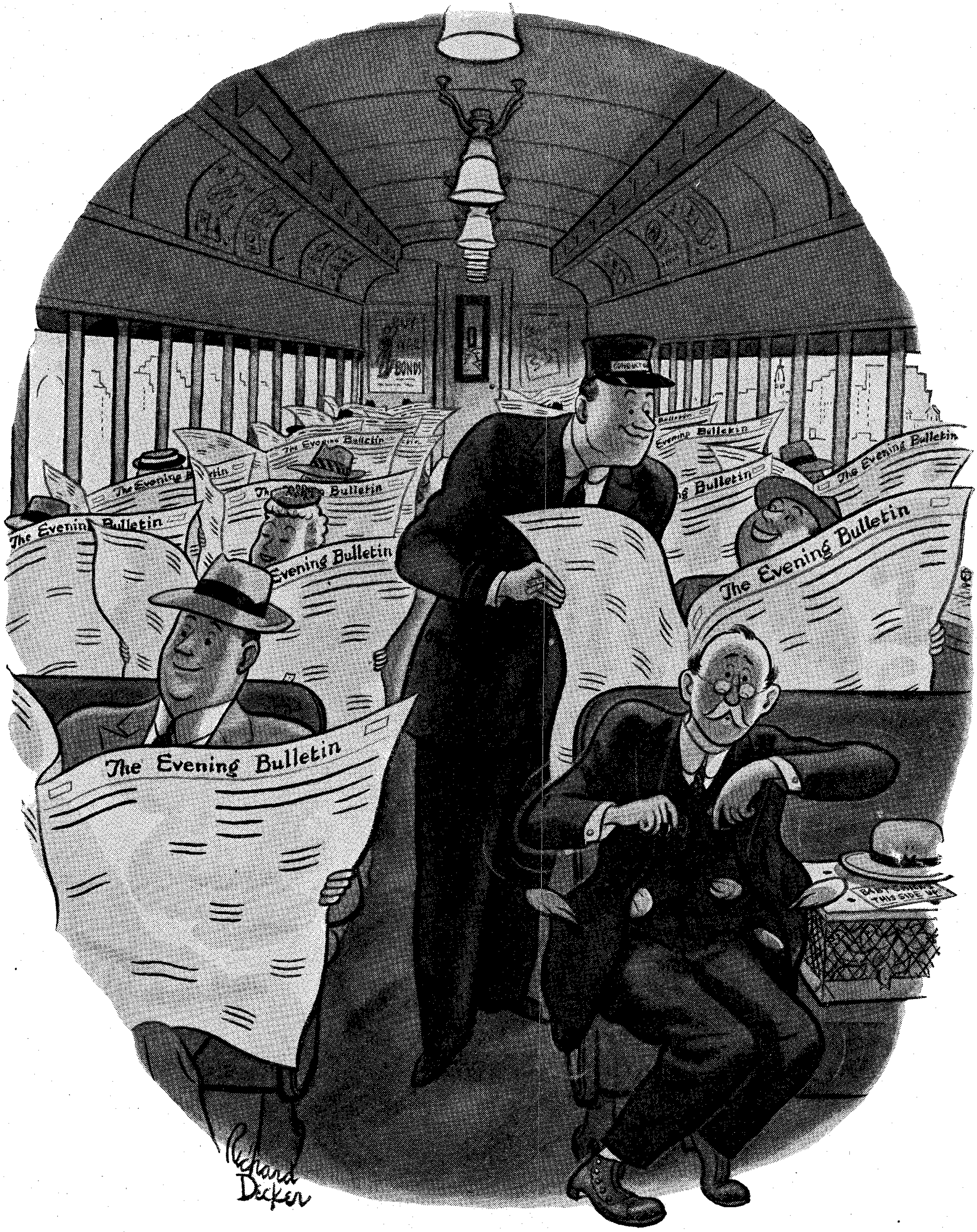

The Evening Bulletin
The Evening Bulletin
The Evening Bulletin
The Evening Bulletin
BUY BONDS
CONDUCTOR
Richard Decker

In Philadelphia—nearly everybody reads The Bulletin

Even the non-conformist above is right now a likely patron of The Evening Bulletin. Apparently he has lost his commutation ticket. What better possibility of recovery than through a notice in the "Lost and Found" of the one newspaper that is intimately woven into the daily lives of 4 out of 5 Philadelphia families. (Circulation over 600,000.)

(Advertisement)

When someone you love goes to war—

It isn't easy, saying good-by to a soldier.

It isn't easy, thinking of the dangers and hardships that may lie ahead for him.

But he has a *job* to do. A grim, unpleasant job at best—*but he's doing it.* Doing it for his country, and the things he believes in. Doing it for *you.* And you wouldn't have it any other way.

You have a job to do for *him.*

For in *this* War, women who want their men home again *won't* just sit and wait! They'll step right into the shoes of the men who have gone—fill the jobs those men have left behind!

They've *got* to!

For if we are going to keep our war production and necessary civilian activities up to their present "Victory level"—if we're going to keep on turning out enough weapons for our fighting men to win and win *fast*—here's what must happen:

Before this year ends, 2,000,000 *more* American women must be in war jobs. Not just in war plants alone, for our restaurants, hospitals, stores, and schools—our transportation services—our farms, are as vital as the factories that make our guns.

And it's up to America's women—to *you*—to see that all these things keep going. With 10,000,000 men fighting, *who's going to do it if you don't?*

If you've had some training—secretarial, nursing, teaching, clerical, etc.—there's a job waiting for you with open arms. A job your country wants you to take—and a job that will pay you well.

If you've never done anything but housework—if you've never worked at all—don't let that worry you. You'll be given thorough training at no expense to you for any one of a hundred jobs that you select. Jobs in which you can serve your country—at good pay.

If you are free to accept a job and there is a need for workers in your locality, Uncle Sam asks you to take a job now. To work for America, for the men who have gone, for your family and yourself—till this War is won.

Don't turn him down!

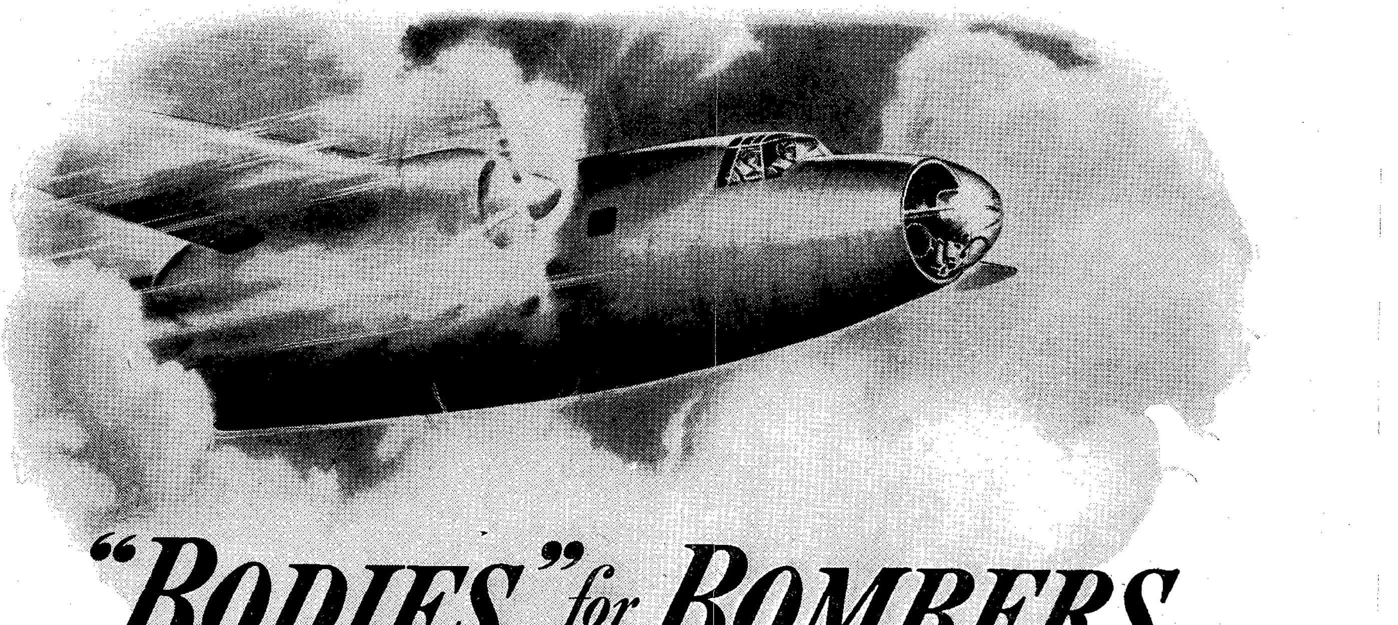
HOW TO GO ABOUT GETTING YOUR RIGHT WAR JOB

Look in the Classified Advertising Section of your newspaper to see the kind of jobs open in your locality. Then go to your local United States Employment Service for advice. The U. S. E. S. is in the phone book. This is your government's own employment agency. No fees—no favorites.

Westinghouse

PLANTS IN 25 CITIES . . . OFFICES EVERYWHERE

This space is contributed to the Government's Womanpower Drive by the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co., Pittsburgh, Pa. Westinghouse has a special interest in women, for in the homes of America they use more than 30 million Westinghouse appliances. And now in wartime, almost one third of the 103,000 Westinghouse employees are women.



"BODIES" for BOMBERS

ON OCTOBER 25, 1940—more than a year before Pearl Harbor—U. S. Army Air Corps officials notified us of the urgent need for a vastly increased aircraft production program, and invited us to participate.

Already we were making Army trucks in great number, completing a huge tank arsenal, building field ranges and tent heaters, and making our first studies of anti-aircraft gun manufacture.

Here was another urgent job. So without waiting to learn what aircraft job would be assigned to us, we provided 600,000 sq. ft. of additional plant space and, from our own personnel, began to select engineering, metallurgical and manufacturing specialists for this new work.

It was just three months after our first meeting with Air Corps officials that we were notified our job was to build nose and center fuselage sections for medium bombers including installation of complete control systems.

NOSES AND BODIES FOR BOMBERS (INSIDE AND OUT)

We immediately sent forty of our technicians to a producing aircraft plant where these men did regular production work and observed, at first hand, the production methods then in use. Our long background in building automobiles and trucks, plus the experience these men gained, enabled us quickly to get under way turning out "bodies" for bombers by quantity production methods.

To help acquaint us in advance with the many kinds of material and operations involved, the Army Air Corps sent us a bomber nose section. Our engineers and master mechanics analyzed aircraft blueprints covering more than fourteen thousand structural parts.

OVER 14,000 PARTS TO BE FORGED, CAST, STAMPED, MACHINED AND PRECISION-FITTED

Many of the metal parts presented entirely new working characteristics. They required elaborate heat treating processes for the extreme stresses demanded of them. They also presented new problems in the design and use of the dies needed to shape them.

Our production and purchasing specialists determined which parts we could subcontract to other companies. As the work progressed, orders for parts and materials were given to 2,255 subcontractors in 309 towns, in 29 states.

Aluminum forgings would be needed in large numbers by us and other manufacturers participating in aircraft production. Therefore, we were given the job of building an aluminum forge plant. We also prepared at our foundry to produce aluminum castings for plane manufacture.

Thousands of men and women had to be trained for this new type of work. Women were employed in large numbers and carefully taught drilling, riveting, machining and assembling of aircraft parts. Automobile sheet metal workers, body builders and trimmers were shown how to apply their experience to the production of bomber parts.

The big nose of the bomber houses the Bombardier, Pilot, Co-Pilot, Navigator and Radio Operator. Nearly all controls are here, while the center section provides the bomb carrying space.

If you could look within these sections as assembly goes on, you would see a bewildering network of wires and tubing as well as the structural skeleton of the ship. Every one of these 1,963 separate wires and over 1,000 feet of tubes—to say nothing of all the control mechanisms—must operate faultlessly.

IF YOU COULD LOOK WITHIN

In the production of "bodies" for bombers—a new field to Chrysler Corporation—again is demonstrated how our experience in peacetime car and truck production now is being applied to the production of war equipment in quantity . . . and on time.

WAR PRODUCTS OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Tanks • Tank Engines • Anti-Aircraft Guns • Wide Variety of Ammunition • Bomber Fuselage Sections • Bomber Wings • Aircraft Engines • Anti-Tank Vehicles • Command Reconnaissance Cars • Troop Motor Transports • Cantonment Furnaces • Ambulances • Marine Tractors • Air Raid Sirens and Fire Fighting Equipment • Marine and Industrial Engines • Weapon Carriers • Gyro-Compasses • Powdered Metal Parts • Navy Pontoons • Harbor Tugs • Field Kitchens • Bomb Racks • Bomb Shackles • Tent Heaters • Aircraft Landing Gears • Refrigeration Compressors • and Other Important War Equipment.

In the production of this war equipment Chrysler Corporation is assisted by over 9,800 subcontractors in 956 towns in 39 states

Tune in Major Bowes Every Thursday, CBS, 9 P.M., E.W.T.

CHRYSLER CORPORATION

PLYMOUTH ☆ DODGE ☆ DE SOTO ☆ CHRYSLER

[BACK THE ATTACK . . . WITH WAR BONDS]

Heart's Treasure...

In the hearts of all whose hopes are high, whose spirits are young,

there's a special place for Yardley*

English Lavender . . . that

blithe, beloved scent that goes so

well with waltzes, country walks . . .

with romance! At finer shops.

YARDLEY
LAVENDER SOAP
YARDLEY LAVENDER SOAP

Yardley English Lavender, the lovable fragrance, $3.75; other sizes from $1. Yardley English Lavender Soap, 35c; box of 3, $1.

YARDLEY
ENGLISH LAVENDER

• *Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U. S. A. from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients.*

beautiful Troy Guild classic . . . superbly tailored by one of the finest shirt-makers of the country in magnificent imported D. & J. Anderson all wool flannel. Navy or brown stripes on white. Sizes 10 to 18, 39.95.

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FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y. **B. ALTMAN & CO.** MUrray Hill 9-7000

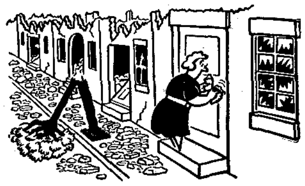
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WHEN the American Fifth Army was living and dying through its bloody hour at Salerno, one of the gravest problems on the home front was being thrashed out—whether Yale and Harvard were to meet on the gridiron and, if so, whether the affair should be formal or informal. "We don't want any of that informal stuff," an unidentified Yale man was quoted in the papers as saying. "We want a legitimate football game played under regular game conditions, with four experienced officials working it and a sizable crowd in the stands." At first we wondered whether, to the boys trying to keep a foothold on the Italian peninsula, the fate of Yale and Harvard, thus delicately balanced, might not seem far away and unreal. But then we realized that it is probably just what a soldier has his mind on, in the odd moments when he has any time for thinking. He must think of the American fall, the campaigns of October, the leaves in the streets, the fire in the leaves, the long lines filing into the stadia, the knees under the blanket, the water carried to the fallen hero, and the bright whistling of the four experienced officials.

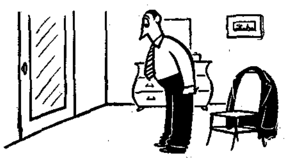
Boston always strikes us as essentially indestructible. Its women of middle age are clear-eyed, sure-footed, and proud; they move with undiminished vigor through changeless streets. Its old women are less active but in excellent repair. We find it reassuring and health-giving to visit Boston in these uncertain times. New York, on the contrary, often seems to us the very hub of destructibility; its great height and beauty, its steady fever, are frightening, and you feel that any serious blow (as with a delicious and talented person) might be followed by the calm of death. But if Boston were knocked out by act of God, we have a feeling that on the following morning, in one of the brick apartments far out on Beacon Street, a door would open and there would emerge a Boston woman with brass polish for the knob.



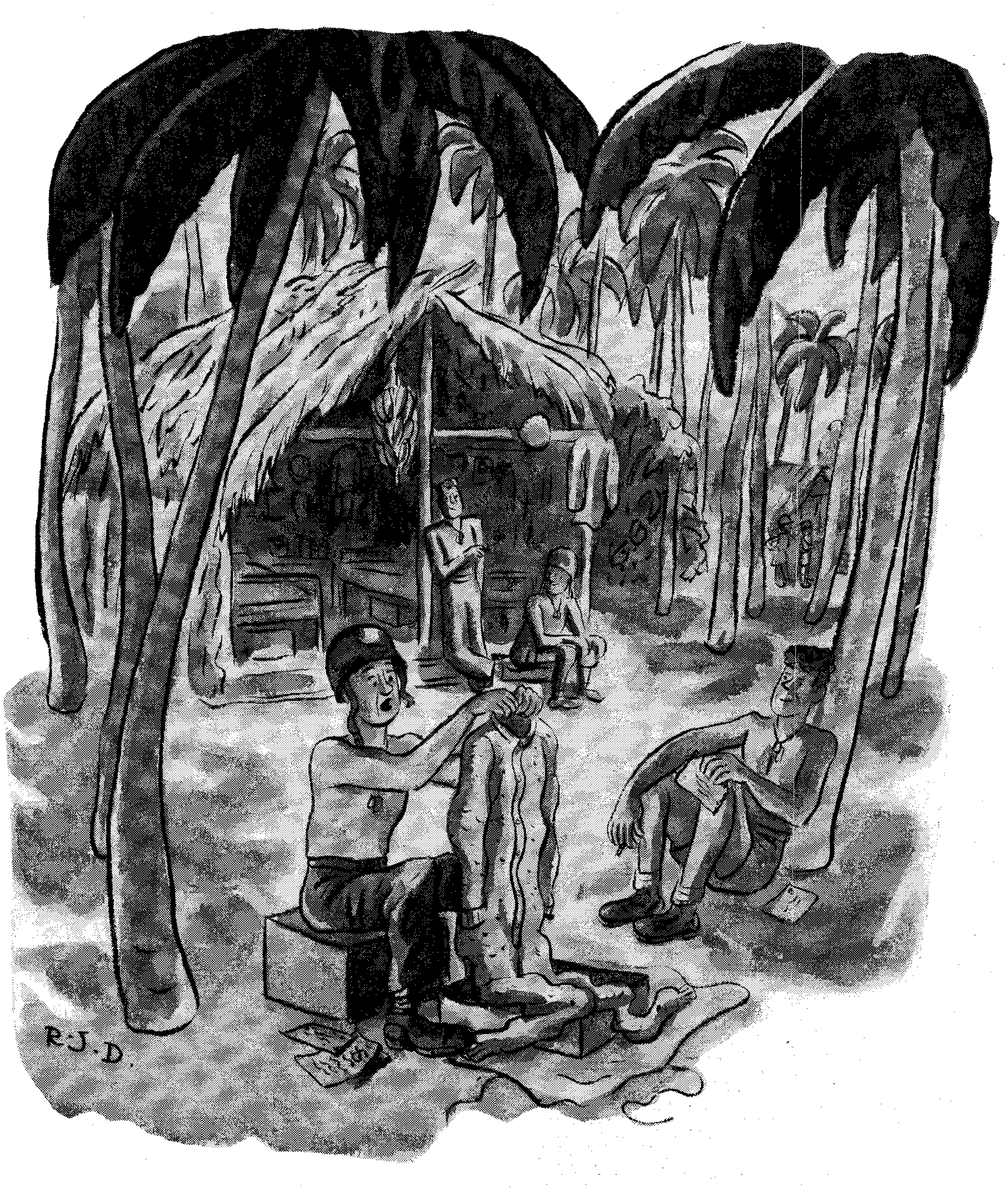
And along the tracks, under the Brookline elms, a yellow trolley car would stir and start, drawing its power from hidden and deep reserves within itself.

A FRIEND of ours who gets around in deep-thinking circles told us of a new term that is having quite a vogue in criticism these days. It is "phatic communion" and it means the part of a conversation, say, or a book, or a play, or any work of art that is not devoted to communicating anything but merely establishes a relationship between speaker and listener or between artist and audience. "Hello," "How are you?," and "What's new?" are phrases of phatic communion establishing, or denoting, friendship, as are the prefaces to most books and the warm, vibrant tones of the radio announcer. Footnotes, bibliographies, and the doctor's scrawl on a prescription are phatic communion establishing authority. We got to thinking about the term, and about just what percentage of the material in the contemporary magazines is phatic communion and what percentage is communication. About seventy-five per cent of *Vogue*, we would say, is phatic communion along the lines of "Now we are both cultured, urbane, civilized people, and let's not get excited about anything." Fully ninety per cent of both the *Nation* and the *New Republic*, we estimate, communicates nothing, being devoted exclusively to establishing the communion of "We both care terribly, don't we?" *Fortune*, we feel, is one hundred per cent phatic communion, establishing a leather-and-cigar-smoke intimacy between busy executives and saying nothing further. As for the contents of this department, we consider them almost entirely communication and perhaps ten per cent phatic communion—the fragile, somewhat reserved communion established by the harried, the bewildered, and the slightly lost.

THE British government, Reuter's reports, is currently engaged in a fight to the death with the custom tailors over double-breasted jackets, which the tailors want to make and which the government doesn't want them to make. Our advice to the British government is to give up and save the effort. It is our conviction that custom tailors are, in their quiet way, completely unyielding and positively unbeatable. The experience of a friend of ours is probably typical. For twenty years, ever since he was in prep school, he has been having his clothes made by the same tailor, a small, mild man of the old school. Our friend happens to prefer a belt to suspenders, and every time he has had a suit made in the last twenty years, he has shown the tailor where he wants the trousers to come up to. The tailor always makes his chalk marks accordingly, but as soon as our friend leaves he rubs out his markings and raises the waistline an inch or two, for suspenders. Eighteen years ago he remarked that no gentleman wears a belt, but he hasn't bothered to bring up the point since.



For twenty years our friend has received his trousers cut so that the cuffs flow gently down over his shoes to the floor when he wears a belt, and for



"I wish my family wasn't so sure I'd been sent to the Aleutians."

• •

twenty years he has had to go around to the neighborhood tailor's and have the cuffs shortened a couple of inches. The British government may think it's pretty good at handling people, but it can't handle people like that.

Scarce

IN a purely dispassionate spirit, we have made a survey of the employment agencies to see what proportions the "servant problem" is now assuming. From the viewpoint of the domestics, there's no problem at all. The agencies were unanimous in estimating the proportion of would-be employers to available servants; ten to one, they said. The high wages now prevalent are the natural result of inflationary bidding among the ten people who want to hire the one domestic. Certain kinds of help are impossible to get. For instance, one of the agencies has not been able to produce a single butler in the past six weeks. Children's nurses likewise are scarce. One explanation offered us for this state of affairs is that children's nurses are of the healthy, controlled sort likely to be acceptable as Wacs or Waves. Married couples are so rare that the bidding starts at $250 a month. One job, of course, is strictly in the nothing-bid, nothing-asked category. There are no chauffeurs, and nobody wants a chauffeur.

One good thing—any servant you manage to get hold of these days is sure to be experienced. Domestic service presents few attractions for a young man or woman looking for a job and the market no longer gets its supply of Scandinavian girls who used to be willing to start at the bottom of the wage scale as "mother's helper," at forty or fifty dollars a month, in order to pick up experience. "General houseworkers," women who will cook, dust, make beds, and run the house, are practically extinct; it's even getting hard to find a "useful cook," a cook willing to do the dishes and clean up around the kitchen and dining room. The bull market in cooks is surprising to the agencies, as a matter of fact, in view of the food shortages, which presumably make it hard for a really top-notch cook to do her stuff, but there it is.

An encouraging innovation is the nine-to-five servant, who keeps regular office hours. After cleaning up, she cooks a meal that need only be heated up whenever her employers are ready to eat. After dinner they stack the dishes and she does them in the morning. The agency people regard this as an idea likely to catch on, because it offers advantages to both employer and employee. The servant gets a chance for a little home life of her own, and the master and mistress, for perhaps the first time in their lives, can relax, and even mix another round of cocktails, without worrying about the cook. Rationing has created a few hardships. It's harder than ever before to get servants to live in the country, since they now can't very easily get into the nearby towns for a movie or some personal shopping. Maids who come in by the day usually are no longer given their lunch, since this would put an undue strain on the family ration books. Fifty cents in lieu of lunch is now the rule, and the maid is likely to bring sandwiches.

Fortunes of War

ONE of our Washington agents was knocking over a couple of beers in the bar of the Mayflower Hotel the other night and overheard a bit of conversation between two colonels who had evidently just become acquainted. "Very interesting," said one colonel to the other colonel, "and what did you do *before* you got on WPA?"

Jones

IF the name of John Price Jones should be unfamiliar to you, that's perfectly O.K. with Mr. Jones, who considers inconspicuousness a professional asset. He's the founder and president of the John Price Jones Corporation, the biggest and best known (in a limited circle, of course) of the professional money-raising outfits which, for a fee, put charity drives and endowment funds on a practical basis. The reason Mr. Jones prefers anonymity is that some charitably disposed people immediately freeze up if they discover that a drive is being managed by professionals, however good the cause and whatever the circumstances. However, we don't think any harm will result from our telling you that Mr. Jones has been working for the past three months, as an unpaid volunteer, on plans for the current bond drive. As chairman of the Committee on Public Relations for the New York State War Finance Committee, he is, more or less, directly or indirectly, responsible for the staggering amount of publicity that is being spread about this willing town during the campaign. It began with the War Finance Committee's asking Mr. Jones four months ago for advice. He started to supervise the preliminary publicity and pretty soon he had moved into headquarters and was working right through into the evening every day. When we called on him last week, he told us happily, "Since last June I've spent exactly an hour and a half at my own office."

Jones is a smallish man in his sixties, gray-haired, ruddy-faced, and in deportment not unlike a benevolent banker. He smokes long, black cigars and calls Grover Whalen "Sweetheart," or at least he did so once, over the telephone, in our presence. He was born in Latrobe, Pennsylvania, which is near Pittsburgh. His father was a coal-mine foreman, which did not prevent young Jones from going to Exeter and Harvard. He borrowed a hundred and fifty dollars from a bartender who was a friend of his father to get a toehold at Exeter and then, during his first week there, he lined up so many jobs—waiting on table, clerking, taking over a tailoring-and-pressing concession, and so on—that he was immediately able to send back twenty-five dollars of the loan. Jones had an equally triumphant career at Harvard, financing himself by acting as correspondent for half a dozen or so newspapers. He was a newspaper man after he graduated, working first on the old *Press* here in New York, then on the *Sun*, on which, before the last war, he built up a considerable reputation as an expert on spy stories. He was working for an advertising agency when we got into the war and was lent by his employer to the Liberty Loan Committee. The business of shaking people loose from their dough for good causes fascinated him so much that he never went back to advertising. Shortly after the war, he helped Harvard raise fourteen and a half million dollars which it needed to keep the wolf away from Cambridge. As of June 30, 1943, he has raised a total of $414,332,593.99 for all sorts of august clients—the American Shakespeare Foundation, Wellesley College, the Salvation Army, the Connecticut Birth Control League, the Theatre Guild, the Democrats for Willkie, the World's Fair, the New School for Social Research, Washington Cathedral, and the Will Rogers Memorial Commission. Mr. Jones told us that, generally speaking, and leaving out the War Bond drive, the easiest campaigns to put over are those connected with what he calls "things of the spirit"—churches, for example. Next come organizations that relieve physical pain—hospitals, the Red Cross, and the Salvation Army, for example. Then educational institutions. It's hardest to get people to shell out for scientific research.

Even in a war year, Mr. Jones said, he expects at least two billion to be given away for philanthropy. Incidentally, he doesn't work on a percentage basis—just figures out what it will cost to run a campaign and charges a flat fee. Usually this runs between half of one per cent and one and a half per cent of the take.

Garrett Price

Origins

A SUBURBAN librarian called up the Borden Milk Company last week to ask if Borden's had any propaganda that might be useful in a library exhibition to be devoted to the problems of wartime nutrition. Borden's said well, they had a four-reel movie on the history of milk; the library might be interested in showing that. "The history of milk, eh?" said the librarian. "How far back does it go?" "All the way back," they told her. "It starts with Gail Borden himself."

Shy Sufferers

MUMBLING through his Kleenex, a friend of ours who suffers from hay fever told us last week that his only relief had come from sitting in the air-conditioned lounge of the Capitol Theatre with an apple and a book. The apple and book were unimportant; it was the air-conditioning that counted. Occasionally this gentleman went upstairs to see "Du Barry Was a Lady," but most of the time he just sat quietly and read. While he was at the theatre his nose and eyes felt fine, without benefit of Estivin, Ephedrine, Novaline, or Dewar's White Label. Our friend went on to say that he is by no means the only one to use the Capitol Theatre as a remedy, or palliative, and advised us to go around there and see for ourself. We did, and saw about fifty men and women who looked as if they might be hay-fever sufferers stalling around. We spoke to an official at the Capitol and he told us that it's an old story with the management. They get at least fifty requests a season (August 15th-October 1st) for the use of the lounge on a twenty-four-hour basis. "These people are pathetic," he said. "All they ask is to bring their cot to the Capitol." Even if the city permitted a theatre to run a hotel on the side, the theatres would avoid providing such relief. As the Capitol man put it, "No manager wants to turn a palace of mirth into an emporium of sorrow."

Hay-fever sufferers are also common at the Paramount, we learned upon brief inquiry there. They sit quietly in the lounges, betraying themselves by puffed eyes and red noses and the duration of their stay. Ushers get to know them and become quite fond of them in some instances. "They are a shy, refined lot," a Paramount man said, "and mind their own business." A representative of the Music Hall rather loftily said that the lounge there is so dark and spacious that you can't distinguish a hay-fever sufferer from a normal American. "If they employ the facilities of the Music Hall," we were informed, "the management is not aware of their presence."

Our afflicted friend was quite an encyclopedia of information on hay fever. He told us about a major in Special Services who wears an Army gas mask while working. This gives callers at the office a terrific start. The major finds the G. I. mask much more effective than the nose masks he used to get in drugstores. A hay-fever man in Pleasantville, who lives beside a patch of ragweed, fixes himself up with a quart of goat's milk a week. There is a woman in Queens who reports that she gets almost complete relief by inhaling the fumes from a piece of brown paper soaked in vinegar and heated in the oven until practically dry. Many people are addicted to an extract of hog's liver, in capsule form, while others paint their legs with iodine, eat horseradish raw and in quantity, or rub an oak tree in the dark of the moon with a lock of hair.

In some parts of the city, Victory gardens have been an unexpected blessing, as the gardens crowd out ragweed, a treacherous, lowlife plant that flourishes in vacant lots and causes about eighty per cent of the suffering. The manpower shortage has been tough on hay-fever people; the city now has no spare labor for clearing out ragweed patches. Ragweed prospers in New York and vicinity. In fact, the only free areas in the whole state are the central Adirondacks and the extreme eastern end of Long Island. Everywhere else, misery. Sneezing, possibly induced by hay fever, runs all through history and even the early records of man. The Talmud mentions it, and the Bible (II Kings) mentions a boy who "sneezed seven times." The affliction is said to have cost Daniel Webster the Presidency. He sneezed so constantly during the fall months that he couldn't campaign. He was a monumental sufferer. When he sneezed in New Hampshire, people in Vermont heard him. Coolidge had hay fever but *became* President. Probably the only sure hay-fever cure is the one Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes suggested to Henry Ward Beecher. "Gravel is an effective remedy," said Dr. Holmes. "It should be taken about six feet deep."

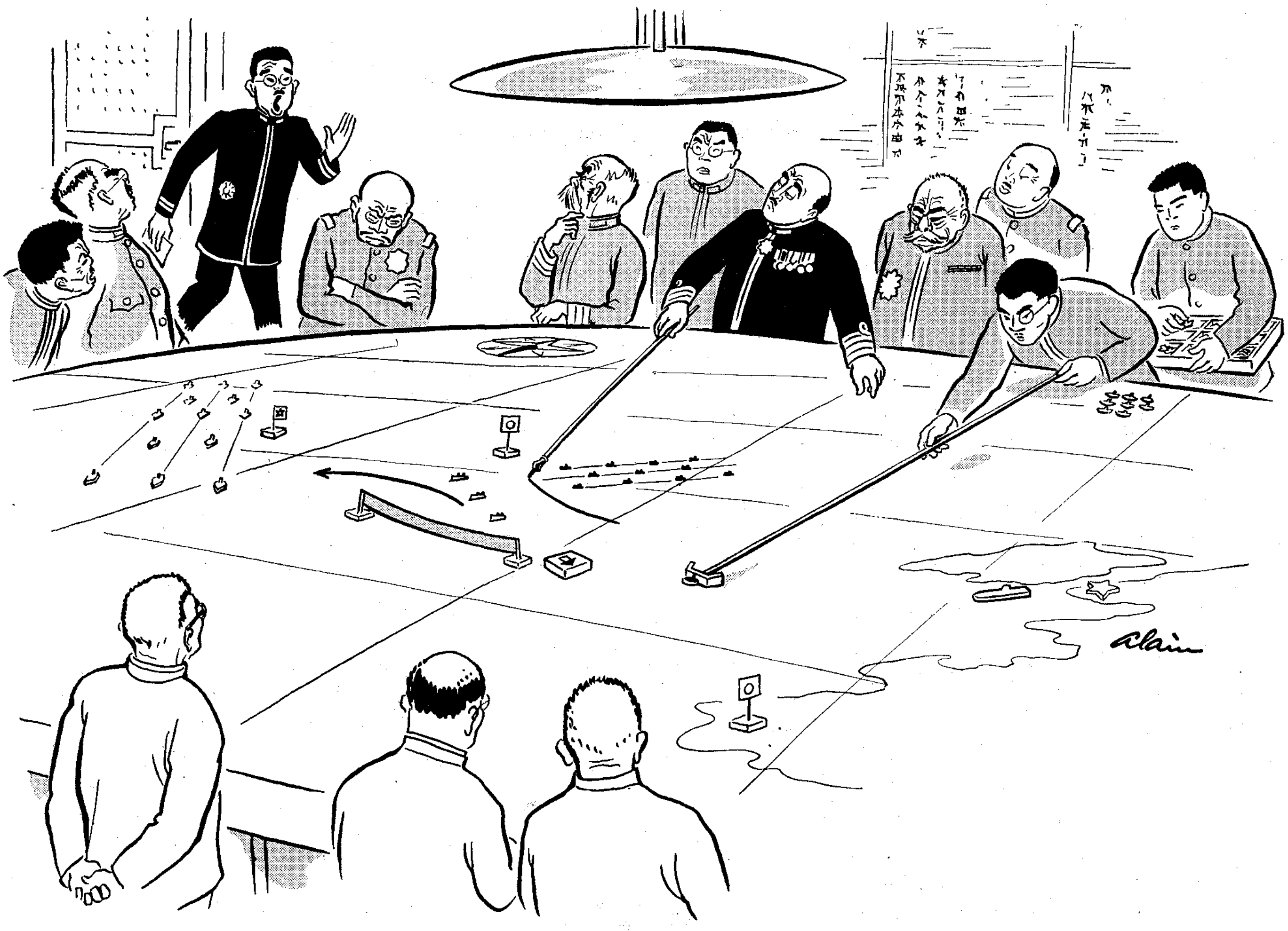
Brief Revelry

HEREWITH a belated tale of how the news of Italy's capitulation hit one harried fellow down in the garment district. He was dancing about on the sidewalk, in a shower of torn-up paper and scraps of material, when he was hit on the head by a swatch of cloth. He examined the label. "Look!" he screamed, showing it to a nearby friend. "White duck, from Elfenstein's window. Elfenstein gets white duck! Do *I* get white duck?" And away he rushed, doubtless to lodge a complaint with the proper authorities.

Minkus Album

PROBABLY the only American completely satisfied with the calibre of songs about this war is Mr. Mark Minkus, author of "You Can't Win This War Through Love!," "Be a Hero, My Boy!," "The Jolly Yanks," and nine other published pieces of martial sheet music you may not have heard of. We first encountered a Minkus song last week on a Forty-second Street newsstand when we invested a dime in a number entitled "Proud Frenchmen, Arise!" "Published by the Patriotic Music Publishing Company, 5 Union Square West, lyrics by Mark Minkus," it said. Something about the refrain, "Arise and revolt against Nazis and Fasces! They sacrifice Frenchmen, your weak Vichy-washys!," sent us around to Union Square West later that day. There we met Mr. Minkus, who turned out to be a short, round man of fifty, in shirt sleeves. We learned that the Patriotic Music Publishing Company consists of Mr. Minkus and his twelve songs, solely and simply. Mr. Minkus is, however, a good deal more than the Patriotic Music Publishing Company. For fifteen years he has been the head of the Stamp and Album Company of America ("Treasure House of Stamps"), also of 5 Union Square West. For some years before that he was a practicing dentist. "But," he told us, "I am a poet and a philatelist. Teeth was not for me." Mr. Minkus's publishing venture is barely a year old. It was the result of the conviction, engendered during the spring and summer of 1942, that nobody was writing adequately rousing war songs. When President Roosevelt announced at a press conference that what this country needed was a couple of such, Minkus knew his hour had struck. "The President called," he told us, "and I answered."

Minkus, whose name in philatelic circles and private life is Morris M. Minkus, Sr., said that he was born in Upper Silesia and has been twenty-two years in this country. In addition to his professional and business ventures, he has written numerous poems in Yiddish and German. "I have achieved material and spiritual success," he said. When the call came to write war songs, Minkus got hold of a refugee friend from Germany, Henry Kane, and between them they turned out the batch in six weeks. Kane wrote all the



"One moment, gentlemen! I'm afraid we'll have to begin this over again with fewer ships."

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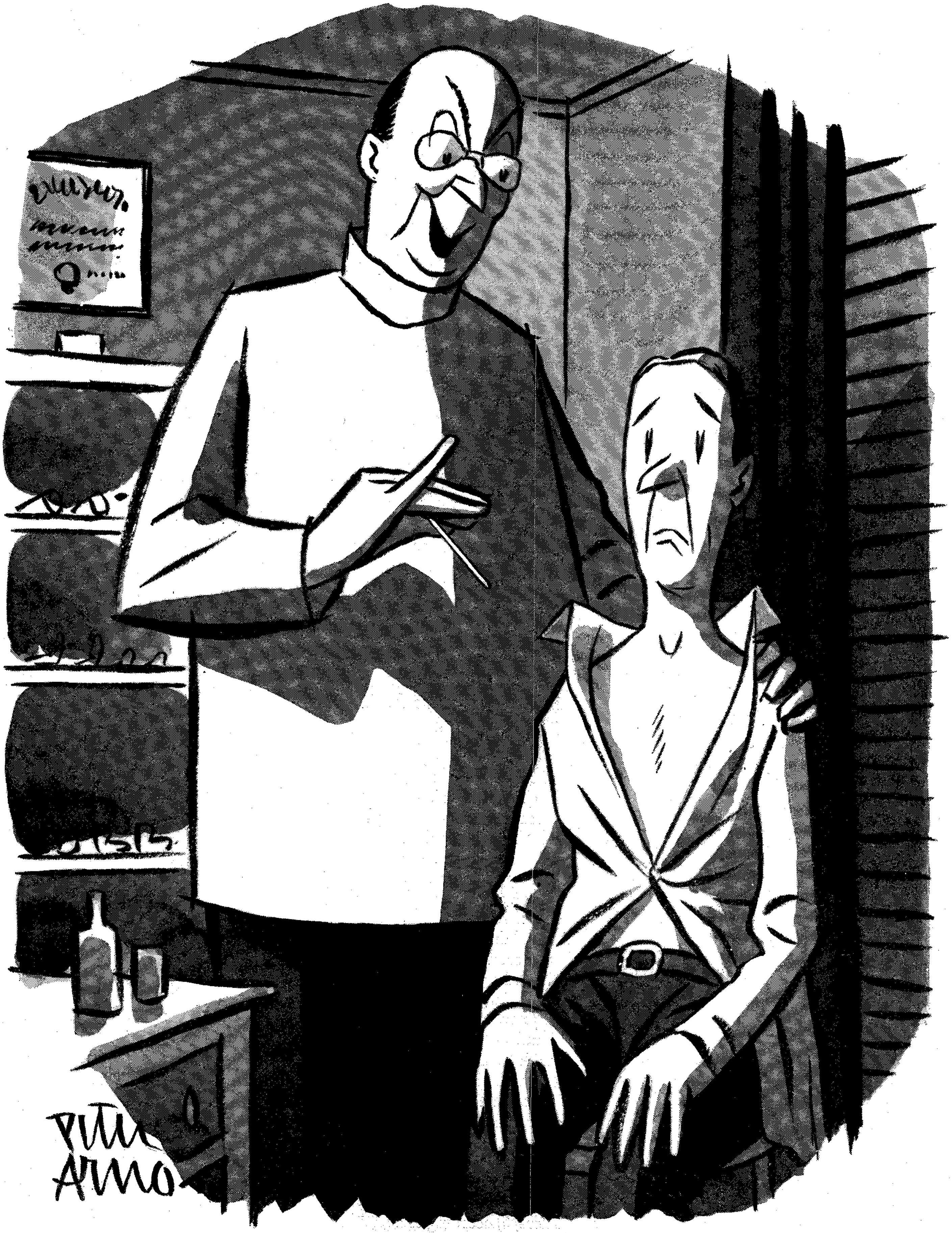
music. Minkus asked us not to conclude that the collaborators worked steadily for six weeks. "You understand the mechanics of inspiration," he said. "It was maybe totally twenty-four hours of actual creation." Neither Kane nor Minkus has a piano, so they worked at the apartment of Miss Evelyn Gould, who is office manager of the stamp company and owns a Steinway. When the job was done, Minkus tried to interest several music publishers, but they all said there was no future in war songs, or at least in Minkus war songs, so he went into the music-publishing business for himself. Today the Union News Company distributes his songs to newsstands throughout the country. They sell for ten cents each, or $1.25 for the complete set in a cardboard album. The first printing was a hundred and twenty thousand copies, ten thousand copies of each song. Mr. Minkus told us that the supply is about exhausted. Phenomenal is what he considers this.

Miss Gould was working at a nearby desk and Mr. Minkus invited her to join in singing a few excerpts from the songs. She readily consented, and from "Who Do You Think We Are?" they somewhat shakily rendered the prophetic refrain "You bulky Il Duchi, just full of spaguchi, you play hoochy-coochy, and you'll soon be caputchi," followed by a stanza from "Be a Hero, My Boy!" This went, "If your name is John Astor, Murphy, Cohn, or Piastor, you would soon be forgotten, in Detroit or Manhattan!," and was dedicated, Mr. Minkus said, to his son Sol, who is a private in the Signal Corps. Miss Gould and Mr. Minkus next obliged with "Cheer Up, Uncle Sam," which was written especially for President Roosevelt and contains perhaps the best example of Mr. Minkus's curious rhyme style: "Cheer up, Uncle Sam! your war shops all hum; your farmers are working; your fields are in bloom!" "The President loved it," said Mr. Minkus, "according to a note from one of his secretaries." As an encore, the duo sang an unpublished Minkus entitled "Bataan." We couldn't catch all the words, but they went something like "Revenge our blood, revenge our blood, don't you leave those vultures prey." "Dear, dear," said Mr. Minkus when they had finished, "that's beautiful!"

Boom

WE'VE heard of an astute young couple, the parents of a two-year-old daughter, who have methodically conditioned her to accept certain of life's inevitable disturbances and emergencies. For instance, by turning the radio on loud when it was time for her to go to sleep, they made it possible to give normally noisy parties without waking her up. She got used to noise. In order to get her used to thunder and lightning, they pretended they loved electrical storms, laughing and yelling "Boom!" every time there was a clap of thunder. Baby finally got so she loved thunder storms; in fact, when a bolt of lightning tore off one wall of the family's summer place, knocking Mummy cold as a mackerel, she got a big laugh out of it. The parents are now considering unconditioning her to lightning the least little bit.



"What you need is more fresh air and exercise. How would you like to caddie for me this weekend?"

NIGHT IN ALGIERS

IT was late at night in Algiers and in the Army newspaper office the clatter of typewriters had long since died down. Most of the men had gone to sleep upstairs and the halls were empty. The wisecracks and decisions and sudden laughter were over for the day, and in another building the presses were comfortably turning out the next day's paper.

On the walls, the pictures of all the pretty girls with big bosoms looked a little weary in the dim light. Down on the street outside the Red Cross building, late-travelling soldiers whistled for hitches in the dark and a soldier who had had some wine was singing the "Marseillaise" in English, the brave words and the brave tune floating up a little uncertainly through the darkness until a truck stopped and picked the singer up. In the office the radio was on and Tchaikovsky's piano concerto was coming in, moody and sorrowful, from London.

An assistant editor with sergeant's stripes on his sleeves came in and sat down wearily in front of the radio. He stared at it, remembering many things that had nothing to do with his job, remembering home and what his college campus looked like in June and how it had felt to sail out of New York harbor in the rain.

"Have some wine," said the reporter who was sitting there listening to the music. The reporter had no stripes on his sleeves at all. The assistant editor took the wine and forgot to drink, just sitting there holding the bottle.

"There's a bar in New York," the assistant editor said. "Ralph's. On Forty-fifth Street. Ugly little joint. I like to drink there. Ever been there?"

"Uhuh," the reporter said.

"Scotch whiskey," the assistant editor said. "Cold beer."

The concerto ended in wild, mournful thunder and a polite English voice said it had been Toscanini conducting and Horowitz at the piano, the names sounding strange on the nighttime African coast. The polite voice said good night and the reporter got Berlin. There were waltzes on from Berlin, very prettily played, lilting through the small, paper-littered room. A polite German voice described the waltzes and once more the violins and trumpets swept out of the radio.

"The Germans," the assistant editor said. "They should be deprived of music for fifty years. Should be part of the peace treaty."

A rewrite man, a corporal, on his way up to bed, stuck his head in. "Anybody want a gumdrop?" He brought out the box. "Just got my rations today."

The assistant editor and the reporter reached out. They chewed consideringly on the gumdrops, listening to the waltz.

"Nice music," the rewrite man said.

"Fifty years," said the assistant editor.

The rewrite man yawned and stretched. "Going to bed," he said, and started out. "Maybe when I wake up tomorrow the war'll be over. Good night." He went out and the assistant editor washed down the rationed gumdrop with a little wine.

"Did you ever eat a gumdrop in civilian life?" he asked.

"No," said the reporter.

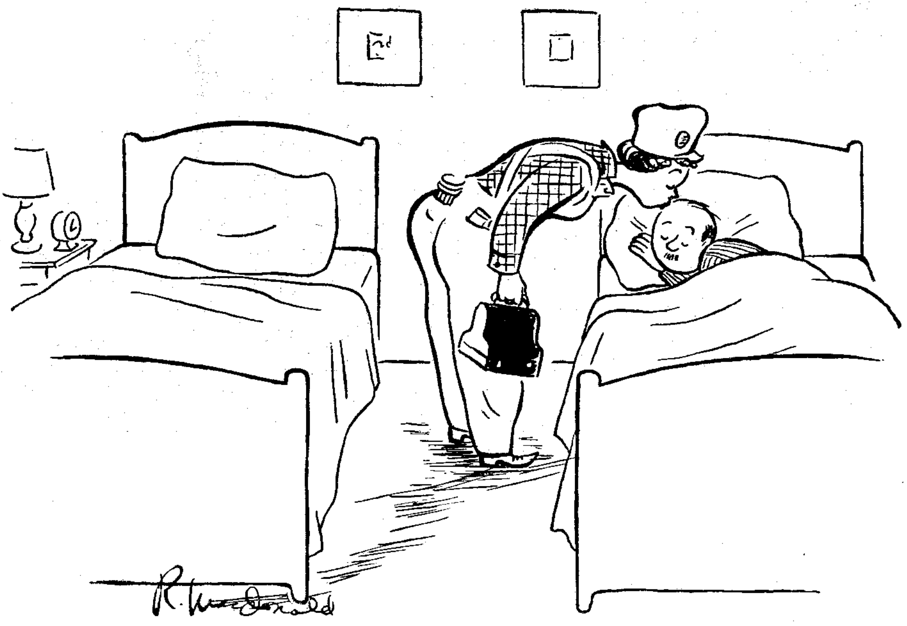
"Neither did I." He rolled the wine around reflectively in the bottle. "God, it's dull around here. I wish I could have gone to Italy." The radio turned to Hungarian dances and the assistant editor stared gloomily at it. He drank a little wine. "That's the trouble, though. Now that the invasion has come at last, other guys are covering it. Other guys'll write great stories. I'll be sitting here on my can in Africa. The editor. The assistant editor. . . . When I got out of college I wrote better than I do now. Eight years ago." He rubbed his bald spot thoughtfully. "Somehow I got to be an editor. Eight years." He finished the wine. "Maybe I should've got married."

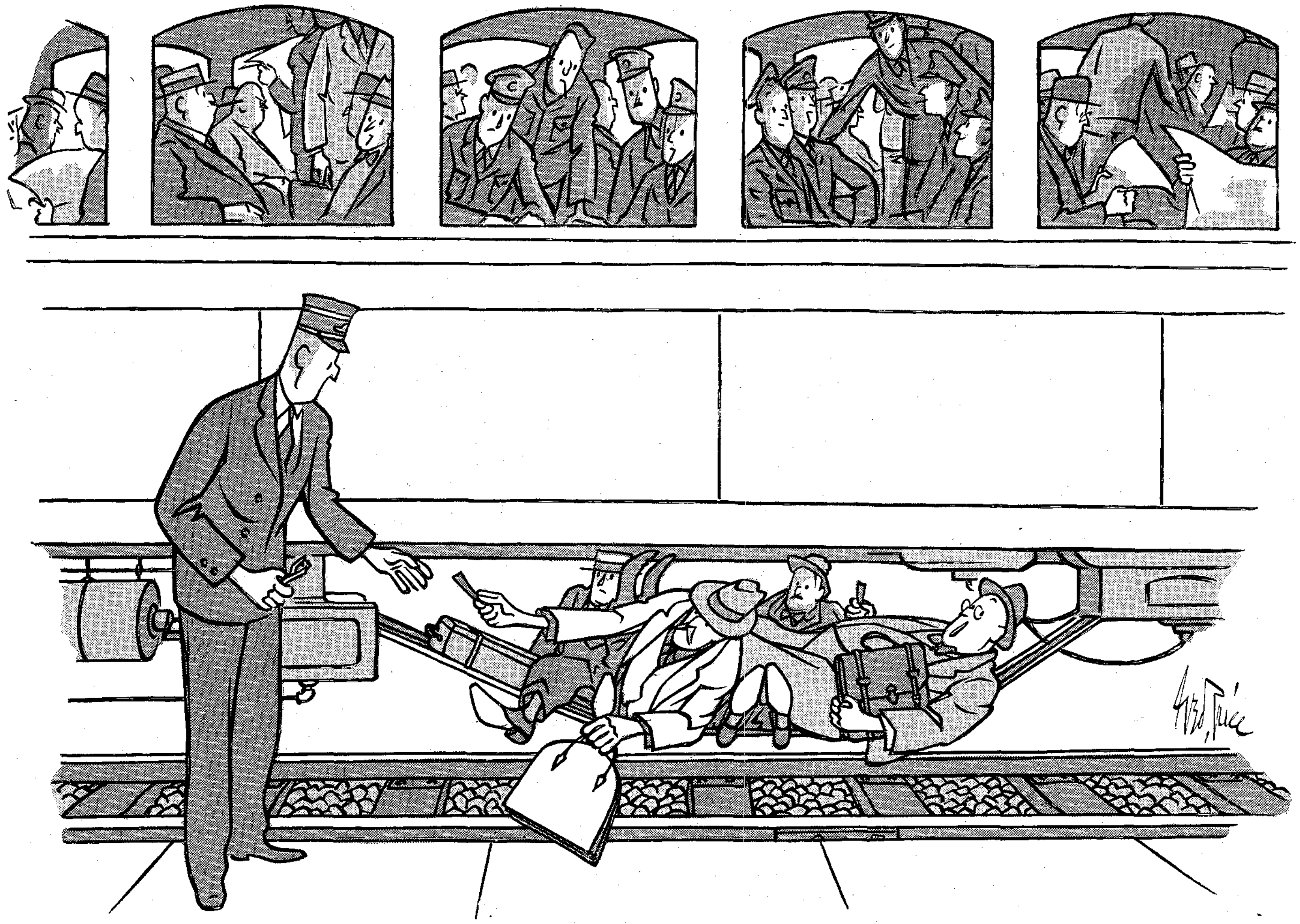
"Probably wouldn't make any difference," said the reporter, who was married.

"Probably not." The assistant editor shrugged. "There was a girl back in college in my sophomore year. She was a year older than me. You had to date her up in October for the spring prom. There was a fellow with a car who used to drive her to breakfast, lunch, and dinner and send her flowers every day, but she used to take walks with me and lunch sometimes. She did the most marvellous thing that anyone ever did for me. I was a kid then and maybe it oughtn't to seem like so much to me now, but it still does. She broke a date with this other guy and went to the spring prom with me. I gave her orchids and we went to a couple of speakeasies and it was the best night I ever had in my whole life." He sat back, remembering the orchids and the speakeasies. "I introduced her to a friend of mine that summer. He had a lot of dough and called her long distance three times a week and six months later they got married. You can't blame a girl. Want to see her picture?"

"Yes," the reporter said.

The assistant editor took out the picture, yellowed and ravelled at the edges. It was of a pretty, graceful girl, in a white dress, sitting erect, a hint of strength in her face, mixed with ancient coquetry. "I don't know why I keep it," the assistant editor said, looking at the picture. "Maybe for luck." He put it back carefully into his wallet. He leaned back and his thick glasses and square, angular, plain, decent face shone in the dim light, clearly and painfully the face of a man who all his life might





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expect to find his best friends taking his girl.

"There was another girl. A Danish girl," the assistant editor went on. "I met her at a party in the Village. She'd come down from Boston with a friend, to be an actress. She worked at the Filmarte as an usher. I must have seen the last part of 'Grand Illusion' twelve times."

He smiled.

"I'd go around for the last reel or two of the pictures," he said, "and take her out to Sunnyside. She lived there with her friend. She liked me, but she wouldn't have anything much to do with me, even though I used to sleep out on the living-room couch five times a week. We had a fight and she decided she didn't want to be an actress and she went home to Boston. I guess I would've married her then if I hadn't fought with her so much." He took off his glasses and stared wearily at them. "About six months later she came down to New York on a visit and it was different. She moved right in and we had a wonderful time. We'd go out on weekends in the country. Just drive around in the summertime and stop in for drinks here and there and go swimming and laugh. She met me in Provincetown and we stayed with a Danish family. There was a great party. Provincetown, on Cape Cod. I don't think I've ever had a better time and I keep remembering it. . . . Maybe I should've married her. I don't know."

The assistant editor leaned over and put the bottle down. On the street below three Frenchmen passed, singing loudly.

"I'm thirty years old and I write worse than I ever did. I don't know what I'll do after the war. Once, when I was in the Engineers, I sent her a letter. She was married, she wrote me, and she was having a kid on May seventeenth. She was going to call it David, after her husband's uncle, she said. She asked me to pray for it. I haven't written back. Well, what's the difference?" He put his glasses on again. "The Filmarte Theatre." He laughed and stood up. "I wish I had two hack writers I could throw stories to and know they'd come out right," he said. "I wouldn't get so tired. Well, it's pretty late. Got to go to bed. Tomorrow's another war."

The radio was sending out American jazz now, the deep, familiar horns of America pounding like all the music in all the dance halls and all the night clubs and at all the spring proms any American ever went to, any girl in a white dress ever danced at.

The assistant editor listened, his eyes blinking behind the thick lenses of his glasses. When it was over, he got up and walked into his own room slowly, his shirt dumpy and wrinkled, to take one last look at his desk and make sure everything was all right before going to bed.

—Irwin Shaw

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NORTH CAROLINA

Summer is going,
Summer is gone.
Her green-and-yellow petticoats
Hang in the tobacco barn.

Naked she came,
Naked she must go.
Her rustling scalloped petticoats
Are limp and lifeless now.

First they will tarnish.
Then they will brown.
Soon they will only be fit
To bundle up and burn.

—Sylvia Townsend Warner

DAYS OF INNOCENCE

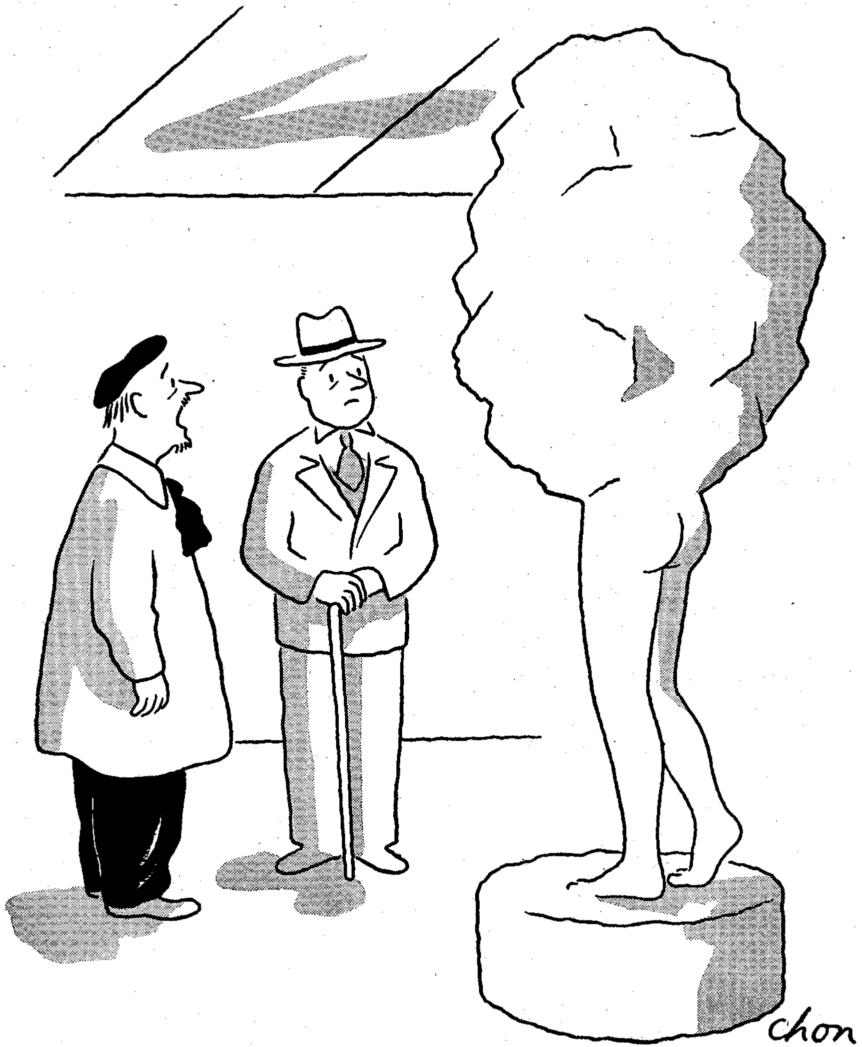
THE LIFE OF TONE

NEXT to journalists, doctors, liberals, and waiters, I have probably spent more of my time since 1900 with musicians than with any other class of men, and on the whole, despite some harrowing experiences, I do not regret it. Not, of course, that I subscribe to the common delusion that music in some mysterious way is elevating to the psyche and makes for nobility of character. I have known some musicians who were plausibly describable as noble, at least to the extent that our democratic institutions permit, but I have also known some who were unmistakable congeners of the hyena, the crocodile, and the polecat. Once, early in my newspaper days, I actually had the pleasure of attending an accordion-player to the gallows, and of all the men I saw hanged in that era he deserved it the most, for he was guilty of killing a Chesapeake Bay oyster-boat captain who had only lately bailed him out of jail, bought him a suit of clothes and a hat, and lent him three dollars.

But such inordinate scoundrels are naturally scarce among musicians, just as they are scarce among other men, and the great majority of tone artists I have known have been nothing of the sort. On the contrary, they have run pretty close to the human norm in behavior, if one overlooks, for the moment, alcoholism and polygamy. What keeps them out of trouble, when they happen to be actual musicians and not merely union workmen hired to play so many notes for so much money, is the fact that music is a full-time job. Even when it is pursued only as an avocation, not a trade, it keeps its votary so busy that he has no time and energy left for any deviltry save maybe the two that I have mentioned. When he is not engaged in turmoils of tone himself he is commonly listening to those of other musicians, and it is this incessant engrossment that constrains him to be relatively quiet and decent, not any transcendental effect of sharps and flats upon the personality. There is plenty of music that in itself is very far from uplifting. The waltzes of Johann Strauss, properly played, fill even a virtuous mind with wayward thoughts, and I am inclined to believe that the first movement of the "Eroica" symphony of Ludwig van Beethoven has launched more heresy upon the world than all the speculations of Nietzsche.

THE tendency of music to engulf and consume a man was well exemplified by the case of John Girschner, an amateur flute-player who adorned my native Baltimore forty years ago. John was a bachelor of easy means who, with his military figure and flowing mustaches, might reasonably have been described as handsome, and in consequence he was under heavy pressure from the antisocial people who, in those days as in these, gave parties. He might have dined out five nights a week if he had been so inclined and on the off nights he might have gone to an endless succession of balls, after-the-theatre suppers, Masonic pep meetings (for he was a Freemason), and miscellaneous booze fights. For every Sunday in winter he had invitations to at least half a dozen oyster roasts and for every Sunday in summer he had as many to crab feasts. But it was rare indeed for him to go to any of these affairs and when he did so it was only after long and frantic propaganda by his family and friends, including his five sisters-in-law. Instead, he devoted nearly all the leisure that business left him to the single enterprise of blowing the flute. Every evening each week save one, after a sparing dinner at home, he would tuck under his arm the black case which housed his two flutes, one silver and the other gold, and proceed to some place where music was on tap and that of the flute was esteemed.

On Monday nights he played with a woodwind ensemble which met year in and year out at the home of Anton Benning, an amateur clarinetist who in secular life ran a veneer factory. On Tuesdays he sat in with two other flute-players and they devoted two hours to performing flute trios. On Wednesdays and Sundays he played with ama-



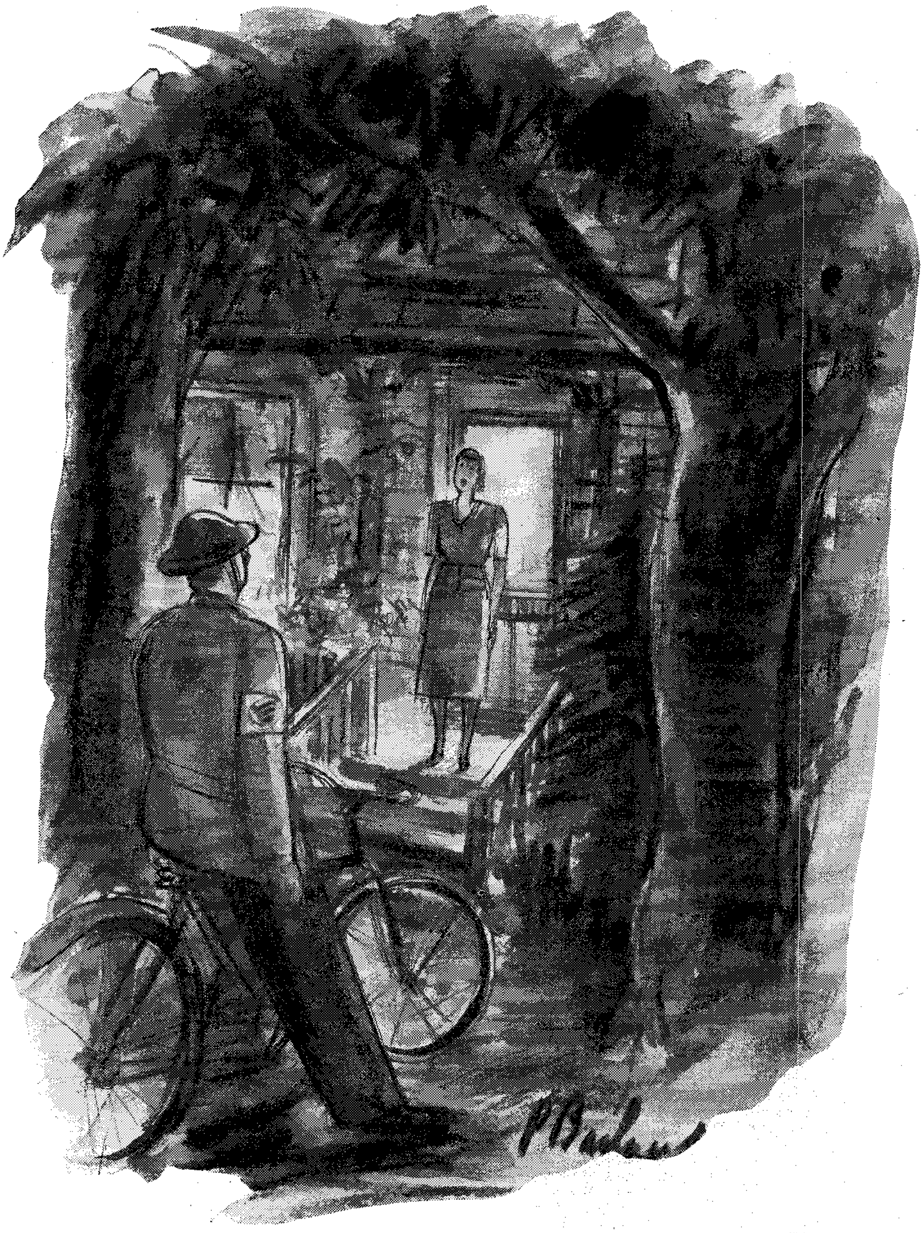
"I lost interest in this one. I figured what the hell, just another nude."

teur orchestras, on Fridays he assisted a string quartet which had a large library of compositions with added flutes, clarinets, oboes, and so on, and on Saturdays he joined in the uproars of the Saturday Night Club, of which I was also a member. This left only the Thursdays vacant, and the Thursdays he gave over to the weekly meetings of the Mozart Permanent Building & Loan Association, which he served as president and treasurer and in which he was the majority stockholder. As if to make up for this treason to music on one evening of the week, he usually dropped in on Sunday mornings at the home of Rudolph Emmelmann, a rich agnostic who had been entertaining a motley posse of musicians at his house every Sabbath, beginning at the customary hour for opening divine service in the Baltimore churches, since 1874.

I wish I could tell you that John's devotion to the flute made him a master of it, but that unhappily was not the case. The more he played the worse he played, and inasmuch as he played much more than most, he eventually became much worse than most. In the course of time, in fact, the tones that he projected from the instrument took on such unpleasantness that he could not stand them himself and he accordingly abandoned the flute for the oboe. For a year or more he was neither seen nor heard by any of his old colleagues in the tone art, for he kept to his house and practiced in secret. Everyone, of course, speculated about the outcome and the prevailing opinion was that he would quickly land in a lunatic asylum, for it was well known that playing the oboe had deteriorating effects upon the mind. But one evening John showed up at a session of the Saturday Night Club with his oboe under his arm, showing no sign whatever of mental decay, and when he called for the oboe part to the "Poet and Peasant" overture and proceeded to play it, we were all astonished to discover that he played very well; indeed, considering his short schooling, extraordinarily well. Thereafter he was our oboist, and soon he had resumed membership in some of his other clubs and was playing four or five nights a week. More, he began to accept an occasional professional engagement, though he didn't need the money, for in those days oboists were very scarce in Baltimore and whenever two or more operetta companies came to town the same week there was a downright famine.

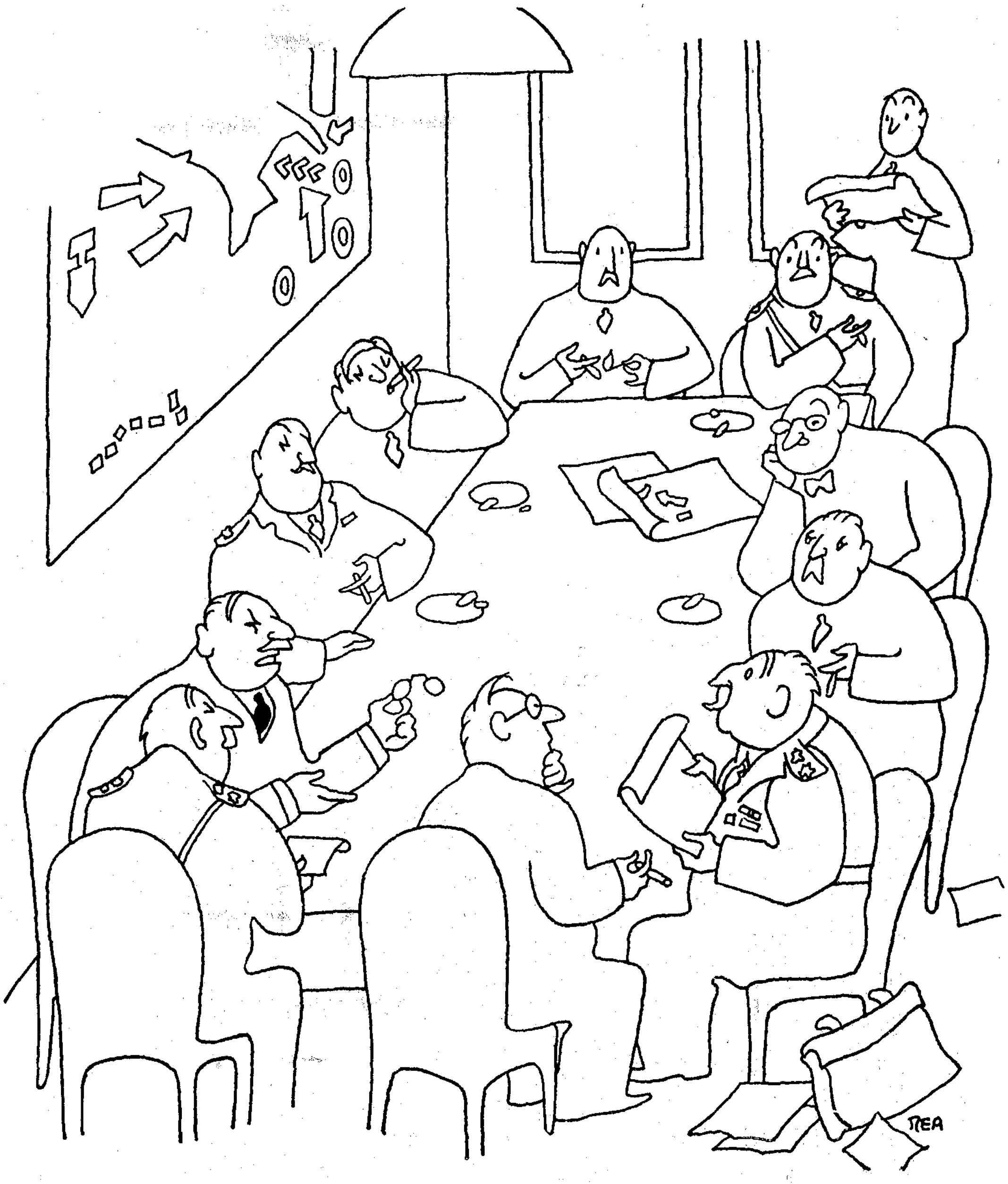
John died years ago, but he is still remembered by the local musicians not only as the worst flute-player since Apostolic times but also as the hero, or maybe it would be better to say victim, of a curious musical contretemps. This mishap befell him in his early oboe days. He had been engaged to assist the orchestra of a travelling operetta company headed by a decayed star of the Metropolitan, and had got through the Monday-morning rehearsal without difficulty, though one of the numbers in the operetta was a sort of duet between the star and the oboist. First she would sing a coloratura passage lifted from Mozart and then the oboe would echo it. Unhappily, she began to feel bad after the rehearsal, and just before the opening performance, in the evening, she decided that it would be imprudent for her to attempt her highest note, which was E natural above the staff. After several trials she found that she could still reach the tone below it—to wit, D—so she asked the leader of the orchestra to play the number transposed a tone lower. All his colleagues in the pit were equal to this operation, but John was dubious, for he was still a bit strange to his instrument. He therefore decided to lower it a tone by lengthening the tube, and this he did with some difficulty, for the various sections, though made of wood, had sort of rusted together. Then he squared himself off to echo and assist the madam, who presently bounced upon the stage and began her song.

The first echo went well enough, though John was trembling, but when he came to the second he blew a little



"*But the radio said the Luftwaffe had been knocked out.*"

too hard, with the result that he blew the bottom section off his oboe and made an explosive, unearthly sound that startled the audience and set the orchestra to laughing. But the madam did no laughing. She was a woman of intensely artistic temperament and any interruption while she was performing made her virtually crazy. This time her insanity took the form of bellowing, "What goddam idiot done that?" Such language was shocking in those innocent days, even in an opera singer, and the stage manager rang down the curtain at once. When it lifted again, ten minutes later, the performance was resumed with the number which followed the madam's solo and she was represented by an understudy, for she had become hysterical on returning to her dressing room and it was not until she had heard two or three hearty rounds of applause for the understudy and had got down four or five shots of gin that she was sufficiently restored to resume.

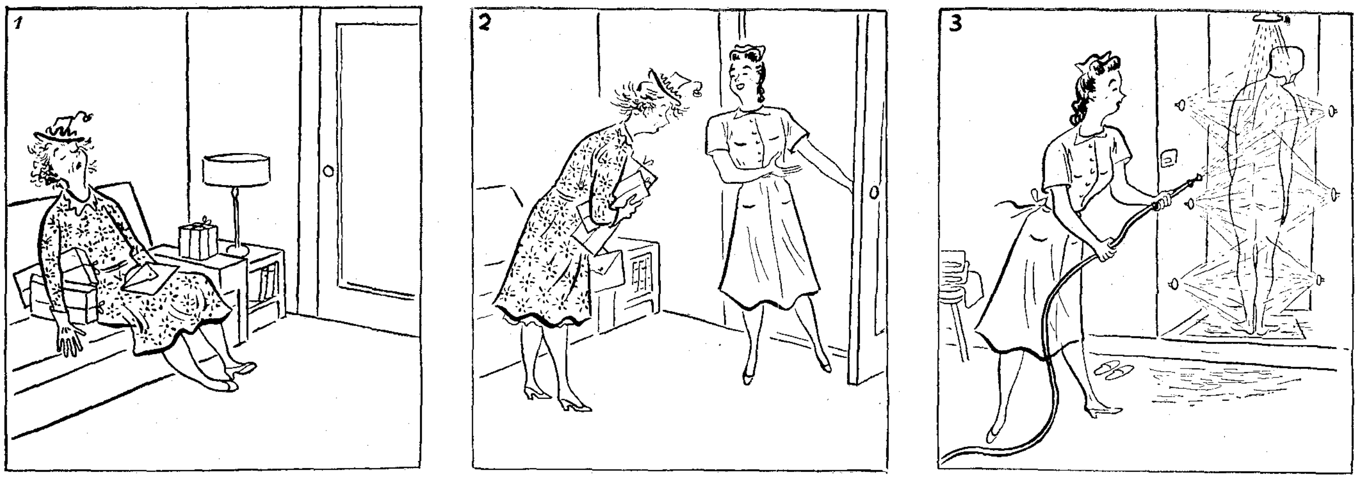


"When you say 'at slight additional cost,' General, can you be more specific—one billion, two billion?"

• •

JOHN had to stand a lot of kidding after this episode, but it did not dissuade him from the oboe, which he continued to blow until his lamented decease. He once told me, in his old age, that he figured he had played no less than three hundred and fifty billion notes in his time and did not regret a solitary one. His pertinacity was typical of musicians; indeed, I often think that if music has any actual effect upon human character, it is in the direction of fostering patience and endurance. So thinking, I always recall a stout and hearty fellow named Mac, who spent six weeks rehearsing a part which consisted of but two notes, and then missed them. This Mac was not, strictly speaking, a musician at all but simply a music-lover, and his ordinary functions in our club were confined to listening while the rest of us played and then checking up the bar bill at the beer party which always followed. He came from the hill country of Virginia and had never heard any music save that of country fiddles and bazookas until he went to Charlottesville to study law. But at Charlottesville he became aware of many other instruments and also of a repertoire reaching far beyond "Old Black Joe" and "I Got a Gal at the Head o' the Holler," and by the time he migrated to Baltimore he was one of the most fervent music-lovers ever heard of. His taste was catholic and omniverous. He not only rolled and wallowed in the music of such tony composers as Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms, he also retained his early love of more primitive stuff, and whenever he encountered a colored band on the streets of Baltimore he fell into line behind it and sometimes marched along for miles. Thus he got a great kick out of our Saturday Night Club, though he did not play himself, for its average program ran all the way from Schubert's Unfinished Symphony and the "Emperor" concerto to the waltzes of Gung'l, Ziehrer, Komchak, and the whole Strauss family (including Richard), and "Funiculì-Funiculà."

We had in the club in those days a member who was a very competent composer and now and then he wrote something for us that displayed our several talents and foibles. The second piano part, written for me, was commonly marked *fortissimo* throughout, with instructions to tie down the loud pedal, and the first violoncello part,



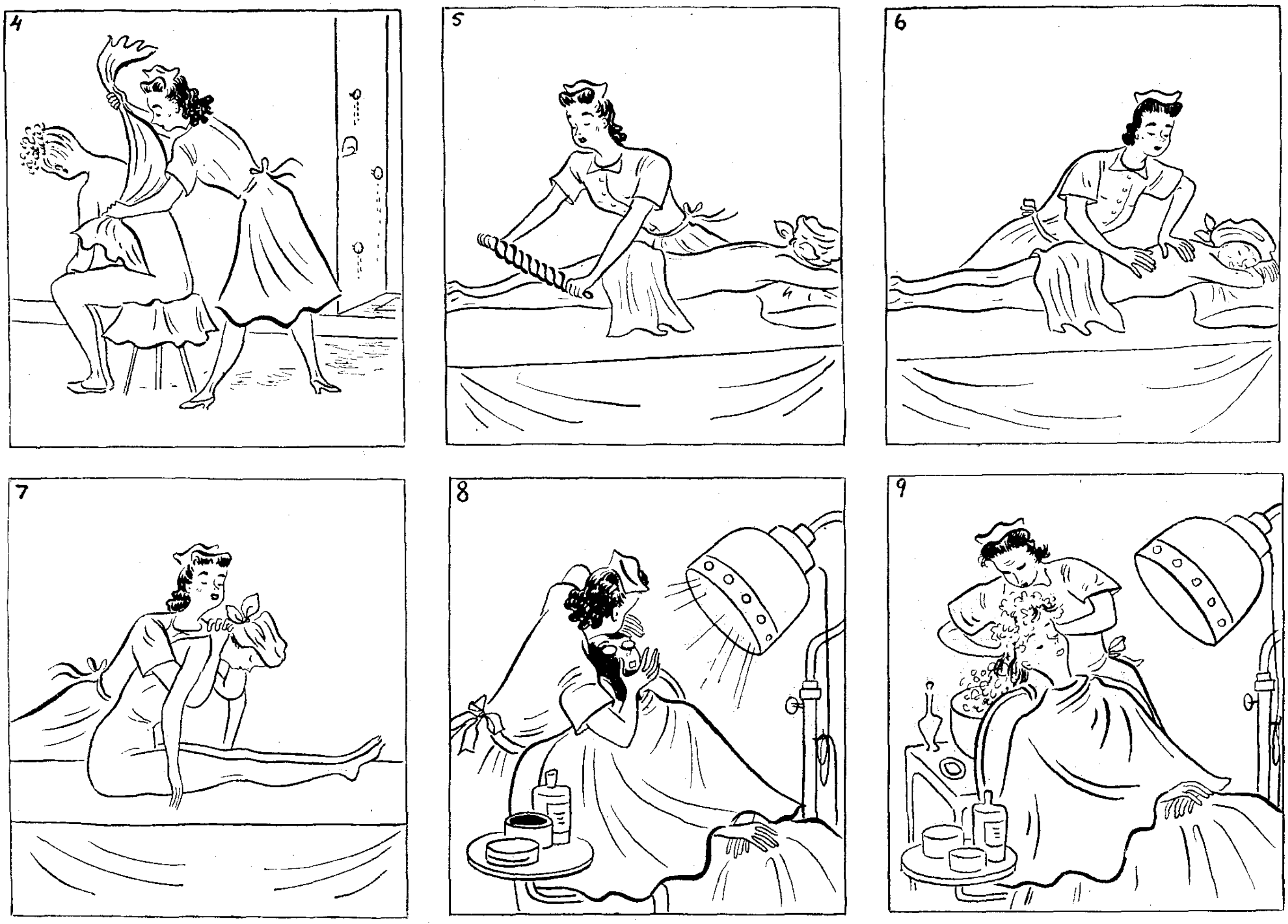
written for a 'cellist with Doric shoulders and hairy arms, was made up largely of electrifying *glissandi* on the A string. This composer was very fond of Mac and lamented the fact that he could not take a hand in our proceedings. On second thought, why not? To be sure, he could not read music and could not play any instrument that we used, but the fact remained that he was a university graduate and a man of proved sagacity at poker and amour, so the composer, an optimist, concluded that, given sufficient time and patience, he might be taught. The more subtle and difficult instruments, of course, would probably be too much for him, but what of one of the simpler ones? What, for example, of the *grosse Trommel*, *gran cassa*, or bass drum? What, again, of the *Becken*, *cinelli*, or cymbals? What, above all, of the triangle?

The triangle certainly was simple enough. It needed no tuning or fingering and could not get out of order. It sounded but one tone, and that tone had a dynamic range no wider than the squeal of a mouse. If men of such low mentality that they were hardly more than idiots could yet attain so much virtuosity on the violin and piano that thousands paid money to hear them, then why shouldn't a *legum baccalaureus* of the University of Virginia, under proper tutelage, learn the triangle? The composer could think of no reason, so he spit on his hands forthwith and wrote a triangle part into a composition that he had under way for the club. This composition, like the many others that he did for us, was adroitly adapted to our needs and interests. There was a gorgeous nine-inch cadenza for our first violin, a whole page of *glissandi* for the violoncellist, a bold paraphrase of the horn motive in "Don Juan" for our horn-player, and a long series of *fortissimo* chords for me. Also, there were some artful suggestions of the beer parties that always followed our hours of music—the rattle of the pewter lids of our mugs, our brisk commands to the waiter, and the shrill chromatic laugh of Otto Stiefelmeyer, the saloonkeeper we then patronized. Above all, there was a swell part for the Confederate jurisconsult—a solo passage for triangle, running to four measures.

I wish I could tell you that the result was a masterly and memorable performance, recalling that of Brahms' Requiem in the Bremen Cathedral on Good Friday, 1868. Unhappily, history is history, and the truth must be served. Mac not only showed no natural talent for the instrument, he appeared to be completely incapable of fathoming even the elements of its technique. Worse, he could not be taught to clout it at the proper place in the score; either he was a hundred measures ahead of time or a hundred behind. The composer, a most patient fellow, took him on for private lessons and rehearsed him daily for weeks on end, but to no appreciable effect. He was as bad after his twentieth lesson as he had been at his first. The composer thereupon rewrote his part, thinking that maybe it was too long, but when it was brought down to three measures Mac boggled it just as sadly as he had boggled it when it ran to four, and so again when it was reduced to two, and finally to one. By this time the composer was beginning to lose hope, but it occurred to him that if one whole measure was still too much, then perhaps Mac could play two notes, and the score was accordingly revised. The idea turned out to be a good one, for Mac struck the two notes accurately and even neatly. But he struck them ten measures too soon, and so the desired effect was again spoiled. The composer then wrote in a cue for him that seemed to be bulletproof. Two measures before his entrance, the whole band brought up in a powerful *sforzando*, and it was followed by a grand pause. "Count eight," he said, "and then lay on." But Mac was so addled by the melodramatic contrast between the *sforzando* and the pause that he counted only seven, and the next time nine, and the next time six, and so on.

This stumped the composer, and he retired to the *Kaisersaal* behind Otto Stiefelmeyer's bar to meditate. He emerged a week or so later with a scheme that really seemed sure to work, and at the next meeting of the club it was given a trial and went off magnificently. In its fundamentals it was very simple. Thirty or forty measures before Mac's entrance the composer laid down his baton and took a stance behind his pupil. As the critical moment approached he took Mac's trembling right paw into his own right hand and got a firm grip upon Mac's neck with his left. Simultaneously, he dug his right knee into Mac's back. So standing upon his left leg, like a stork, he brought down Mac's right hand at the precisely right instant, then lifted it and made the second and last stroke of the solo. The effect was so excellent that at the end of the movement the whole club arose to applaud the soloist, the fiddlers all drummed upon their fiddles with their bows, and the piano and wind struck up the felicitatory tonic chord of G major.

So far so good. We were all glad to see Mac master the triangle at last, but alas and alack, success had the same deleterious influence upon him that it has always had upon artists, time out of mind. Within a week he was negotiating with a Baltimore goldsmith for a fourteen-carat gold triangle, to cost four



hundred dollars, and within two weeks he was criticizing the performance of the rest of us very tartly and advising us to get a hump on. By the end of that winter he was speaking of himself as the best triangle player in the Western Hemisphere and sending challenges by post card to his rivals in the Boston, Philadelphia, and Philharmonic Orchestras. During the summer, after insuring his gold triangle for ten thousand dollars, he sailed for Europe and let it be known that he had been called to the Gewandhaus at Leipzig. But if they gave him a trial there something must have slipped, for when he returned in the autumn his gold triangle was missing, he was considerably subdued, and all his sneers had disappeared. —H. L. MENCKEN

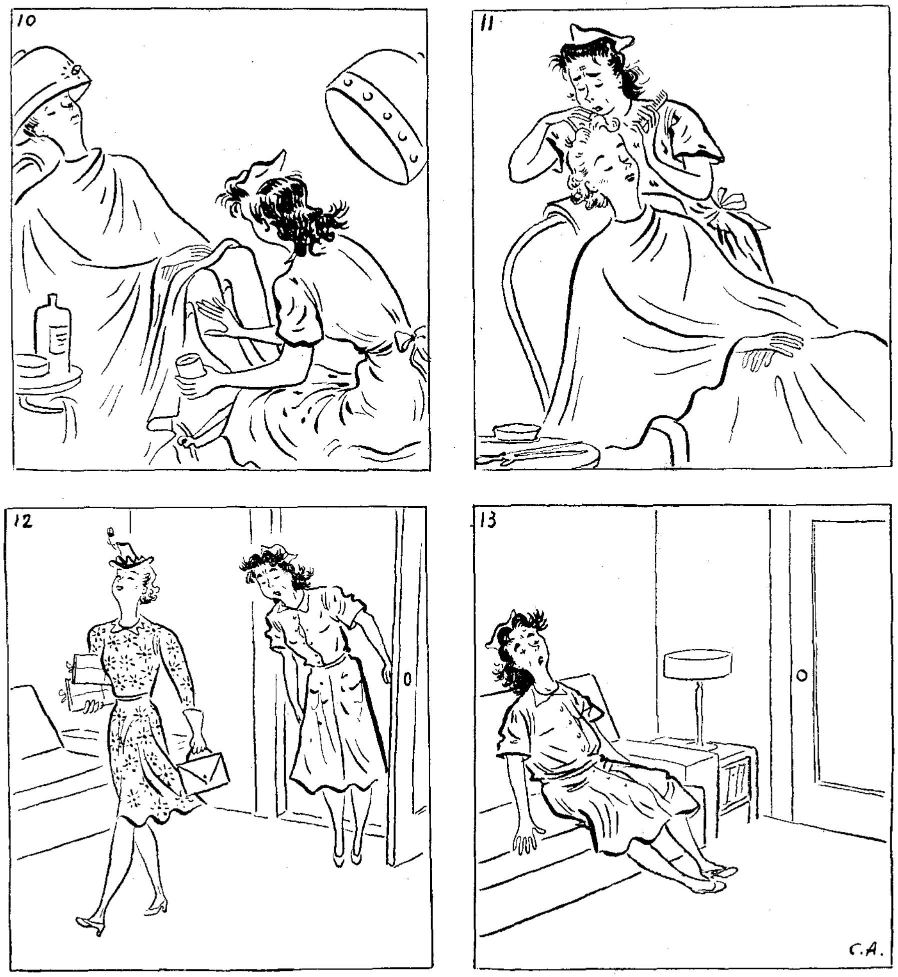
◆

She saw then the ragged tear in his blue coat, the crimson ring around it . . . her arms reached out . . .

"You'll get blood on your pretty nightdress," he said.

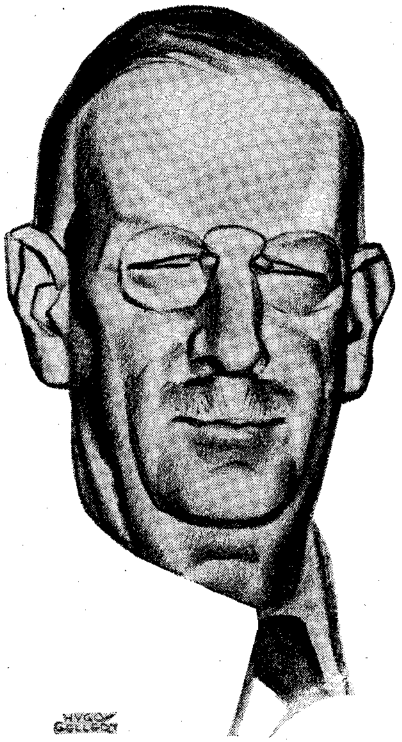
"It's *your* blood, John," she said, and even as she said it she wondered why in really deep moments the old banal remarks were always the only ones that really fitted.—*From "They Cast No Shadow," by Eric Hatch, in Cosmopolitan.*

Yeah, it's a funny thing.



PROFILES

GEOGRAPHY UNSHACKLED—I



DR. GILBERT H. GROSVENOR, editor of the *National Geographic Magazine* and president of the National Geographic Society, which publishes it, must be the only man in the world after whom four babies, a fish, a sea shell, an island, a glacier, a trail, a lane, a mountain range, a mountain peak, a lake, and a plant have been named. His human namesakes are Gilbert Grosvenor II, a grandson; Gilbert Grosvenor La Gorce, a son of Dr. John Oliver La Gorce, who is the associate editor of the *Geographic* and the vice president and a trustee of the Society, and who has been Grosvenor's right-hand man for the past thirty-eight years; John Grosvenor Hutchison, a son of George W. Hutchison, who is the secretary and a trustee of the Society, who has been associated with Grosvenor and La Gorce for thirty-five years, and who impartially named his son after both of them; and Gilbert Grosvenor Edson, a grandson of the late John Joy Edson, a Washington banker who was an early trustee and treasurer of the Society. The National Geographic Society was founded in Washington in 1888 to promote "the increase and diffusion of geographic knowledge," and it finances, or helps to finance, expeditions which generally result in articles for its magazine. Many of Grosvenor's non-human namesakes were discovered in the course of such expeditions. Thus the fish named after Dr. Grosvenor, a blind specimen called *Bryconamericus grosvenori*, was extracted from the Urubamba River in southern Peru by the late Carl H. Eigenmann, an Indiana zoologist who had gone to South America on a grant from the Society. The Grosvenor sea shell is *Margarites grosvenori*, dredged up on a 1925 Society expedition carried out in the waters west of Greenland by the late William H. Dall, a paleontologist to whom it came as a surprise. "Since the Greenland seas have been industriously explored for mollusks since the time of Fabricius in 1780," he reported at a meeting of the Biological Society of Washington, "and not only the resident Danes but a multitude of Arctic explorers have paid particular attention to the shells, this [new one] was most unexpected." He went on to describe *Margarites grosvenori* as turbiniform, thin, translucent, and pearly white, with four and a half well-rounded whorls, a distinct suture, a minute nucleus, and a well-rounded base.

Gilbert Grosvenor Island, which is off the coast of Alaska, was discovered and christened by Vilhjalmur Stefansson, an old friend and admirer of Grosvenor's to whom the editor of the *Geographic* subsequently made a gift of the title of one of Stefansson's early books, "The Friendly Arctic." Stefansson had sent proofs of this volume to Grosvenor, beseeching him to suggest a title, and Grosvenor, who likes to look on the friendly side of geography, was pleased that after reading Stefansson's book he felt for the first time in his life that the Arctic was a friendly place. He made his recommendation accordingly. Stefansson thinks the title helped to sell the book, and in his preface he refers to Grosvenor as "that genius in editorship and public relations."

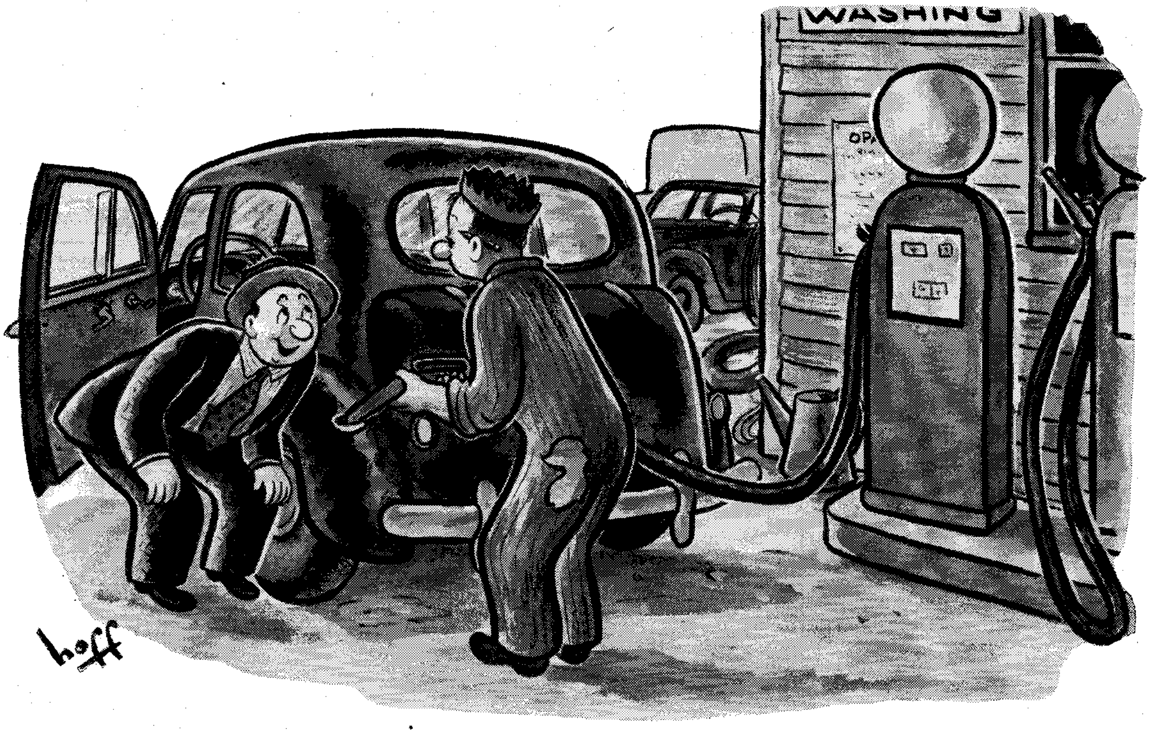
Grosvenor Glacier, in Peru, was officially sighted and named by Hiram Bingham during an expedition financed jointly by the National Geographic Society and Yale University. Grosvenor Trail and the Gilbert Grosvenor Mountain Range, both in the Antarctic, constitute a 1929 tribute to Grosvenor by Admiral Richard E. Byrd, to whom the Society had granted some $75,000 for exploration. Byrd later pressed upon Grosvenor a small rock from one of the Grosvenor Mountains, along with a card on which he wrote, "Presented to Gilbert Grosvenor with the highest regard from his friend Richard Byrd. This rock is from the Grosvenor Mountain System containing the Grosvenor Range." Grosvenor, who thinks that Byrd may have conjured up the Grosvenor Mountain System, which does not exist, simply in order to round out his sentence, feels that the range, which definitely exists, is enough of a good thing, and he has appreciatively placed the rock and card on a mantelpiece in his home in Bethesda, Maryland, which is on Grosvenor Lane, a road named after Grosvenor by his wife.

Mount Grosvenor, not to be confused with the Grosvenor Mountain Range, is in China, near the Tibetan border; it was named by Joseph F. Rock, an explorer who in 1927 headed a National Geographic Society expedition to southwestern China. The *Geographic* ran a color photograph of it in 1930, warmly describing it as "a mass of gneiss and granite which towers 20,000 feet above sea level." Grosvenor Lake, an Alaskan body of water twenty-eight miles long, was named by its discoverer, Dr. Robert F. Griggs, a Washington botanist and professor to whom the Society has granted financial assistance for several expeditions. Dr. Griggs, whose excursions have resulted in a number of *Geographic* articles, does not do things by halves, and he named an Alaskan mountain, somewhat smaller than the lake but adorned with pink granite slopes, after Dr. La Gorce. The Grosvenor plant, *Momordica grosvenori*, was discovered and named in 1937 in Kwangsi Province, China, by Walter T. Swingle, another Washington botanist benefiting from a Society grant. It is thought by the Chinese to possess aphrodisiac qualities, and Grosvenor's colleagues have subjected the editor of the *Geographic* to a certain amount of appropriate chaffing. Swingle did not stress this aspect of his plant, however, when he formally dedicated it. "I take pleasure in naming it *Momordica grosvenori*, in honor of Dr. Gilbert Grosvenor, who for many years has encouraged liberally the geographic and botanical exploration of China," he wrote in the *Journal of the Arnold Arboretum*, and he proceeded to describe it, in part, as follows:

> Ab aliis speciebus Momordicae differt seminibus applanatis radialiter striatis sulcatisque, margine rima lata profunde percursis, embryone ovato-lenticulari quam semine multo minore, fructus pulpa dul-

cissima in sicco in massam fibrosam levem coalescente, tota superficie plantae (facie superiore folii excepta) pilis minutissimis nigris ornata, folii margine sparse irregulariterque hydathodibus instructo.

Dr. Grosvenor, who frankly confesses his inability to translate even the Grosvenor family motto, "*Nobilitatis virtus non stemma character*," which appears under the coat of arms embellishing his bookplates, enjoys these compliments as much as the next geographer, and he does not care to have anyone tamper with the Grosvenor names. He has, on occasion, made his attitude plain. In 1925, the United States Board on Geographic Names, established as part of the Department of the Interior by President Benjamin Harrison to standardize the names and spellings of geographic names on government maps, made a determined effort to change the names of Lake Grosvenor and Mt. La Gorce to something else, on the theory that topographical features should not be named after living persons. Grosvenor got wind of this scheme and, accompanied by La Gorce and Griggs, took the matter up at the White House with President Coolidge, who had been two classes ahead of him at Amherst. Coolidge instructed the board to leave the names alone, and moreover he chided the board, tersely, for even thinking of making the changes. Grosvenor is a modest man and he usually can't recall all of the things named after him, while La Gorce's attitude toward his mountain is so casual that he frequently calls it a lake, but the two men considered the Society's honor to be at stake and consequently became inexorable. "We felt that the suggested changes constituted a reflection on the Society," Grosvenor said recently when the incident was recalled to him. "The board was unfriendly to us at the time. It has since been revived by Secretary Ickes, and we now have a representative on it. It's a great compliment to have a lake named after you, and Mrs. Grosvenor and I hope to visit it some time." The Society was grateful to Coolidge for keeping the names of its two chief editors on the map, and in 1929 it elected him a trustee.



"Let it run slow. I love to hear the gurgle and splash."

GROSVENOR's friends feel that on the strength of his record he has every right to have a few topographical, zoological, and botanical items named after him. As editor of the *Geographic*, Grosvenor, whose doctorate (honorary) was conferred upon him in 1921 by Georgetown University and has since been buttressed by honorary degrees from Amherst, William and Mary, Lafayette, the University of Maryland, and the South Dakota State School of Mines, has done more than anyone else in the country to put geography on a broad, popular, and paying basis. In 1899, when Grosvenor, then twenty-three, came to the *Geographic* as assistant editor, the magazine, founded in Washington eleven years before, was a rather sedate and technical monthly which went to the one thousand members of the National Geographic Society, a rather sedate and technical group, many of them government scientists. It shared a single-room office in the capital with the American Forestry Association, and its outlook on geography was a narrow one, leading it to confine itself largely to such articles as "Geographic Methods in Geologic Investigation," "Studies of Glaciers," and so on. Its concept of finance was more flexible, and it had used up the proceeds of a good many life memberships, which then sold for fifty dollars, as working capital and was several thousand dollars in debt. Grosvenor, who belongs to an old Massachusetts family, was born on the European side of the Bosphorus, in Constantinople, where his father, the late Edwin A. Grosvenor, taught history at an American-endowed college; from his bedroom he could see Asia. Thus equipped with the financial perspective of a New Englander and the geographical insight of a man who had been brought up within sight of two continents, he had a more rigid view of money and a more limber view of geography than the Society had had up to then. He came to the conclusion that the magazine could be made profitable, and he came to another and not altogether unrelated conclusion that the science of geography covered practically everything there is and that a magazine devoted to its interests should also cover practically everything there is. "A revolutionary idea," he has since written. "Why not popularize the science of geography and take it into the homes of the people? Why not transform the Society's magazine from one of cold geographic fact, expressed in hieroglyphic terms which the layman could not understand, into a vehicle for carrying the living, breathing, human-interest truth about this great world of ours to the people? Would not that be the greatest agency of all for the diffusion of geographic knowledge?"

Since 1903, when Grosvenor was promoted to the post of editor-in-chief

MAYBE

Do you suppose that a hundred years from now
Descendants and/or strangers, living here,
Will have the gift of vision to see us moving
The way we did this year

About the house or garden in the morning,
Me in blue, or you in brown,
Weeding or spraying, or typing at the desk
Upstairs, or lying down

Reading a book, and both of us impatient
With the other's ways, inadequate at best,
You irritable, tired, and hyper-active,
I lazy and depressed,

Unfaithful so, and obdurately single,
Yet not quite undevoted, being bound
To this economy, and that profession,
This boy, this house, this ground?

Or late in the afternoon, on the terrace talking,
With a cigarette and some pretty awful gin:
What kind of meat should we get to last till Thursday,
And when does school begin?

Will they see us so? Will they ever really figure
Who washed the dishes, and who built the shelves,
Distinguish what was man from what was woman,
Or will the separate selves

Blur into one identity and leave
A pattern barely able to be traced
In the set of a garden bed or some lines of writing?
Will they despise our taste,

Or find it strangely like their own?—surprising!—
Scorn the improvements that we thought we made?
Will they reconstruct from the rotting stump the maple
And the slow-wheeling shade?

Will they be skeptics, or believe in spirits
In 2043,
Kind to the ghosts so surely, surely haunting
The site of that old tree?

Probably not, judged by our own example,
Who are hardly ever curious, or care,
About tenants past; and in any time or household
That gift of vision is rare.

And John, grown up, may not have any children,
Or his sons and daughters die
In another war, with much improved destruction
Familiar in the sky,

And the place which had no heir and found no buyer
Be taken over by wilderness and rust,
While the Latin texts and books about the Russians
Gather coeval dust.

The sumach, the bramble, the Queen Anne's lace will flourish
With thistle and other weeds,
Untouched by sickle or scythe, in the old enclosure,
Where once were planted seeds.

The wasps will build in the sagging eave and rafter,
Paint flake, and floor boards rot,
And children, never too late for faith in hunting,
Will find an iron pot

That will still hold water or sand or, even better,
Some clock wheels, or some springs,
Or a rusty jack in the old garage foundation
Where the poison ivy clings,

While their folks, who came in helicopters maybe,
Take berries or grapes, long after we are gone,
Leave paper plates, or lose the thermos bottle
In the hayfield that was lawn.

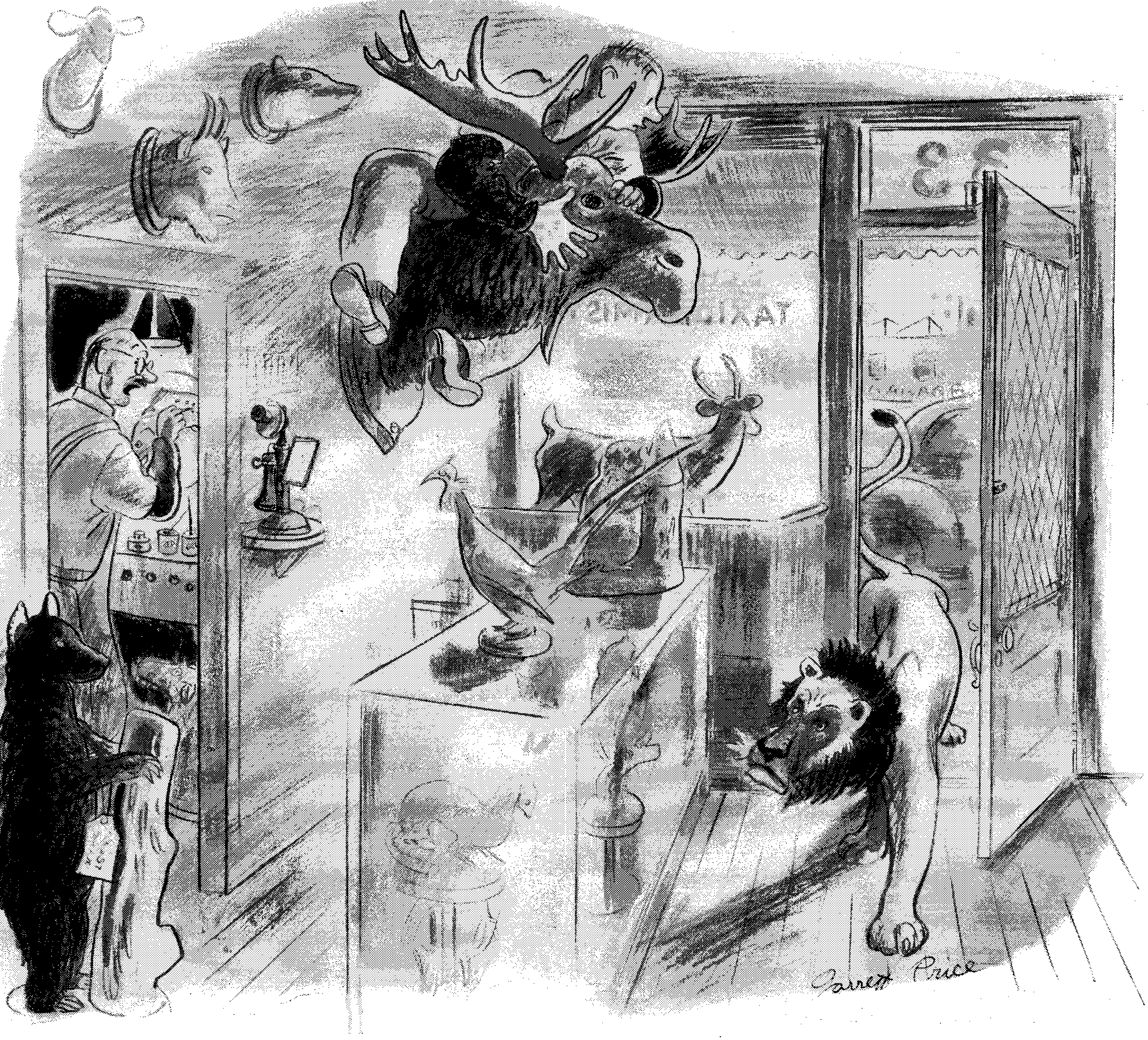
Oh, well, no matter what we think about it,
It will all no doubt come out some other way,
And I put this down, by no means melancholy,
But reconciled and gay.

—Rolfe Humphries

• •

of the *Geographic*, it has treated its readers to articles, many of them vividly illustrated in color, on aeronautics, the reindeer industry in Alaska, the tetrahedral principle in kite structure, the geographical distribution of insanity in the United States, snow crystals, the diamond mines of South Africa, ostrich farming, elephant hunts in Siam, Chinese Jews, "Queer Methods of Travel in Curious Corners of the World," Philippine head hunters, lighthouses, cancer in plants, penances in India, daily life in ancient Egypt, identification of the stars, American battle monuments in France, the automobile industry, "Prehistoric Telephone Days," the larger North American mammals, the smaller North American mammals, acorns as food, common mushrooms of the United States, American berries, "Medicine Fakes and Fakers of All Ages," immigration, flags, dogs, cannibals, fish, turtles, lizards, birds, butterflies, trees, flowers, the Alaskan brown bear, and the Mellon Gallery, to name but a fraction of the subjects. Grosvenor once outlined his magazine's cosmic trend in the following words, which do only partial justice to it:

> The subject matter covers almost the entire range of Nature, from the ant to the elephant, from the humming bird to the trumpeter swan, from tiny tropical fish to the gigantic whale, from the microscopic spores of mold to the mighty sequoia and eucalyptus trees. It deals with nearly every part of the earth, from the teeming pavements of New York and London to equatorial jungle and polar wastes.
>
> Here, in a photograph, a solitary Moslem kneels beside his camel amid the



"You say a lion? We couldn't even start on it for two weeks."

• •

dreary dunes of the desert, turns his face toward faraway Mecca, and strikes his turbaned brow against the sands in obeisance at the hour of prayer. There, a handsome Romanian peasant girl, barefoot, in gaily embroidered dress, strides through the cool waters of a mountain stream, her water pitchers swinging from a stick across her shoulder, the joy of living in her eye and step; perhaps she is in love.

Even though Dr. Grosvenor blue-pencils all mention of certain distasteful subjects sometimes associated with travel, such as bedbugs and poor hotel accommodations, the American Geographical Society, a more serious and technical geographical group in Manhattan with which his organization is sometimes confused by laymen, is inclined to think that his editorial policy is still a trifle too catholic, and professors of geography have occasionally protested to him that he is carrying things too far. The president of the National Geographic Society is calm and even triumphant in the face of such criticism. "Our interpretation of geography is very wide," he told a friend the other day. "When I see a subject that I think would be interesting to our million, two hundred thousand members, I don't scrutinize it to see if it's geographical." Grosvenor is a member of the American Geographical Society and a thoughtful student of this body's quarterly, which he pronounces excellent, authoritative, and just the thing for its thirty-three hundred readers. Grosvenor's own position as a geographer has been adequately summed up by La Gorce, who once said, "Behind the term geography is exploration. Behind that is adventure, and just over the hill is romance. Under Dr. Grosvenor, these three elements are stepped into closer focus. The Chief has removed the technical padlocks from the science of geography."

GROSVENOR's staff all call him Chief; they admire him as an intuitive idea man with a finger on the public's pulse. They also admire him for his scientific carpentry, which has blessed their Society with a million, two hundred thousand members at $3.50 a head annually; for a reserve fund, saved out of income, of nearly ten million dollars; and for just about the most commodious offices in Washington. The National Geographic Society is tax-free, by act of Congress, because it is considered an educational institution; its magazine is a membership rather than a subscription affair and the Society is owned by its members. It has a board, presided over by Grosvenor, of twenty-four trustees, including General Pershing, former Chief Justice Hughes, and Robert V. Fleming, president of the Riggs National Bank of Washington; it pays its editors and administrative officers generous salaries; and it has made contributions of nearly two million dollars toward expeditions, ranging from a thousand dollars for Admiral Robert E. Peary's trip to the North Pole in 1909 to two hundred thousand dollars spent on various stratosphere-balloon experiments in 1935, in the course of which Captains Albert W. Stevens and Orvil A. Anderson of the Army Air Corps piloted the world's largest balloon to a record altitude of 72,395 feet, or 13.71 miles, conversing easily with the earth by radio throughout the journey.

The Society has devoted another considerable portion of its income to the construction of several large, airy, modern buildings in which it is housed. Its circulation, paper-storage, and business departments, which together have five hundred employees, as many filing cabinets, and twenty-two electrically operated cash registers, occupy a five-story edifice on a railroad spur on the outskirts of the capital. As many as fifty thousand pieces of mail, mostly membership renewals, have come in there on a single day. The main editorial offices, as well as a library of fifteen thousand geographical books, which is open to the public, are in a row of buildings which stretch for two hundred and ninety-five feet and nine inches along Sixteenth Street, one of Washington's main thoroughfares. These quarters reflect some of the rewards of the Grosvenor policy of freeing geography from its shackles. The Chief's two-room office is a good deal larger than, say, the ballroom in the old Peter Cooper house on Lexington Avenue, and his four or five chief assistants, among them La Gorce, Hutchison, and his son, Melville Bell Grosvenor, occupy rooms almost as spacious. The Society's map-making division, whose annual output includes four or five ten-color wall maps, is quartered in a penthouse, and its photographic division has a plant which includes nine darkrooms, five printing and enlarging rooms, washing troughs equipped with water spigots that can be operated by treadles, and a twenty-by-twenty-four-inch camera built on a carriage that rolls on steel tracks.

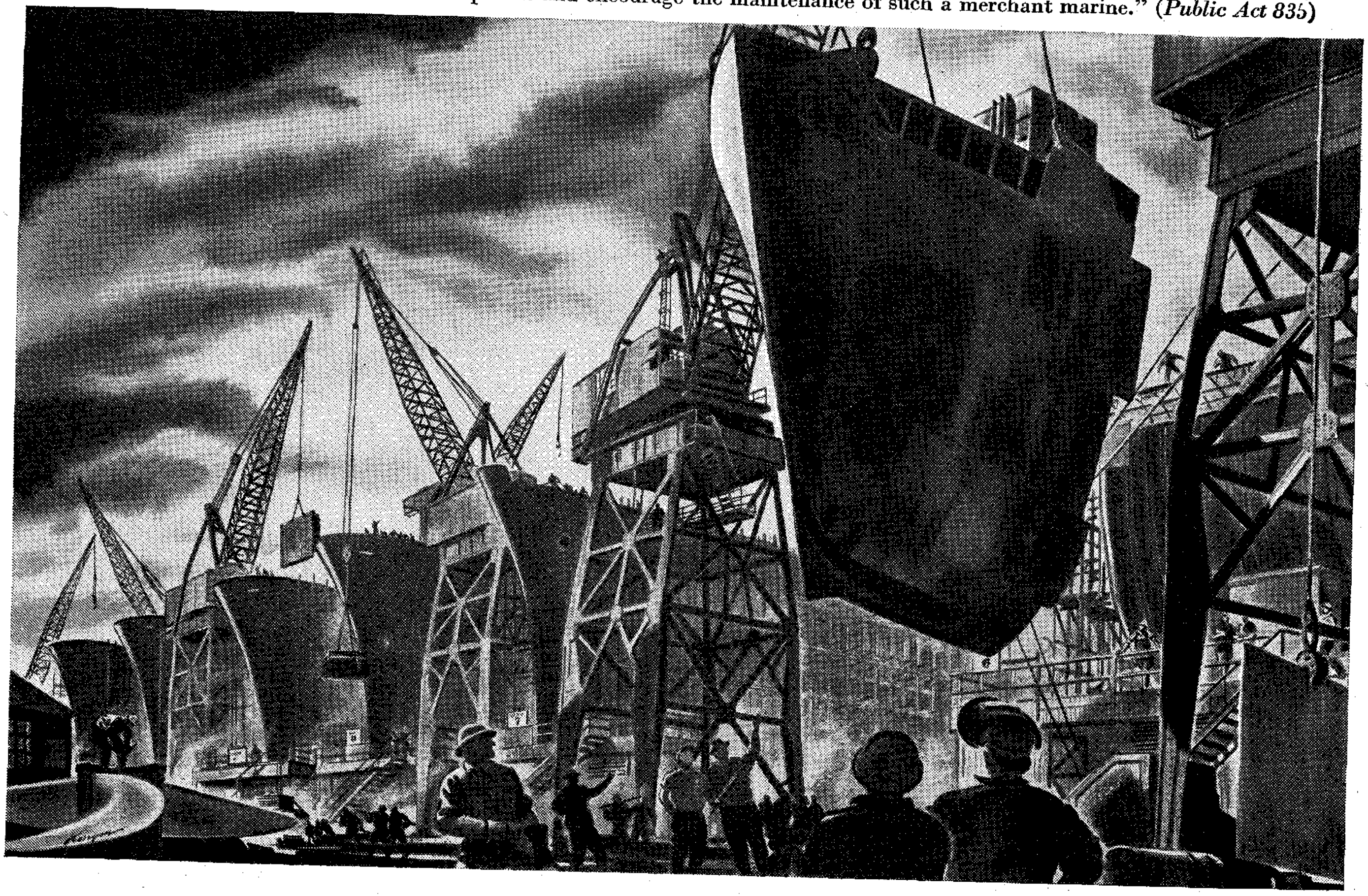
NO SMOKING
30 CAL. CARTRIDGES
USORD 30 CAL. CARTRIDGES
BLACK POWDER

"By the way, Smith, do you mind if I give you a little tip?"

The twenty or so editors of the *Geographic*, all of them notably polite individuals who are forever bowing one another through the sculptured bronze doors of their elevators, move in a leisurely welter of thick rugs, bookshelves stocked with British and American *Who's Who's*, encyclopedias, bound volumes of the *Geographic*, and geographical books published by the Society; interoffice memorandum slips with "Memorandum from Dr. Grosvenor," "Memorandum from Dr. La Gorce," or the like printed at the top; incoming correspondence stamped, in purple ink, "Commendation," "Criticism," or "Suggestions;" and photostatic copies of appreciative letters from generals, admirals, coördinators, and ex-Presidents to whom the Society has presented maps or turned over geographic research, much of it bearing on the war. The editors of the *Geographic* freshen up in rooms where the towels are hung under a hierarchy of name cards; in one room the cards read, from left to right, "Dr. Grosvenor, Dr. La Gorce, Mr. Fisher, Mr. M. B. Grosvenor, Mr. Simpich, Mr. Hildebrand, Mr. Bumstead, Dr. Williams, Mr. Borah, Mr. Riddiford, Mr. Canova, Mr. Vosburgh, Mr. L. J. Canova, Guests, Guests, Mr. Nicholas." For business errands around town, such as trips to the magazine's circulation annex or to its printers, the firm of Judd & Detweiler, the editors have a fleet of five chauffeur-driven cars. They lunch in three private dining rooms, drinking buttermilk, exchanging puns, and ordering excellent à-la-carte meals from menus on which prices are discreetly omitted. One of these dining rooms is reserved for Dr. Grosvenor, and he sometimes eats there alone, like the captain of a ship. This room adjoins a bathroom containing two marble shower baths, which in sticky weather are occasionally patronized not only by Dr. Grosvenor but other of the more important staff members. Next to the private dining rooms is a cafeteria where lesser employees lunch well and inexpensively but without access to as wide a selection of food as is afforded their betters. Here the sexes are segregated, a partition separating the men from the women. "We prefer not to mix 'em up," an officer of the Society once explained. "We feel the men are freer in their own room. If they want to swap a risqué anecdote or two, they can do it." Every now and then, private-dining-room delicacies are displayed, by mistake, in the cafeteria. On one of these occasions, a stenographer, sliding her tray along, pointed to a dish which had

THE MAGNA CHARTA OF THE U. S. MERCHANT MARINE

From the Merchant Marine Act of 1936, as amended: "It is necessary for the national defense and development of its foreign and domestic commerce that the United States shall have a merchant marine (a) sufficient to carry its domestic waterborne commerce and a substantial portion of the waterborne export and import foreign commerce of the United States, and to provide shipping service on all routes essential for maintaining the flow of such domestic and foreign waterborne commerce at all times, (b) capable of serving as a naval and military auxiliary in time of war or national emergency, (c) owned and operated under the United States flag by citizens of the United States insofar as may be practicable, and (d) composed of the best-equipped, safest, and most suitable types of vessels, constructed in the United States and manned with a trained and efficient citizen personnel. It is hereby declared to be the policy of the United States to foster the development and encourage the maintenance of such a merchant marine." (*Public Act 835*)



A sweetheart for every port

Out of their vast scaffolding cathedrals, the proud ships of America's new merchant marine are gliding into the water at a faster rate than the world has ever seen . . . and in far greater numbers.

We're building more new vessels than there are seaports in the world! 2000 alone this year . . . and more than 2,500,000 men and women, in 36 states, are working on their hulls and equipment.

But quantity is not the whole story. These Libertys, Victorys, C3's, and the rest are ships to make a seafaring man's eyes light up. Trim, efficient, seaworthy. Worthy, too, of their citizen crews—with comfortable quarters, congenial working conditions, the most modern safety construction and precautions everywhere. They're sweethearts from keel to topmast.

Congress, in the far-sighted Merchant Marine Act of 1936, decreed them so. This "Magna Charta of the U. S. Merchant Marine" recognized the dangers of our then-small merchant fleet, set out to recapture our country's once-great name on the seas. It provided for the finest merchant marine in the world, "*composed of the best-equipped, safest, and most suitable types of vessels, constructed in the United States,*" manned by citizens, owned and operated by citizens who alone could supply the vision, efficiency and initiative they would need.

Many of these new vessels are joining American Export Lines. Under War Shipping Administration orders, they carry vital cargoes through dangerous seas to strange ports. It is a deep satisfaction to us that the experience and operating know-how we acquired in peacetime are put to such important use today.

Yesterday, American Export carried the products of U. S. farms and factories and mines to lands along the Mediterranean and Black Seas, and as far east as India and Burma . . . returning with the goods America needed from other countries.

Today's job is bigger. War has taught the U. S. the vital importance of a strong merchant marine . . . peace will bring its benefits.

American Export Lines

25 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY 4

American Export Airlines, too, shorten supply lines to our fighting fronts

MICHAEL TODD'S MUSICAL HITS!
ETHEL MERMAN
in
SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS
Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS
COLE PORTER SONGS
ALVIN, West 52 St.
Mats. Wed. & Sat.
"SEASON'S SASSIEST MUSICAL!" —Esquire
THAT ROBUST INSTITUTION
STAR AND GARTER
with
PROF. LAMBERTI and CAST of 100
MUSIC BOX, W. 45 ST.
Mats. Thurs. and Sat.
Staged by HASSARD SHORT

"The funniest show we've seen in three years."
—*Walter Winchell*
THE DOUGHGIRLS
By Joseph Fields
Staged by George S. Kaufman
LYCEUM 45th St. E. of B'way. CH. 4-4256
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:40
Scientifically Air-Conditioned

ALEXANDER COHEN *in association with* Martin Poll & Joseph Kipness *presents*
JAMES BARTON
Frances WILLIAMS SMITH & DALE Buddy CLARK
BRIGHT LIGHTS OF 1944
A New Musical Show with a Cast of 50
FORREST Thea., W. 49th St. CI. 6-8870
Eves. including Sun. Mats. Sat. & Sun.

LIMITED ENGAGEMENT—CLOSES SAT. OCT. 2nd
CHERYL CRAWFORD presents
GEORGE GERSHWIN *and* DuBOSE HEYWARD'S
PORGY AND BESS
TODD DUNCAN
Etta Moten and Avon Long
ALEXANDER SMALLENS, *Conductor*
44TH ST. Theatre W. of B'way. LA. 4-4337
Evgs. $1.10-$2.75. Mats. Wed. & Sat. $1.10-$2.20

Josephine HULL Effie SHANNON
in
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
3rd YEAR!
"A violently funny and batty murder play."—*Time Magazine*
FULTON, W. 46. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40
Moves to HUDSON Theatre, W. 44 St. Mon., Sept. 27

"BREEZY MUSICAL HIT."
—*Walter Winchell*
Early to Bed
AIR COND. BROADHURST W. 44 St.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
Evenings 8:30

"Good . . . for the whole family."—*Nichols, Times*
50c $1 & $1.50 Plus Tax
Sat. Nights Only 50c to $2.50 Plus Tax
Sonja Henie & Arthur M. Wirtz present
SECOND EDITION
STARS ON ICE
CENTER THEATRE, Rockefeller Center. CO. 5-5474
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed., Sat. 2:40; Sun. at 3
No Monday Perf. • Mail Orders Filled
Seats Selling 4 Weeks in Advance

"A TRULY AMAZING PLAY."—Rascoe, World Tel.
THERON BAMBERGER *presents*
TOMORROW THE WORLD
By JAMES GOW & ARNAUD d'USSEAU
RALPH BELLAMY SHIRLEY BOOTH
Directed by ELLIOTT NUGENT
BARRYMORE, W. 47th. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

captured her fancy. "My goodness, no," said the counter maid. "That's the officers' liver."

THE editors of the *Geographic*, few of whom have been with Dr. Grosvenor less than fifteen years, are, though grateful to the Chief for the perquisites of office which his successful stewardship has brought them, mildly vexed by what some of them suspect may be, professionally, his Achilles heel—a passion for birds. This interest is reflected in the magazine as often as they fail to talk him out of it. Two years ago, Grosvenor had the Society publish a cumulative index to the *Geographic* covering the period from 1899, when he became an editor, through 1940; this volume contained seventy-nine entries under the heading "Birds," as compared with forty-eight under "Volcanoes," thirty-two under "Deserts," nineteen under "Glaciers," and eighteen under "Earthquakes." Grosvenor fell in love with birds in 1913, when, in his thirty-ninth year, he acquired a hundred-acre farm in Bethesda, Maryland, and found that it was full of what the *Geographic* subsequently described, at one time or another, as "Nature's children," "feathered foragers," "masters of flight," and "winged denizens of woodland, stream, and marsh." In the issue of June, 1913, he ran a series of color photographs of "Fifty Common Birds of Farm and Orchard," and he followed this, in the same issue, with a reprint of an article in *Bird Life* by Frank Chapman, called "Birds May Bring You More Happiness than the Wealth of the Indies," and with an article of his own, entitled "Our Policemen of the Air," in which he pointed out that birds were man's best friends. Next year the March issue's table of contents included "Encouraging Birds Around the Home," the May issue contained "Birds of Town and Country" as well as "A Naturalist's Journey Around Vera Cruz and Tampico," in which Chapman again affectionately discussed birds, and the July number featured "Hunting with the Lens," a series of bird photographs accompanied by descriptive text.

The outbreak of the first World War late that July caused the *Geographic* to turn from birds to such timely subjects as "The France of Today," "Belgium: the Innocent Bystander," and "The German Nation," but birds continued to fascinate Dr. Grosvenor. He installed a number of bird boxes on his farm, kept pans of fresh water around, and in general made things so attractive for birds that in 1915 the late Henry W. Henshaw, who was then chief of the Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture, after an astonished look around the farm, delegated Dr. Wells W. Cooke of the Survey to make an official count of the nesting birds on an acre adjoining his host's farmhouse and barns. Dr. Cooke found fifty-nine pairs of birds with young or eggs in the nests on this acre, and he pronounced this the highest number of land birds inhabiting one acre in the continental United States that had yet been reported to the Department of Agriculture or to any Audubon Society. Grosvenor subsequently wrote about the incident, by invitation, in *Bird-Lore*, the bimonthly organ of the Audubon Societies of the United States, reporting:

> I attribute our success primarily to shooting the Sparrows and driving all cats away. . . . We did everything we could for the comfort of our birds; for instance, we put on twigs little pieces of the oil-paper that our butter was wrapped in, and we left mud in convenient places for the Martins. The Catbirds used the oil-paper for their nests; in fact, they used all kinds of scraps. Imagine the delight of the family when, on examining one of the Catbirds' nests in the autumn, we found one of the children's hair-ribbons, and also a piece of the old dress of the baby!

Grosvenor lists his ornithological record in his account of his accomplishments in *Who's Who*, thus: "Country Home, 'Wild Acres,' at Bethesda, Md., is a bird paradise, holding Audubon Soc. and U.S. Biol. Survey record for greatest number of land birds nesting in one acre adjacent house in U.S., 59 pairs in 1915." This piece of information is retained in the current edition of *Who's Who*, although the editor of the *Geographic* is not positive that the record still holds. He tore down his farmhouse and barns in 1928 and built a larger stone house, and he gloomily suspects that around that time a flock of purple martins moved off to the nearby Chevy Chase Club, where he often plays golf and, he is afraid, recognizes his former guests. He is inclined to give himself the benefit of the doubt, however, partly on the theory that the continuing publicity in *Who's Who* may attract new birds to his place.

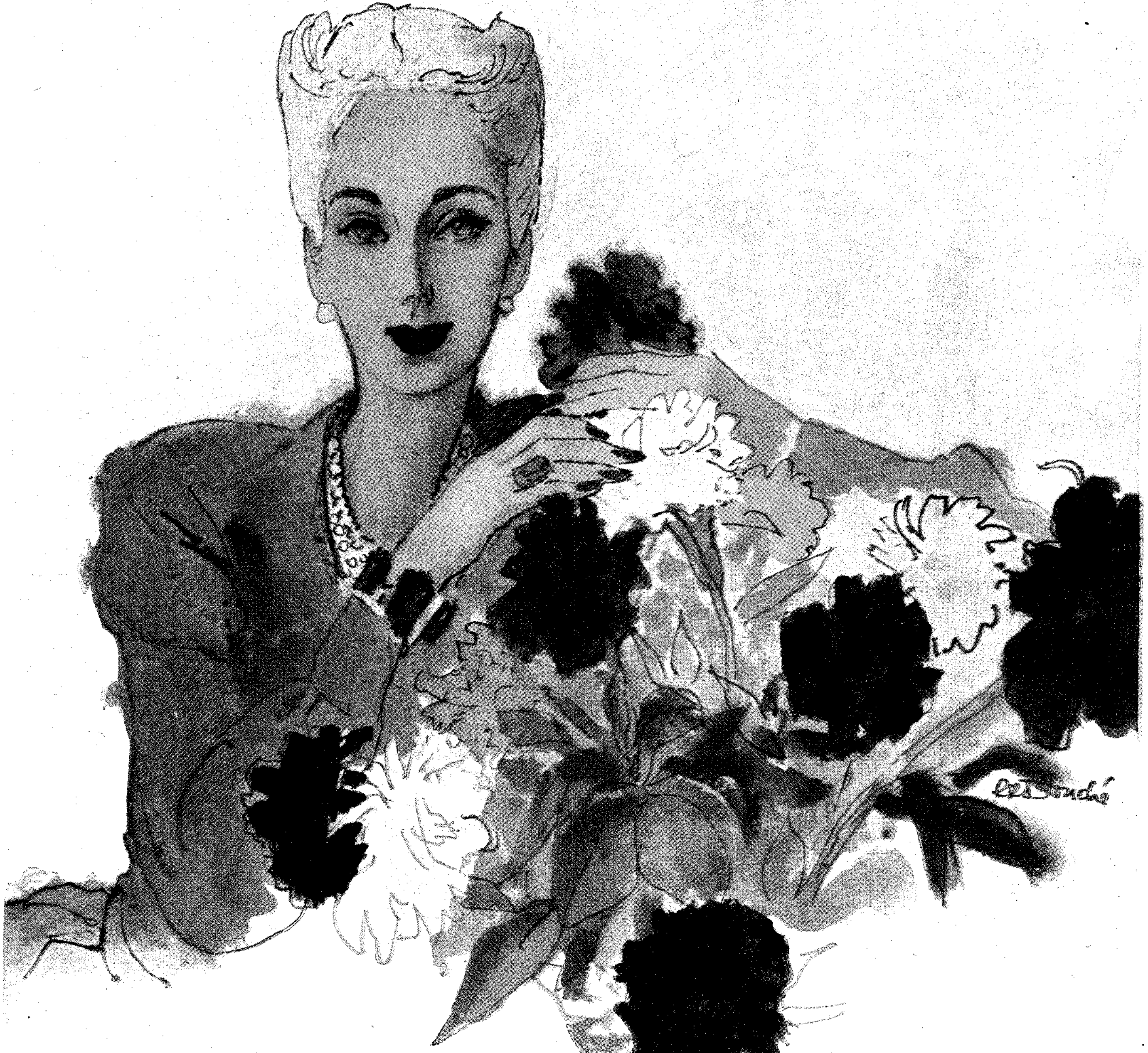
—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

(*This is the first of three articles on Dr. Grosvenor.*)

•

WASHINGTON, Sept. 7 (AP)—Secretary of State Hull has turned down in Brusque language an Argentine bid for lend-lease aid.—*The Mirror.*

Well, it's *something* like Spanish.



Brighten Lips and Fingertips

RADIANT PEONY, new Fall color... deep, dark and exciting. Crimson petals set against town blacks, fuchsias, purples, royal blues and hunter green. Wear Elizabeth Arden lipstick shades constantly. Love them every minute because they make people aware of the woman, not the make-up. Know these lipstick shades hold clear and fast... the lipstick is firm enough to define the shape of the mouth, soft enough to smooth on evenly... the brilliant nail polish matches... lasts indefinitely. All lipsticks are made under the personal supervision of Miss Arden for texture and high fashion color.

Lipsticks, 1.00 and 1.50; refills, .75 and 1.00 (plus taxes)

Elizabeth Arden

Guess what's next on the program!

YOU'VE SEEN home movies that are grand—and some that are just so-so.

But here's an idea that's worth trying—if you'd like to be known as a top-flight amateur photographer, *and host.*

All you have to do is this: after running off a few reels on the screen, you simply wind up the program with a gorgeous picture of four red roses, by way of saying, "Time out for drinks—drinks made with Four Roses."

Would that get a round of applause? You bet it would!

Applause for your skill as a photographer—and *certainly* applause for your thoughtfulness in serving the most glorious whiskey ever bottled!

FOUR ROSES

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville and Baltimore

An Explanation to Our Friends

IF YOUR BAR or package store is sometimes out of Four Roses, please be patient. We are trying to apportion our prewar stocks to assure you a continuing supply until the war is won. Meanwhile, our distilleries are devoted 100% to the production of alcohol for explosives, rubber, and other vital war products. (Our prices have not been increased—except for government taxes.)

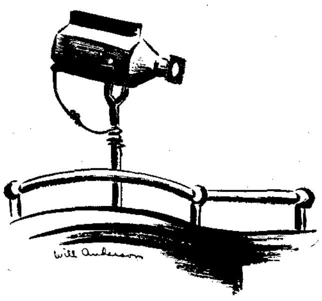
THE THEATRE

STUDY IN FORMALDEHYDE

AFTER conceding that Elmer Rice's heart is as usual in the right place (high and slightly to the left in his chest), I have to go on and say that "A New Life," presented last week by the Playwrights' Company at the Royale, is a bad play, an astonishingly bad one, in fact, for a man who has frequently written honestly and effectively for the stage. Mr. Rice has undertaken to discuss the problem of a young woman who is determined to save her child from growing up in the atmosphere of American Fascism which has very nearly destroyed her husband. This is probably a sound and timely idea, but the author's treatment of it, I'm afraid, is tricky, immature, and, in spite of a gruesome dose of obstetrics, as dull as tapioca.

In the first place, Mr. Rice, as is often his innocent way, has reduced his characters to their simplest possible terms. His heroine, Edith Cleghorne, is a virtuous radio artist whose distaste for her ruthless in-laws seems to be based less on any moral understanding of what they represent than on a simple irritation with the bossy ways of the rich; her husband, a hero momentarily back from the wars, isn't much more than a glossy phonograph, playing love songs and military airs; and the villains, his parents, are caricatures out of *PM*, ex-appeasers and America Firsters, who travel majestically in private railway cars, emitting the customary wry jokes about That Man in the White House. In addition to these basic items, we have Olive Rapallo, the heroine's girl friend, representing the tough, lovable qualities of show business; Millicent Prince, a haughty piece of statuary, formerly affianced to the hero and representing the Junior League and other upper-class vacuities; a merchant seaman called Jensen, formerly (please observe this tidy construction) affianced to the heroine and representing, in a sense, Mr. Rice himself, since his political opinions are clearly those of the management and since it is he in the end who brings the lovers back to their negligible senses. These people are the leading figures in the play. For sheer decoration, Mr. Rice has supplied the powerful irony of a doctor who has delivered a thousand babies but can't have one of his own; a neat demonstration of the circular pattern of life in the person of a pregnant girl who moves into the bed just vacated by the heroine at the curtain's fall; and, of course, all the standard comedic effects to be expected in a maternity ward. Altogether there are twenty-four characters, not including the baby, all different, all lovingly stuffed with kapok.

In the second place, "A New Life" is remarkably uncertain in writing. I can hardly believe that, in the protracted and largely gratuitous episode in the delivery room, Mr. Rice intends the agonized ramblings of a woman in labor to be funny, but the audience laughed nervously and a merely shocking scene became a highly embarrassing one as well. The rest of the script fortunately isn't as bad as that, but it is bad enough, since each character is apparently equipped with only one fixed idea and keeps repeating it over and over. I have a suspicion, indeed, that if "A New Life" has any considerable run, it will be because of its morbid clinical interest and not because Mr. Rice has turned out anything special in the way of a social document.



Finally, the actors, directed by the author, deliver their lines at a rate usually associated with an Abbott farce or a tobacco auction, even the accomplished Betty Field succumbing in the end to the swift, unaccented rhythm. Ann Thomas, as Olive, is sometimes funny in a noisy, offhand way, and I admired an unidentifiable performer who ran around with towels, but the rest just looked static and unhappy.

TO confess that you are bored close to imbecility by the Dr. Kronkite sketch as executed by Smith and Dale is to brand yourself a humorless upstart, not fit to associate with George Jean Nathan and other decent respecters of the past. Come what may, however, it is all over between Kronkite

ENGAGEMENT ENDS OCT. 9
S. HUROK presents
KATHERINE DUNHAM
AND HER COMPANY in
A Tropical Revue
MARTIN BECK THEA., 45th St. W. 8th Ave. Eves. 1:10-3:30. Mats. Sat., Sun., 1:10-2:75

"A Triumph" —BARNES, Herald Trib.
JAN KIEPURA—MARTA EGGERTH
in THE NEW OPERA COMPANY'S Production of
THE Merry Widow
with MELVILLE COOPER
DIRECTED BY FELIX BRENTANO
Choreography George Balanchine
MAJESTIC, W. 44th St. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

IRVING CAESAR presents
WILLIE HOWARD
in a new musical
MY DEAR PUBLIC
Nanette FABRAY • Eric BROTHERSON • Ethel SHUTTA
Georgie TAPPS • David BURNS
Evs. inc. Sun. Mats. Sat. Sun. 46 St. Thea. W. of B'way

PAUL SMALL & FRED FINKLEHOFFE present
FRANK FAY • ETHEL WATERS • BERT WHEELER
in a Variety Show
LAUGH TIME
THE BRICKLAYERS
SHUBERT Thea., W. 44th St. • Eves. inc. Sun.
Mats. Wed., Thurs & Sat. 2:40 • Sun. 2:15 & 5:30

"BERGNER is MAGNIFICENT"
Life Magazine
ROBERT REUD & PAUL CZINNER present
ELISABETH BERGNER
in The TWO MRS. CARROLL'S
By Martin Vale with VICTOR JORY
BOOTH THEA. 45th St. W. of B'way. AIR-COOLED
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

MILTON BERLE in
ZIEGFELD FOLLIES
with ERIC BLORE
SENOR WENCES • CHRISTINE AYRES • SARA ANN McCABE
Nadine GAE • Tommy WONDER • Jack McCAULEY
and SUE RYAN
Staged by JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON
WINTER GARDEN, B'way & 50th. Air-Conditioned
TWICE SAT. & SUN. 2:35 & 8:35 (No perf. Mon.)

"A RARE AND LOVELY PRODUCTION" —Morehouse, Sun
OKLAHOMA!
ST. JAMES THEA., W. 44th St. Air Cond.
Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

GEORGE ABBOTT'S FUNNIEST COMEDY HIT
KISS and TELL
Jessie ROYCE LANDIS • Robert KEITH • Joan CAULFIELD
BILTMORE, W. 47 Mats. Wed. & Sat.

MOTION PICTURE
RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Rockefeller Center
Claudette COLBERT • Paulette GODDARD • Veronica LAKE
SO PROUDLY WE HAIL
A Mark Sandrich Production • A Paramount Picture
GALA STAGE SHOW—SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
First Mezzanine Seats Reserved. Circle 6-4600

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AN IDEA

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With so much of our production on war materials, Wamsutta Sheets may not be found as easily today as formerly. When they are, however, they are still *"The Finest of Cottons."* . . . For Wamsutta *Supercale** stands for an idea and an ideal. . . . To the brides of yesterday, today, and tomorrow, Wamsutta *Supercale* is "The Trousseau Sheet of America" . . . a bridal tradition to be cherished, a hope to be fulfilled — if not today, then when this is over. May that be soon! Wamsutta Mills, New Bedford, Massachusetts.

Wamsutta Supercale Sheets
*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

BACK THE ATTACK — WITH WAR BONDS

Cartier

He'll Enjoy Using a Cartier Bill Clip

And in gold: Eagle design $59; lucky horseshoe $67; dollar in the hand $79; and the tank with fine engraving, $79 . . . Clips are approximately ¾ actual size . . . Prices include Federal Tax.

Special Cartier gifts for those in the service.

Mail orders filled carefully — place them now for Christmas.

FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK 22

and me, and since this aromatic old nuisance is clearly designed to be the high point of "Bright Lights of 1944," at the Forrest, it seems hardly necessary for me to say much about the rest of the bill. You will see James Barton and Frances Williams coasting through more or less familiar routines, and Jayne Manners, Buddy Clark, Billie Worth, and Jere McMahon grappling with a variety of material, a lot of which could stand fumigating. You will hear the acutely stylized orchestrations of John Kirby's band and the more conventional harmonies of the Royal Guards. You will be taken from time to time into a representation of Sardi's restaurant and beaten vehemently over the head with local jokes. Altogether you ought to have quite an evening, God help you.

COMEDY in skating is limited—anxiety, struggle for balance, bump; art in skating is beautiful but monotonous—fairy grace gliding by interminably at forty miles an hour; female skaters, on the whole, look very much alike—firm in the thigh, intent and slightly desperate in expression. "Ice-Capades," at Madison Square Garden, contains one South Sea pageant of strange, luminous charm and almost inconceivable foolishness, but otherwise the whole performance seems to be typical. . . . "Porgy and Bess" has come back again for a limited engagement at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre. There has been one unfortunate major substitution in the cast since last year's opening—Etta Moten as Bess is a very tame tigress compared with Anne Brown—and the orchestra displays a new and deafening enthusiasm for the drums, but life along Catfish Row is still about the same and certainly something you shouldn't miss. —Wolcott Gibbs

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*From a column by "Peterborough" in the London Daily Telegraph*]

The nearest the Luftwaffe ever got to causing a small flood in Britain, and a very minor one at that, was two years ago when a lone German airman dropped a bomb in broad daylight on the lockkeeper's house at Shepperton, on the Thames, missing the lock gate by only four or five yards. The house was completely demolished and the lockkeeper's daughter was extricated from the ruins dead.

Residents along the river bank later picked up numbers of fish killed by the concussion of the bomb, some of them of a size dreamt of by fishermen.

One of these tells me he found a barbel weighing 8 lbs., which ate very well.

OF ALL THINGS

ROOSEVELT's report to Congress will bring little comfort to Tokio and Berlin. The President indicates that we are about to open three or four new fronts and a couple of backs.

•

At this writing, the whereabouts of the late Italian government is not altogether certain. The Nazis have picked up the discarded Duce but the King seems to have got lost in the shuffle.

•

The draft authorities insist that age and occupation, not paternity, must determine who is to be inducted into the services. The only husbands who are definitely out of the draw are the pre-Pearl Harbor grandfathers.

•

The decision to have two all-star baseball teams tour the Pacific war zone shows what progress has been made in those waters. A year ago, we Americans would not have dared to send out a ship with such a precious cargo.

•

At the end of the first week of the new session of Congress, many legislators had not put in an appearance in Washington. Perhaps this distressing absenteeism is simply due to the shortage of alarm clocks.

•

Thus far no one has heard of a single senator or representative who has changed his opinions after hobnobbing with his constituents. Apparently the lawmakers brought back the same set of views they took home.

•

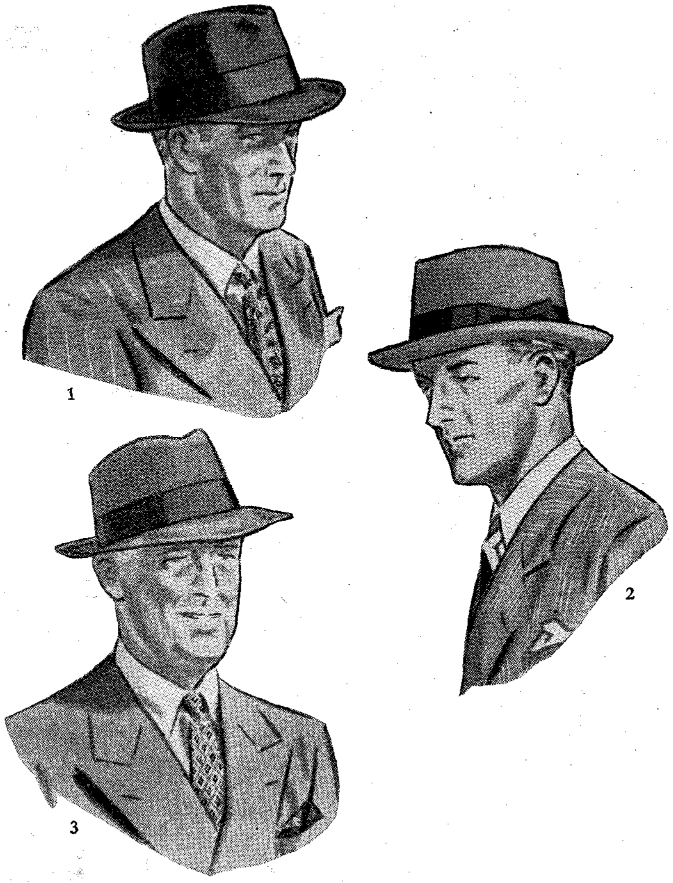
The German high command will have a ticklish job of explaining to do before long. It will have to announce that the Reichswehr has been kicked out of the Ukraine according to plan.

•

The President reveals that the disloyal Japanese in the concentration camps are being segregated. All the bad eggs will then be in one basket, the government hopes.

•

Secretary Hull's first speech on our postwar policy didn't excite the public at all. Everybody hopes that his story will become more gripping in later installments. —HOWARD BRUBAKER



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THE HATS *illustrated are distinctive proportions developed to suit individual types. They come in Fall colors: deep brown, medium, soft tan and slate grey*

When ordering by mail, specify style advertised in The New Yorker, stating desired color, size and proportion 1, 2 *or* 3, *as illustrated.* TRIPLER *hats are known from coast to coast for their distinctive character and fine quality. Available only through our New York store*

We also carry the Luxenberg Army Officers' fur felt cap at $17.50 *and the* TRIPLER *Roll-Flex cap, a favorite with officers of the Air Force, at* $10

As authorized distributors of the Naval Uniform and the Army Exchange Services, we carry a complete line of officers' uniforms at the directed moderate prices

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F. R. TRIPLER & CO.

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MADISON AVENUE AT 46 STREET · NEW YORK 17

Trouble in Paradise

THE WORLD used to be full of delightful places for an escape from the tyranny of work and worry.

But not today.

There's trouble in Paradise. Shooting in far-off places. So . . . one of the best of all escape spots in the world is right at hand—the St. Regis Hotel. Come in soon and relax away your cares . . . so you can return to your war responsibilities happier of mind, stouter of heart.

Come in soon—to the hotel that's "*not just* like home" and really see for yourself why there's no place quite like the St. Regis.

NEWS FLASH! *The beautiful Iridium Room opens October 5th—the intimate Maisonette, October 12th . . . for your dining and dancing pleasure.*

THE St. Regis

FIFTH AVENUE AT 55TH STREET • NEW YORK

THE MARRIAGE OF MY FATHER

WHEN Father married Mother, in 1921, he was well past fifty and we children were already grown up. He respected the institution of matrimony, but the many wars and revolutions that had shaken the Philippines had confused his life. He selected his partner, but put off marriage until long after he had had children and some of his children were married and had had children of their own. When the time came that a new local government offered to legalize many unions theretofore unsanctioned, our whole family attended the mass marriage ceremony. That year we were living in town.

My next older brother, Dionisio, who was then fifteen years old, and I had gone to the town market that day to sell coconuts. My cousin Pedro came running to tell us that Father was waiting for us at the *presidencia*. We ran as fast as we could until we reached the schoolhouse, then Dionisio stopped suddenly and a deep consternation appeared in his face.

"I've just thought of María," he said. María was the daughter of one of our neighbors.

"It's getting late," I said.

"Let's go back and get her," he said.

"If I'm right," I said, "you want to marry her."

"She's old enough to have children," he said.

"She's only thirteen," I said.

"She'll be fourteen next month," he said.

"It's your own funeral," I said.

We ran back to María's house and stood outside her yard. Dionisio hung awkwardly on the fence and shouted at María's mother.

"You want me for a son-in-law, don't you?" he yelled.

"My daughter'll marry no lazy neighbor of mine!" she called out the window.

"Maybe you want a jackass like your husband," he said.

But María was already coming down the ladder of her house. She rushed to the gate, and we ran to meet her. Her mother hung on the window sill and screamed while the three of us raced off to the *presidencia*.

There we found hundreds of freshly scrubbed peasants and laborers from the villages with their wives. They were standing in line to sign the public registry as evidence of their intention to be married. Their children were playing in the dust. As each bridegroom came up to the clerk, who was seated at a table outside the door to the building, he rolled up the sleeves of his cotton shirt, grasped the pen tightly, and bent awkwardly over the table.

My brother Apolonio and his wife and children, my brother Silvestre and his family, my brother Aurelio, and my two sisters and my mother were all standing in the line, behind my father.

"Who's this little girl?" Father asked Dionisio.

"Your future daughter-in-law," my brother said.

"She will *do*," Father said.

"She's the best girl in town, if that's what you mean," said Dionisio.

"You wish to be my daughter-in-law, girl?" Father asked María.

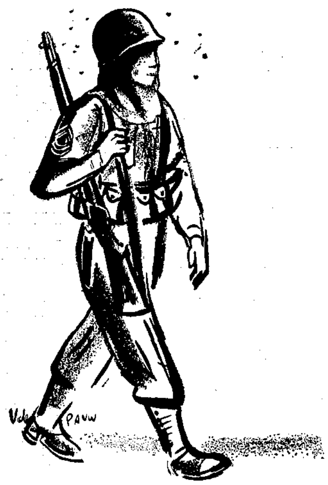
"Yes, sir," she said.

"Can you give me some grandchildren?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," she said.

"That is enough," Father said. "Get in line."

Four policemen came out of the building and made a big enclosure with a rope. They drove all of us who were standing there into the enclosure and kept us inside, one policeman on each corner of the rope square. Some of the peasants had brought little jugs of wine with them, which they now passed around. The heat was blinding and the dust rose like a heavy cloud before rain.



FINALLY the town clerk announced that those who wished to be married by the judge, in the *presidencia*, instead of by the priest, in the church, should enter the *presidencia*. Father moved toward an opening that was made in the rope enclosure and motioned for Mother and the rest of us to follow him. My brother Apolonio took the hands of his children and followed Father. My brother Silvestre herded his family before him. We all pressed toward the opening. My brother Aurelio was the last to get out. Then we discovered that we were the only family that were willing to be married in the *presidencia*.

We followed the clerk into the building and up into the judge's room.

"You wish to be married by me?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," Father said.

"How many children do you have?"

"Seven, Judge," Father said. "Five strong boys and two good girls."

"But there are eighteen of you here."

"Some are my sons' wives and their children," Father said.

"Put your children on my right and your sons' children on my left."

"Yes, Judge," Father said.

Mother moved to the right of the judge. Apolonio, Silvestre, Aurelio, my two sisters, and I followed her. My brother Apolonio's wife and my brother Silvestre's wife moved to the left of the judge, and their seven children stood in two lines behind them. Father, my brother Dionisio, and María stood in front of the judge.

"Who are you?" the judge asked Dionisio.

"He is my son, too," Father said.

The judge pointed to María. "Who's this little girl?"

"She is my future daughter-in-law," Father said.

"You wish to marry her, boy?"

"Yes, sir," my brother said.

"Don't you think it's a little too soon?"

"It's all right with us, Judge," Dionisio said.

"Are you sure you won't get mixed up in your family, with so many marriages at the same time?" the judge asked Father.

"We will try our best not to get mixed up," Father said.

The judge looked doubtfully at the lines to right and left of him. He studied the wives of my brothers and their children. Suddenly he focussed his eyes on me.

"Is this *your* son, too?" he asked Father.

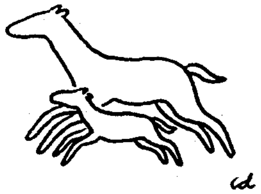
"Yes, sir," Father said.

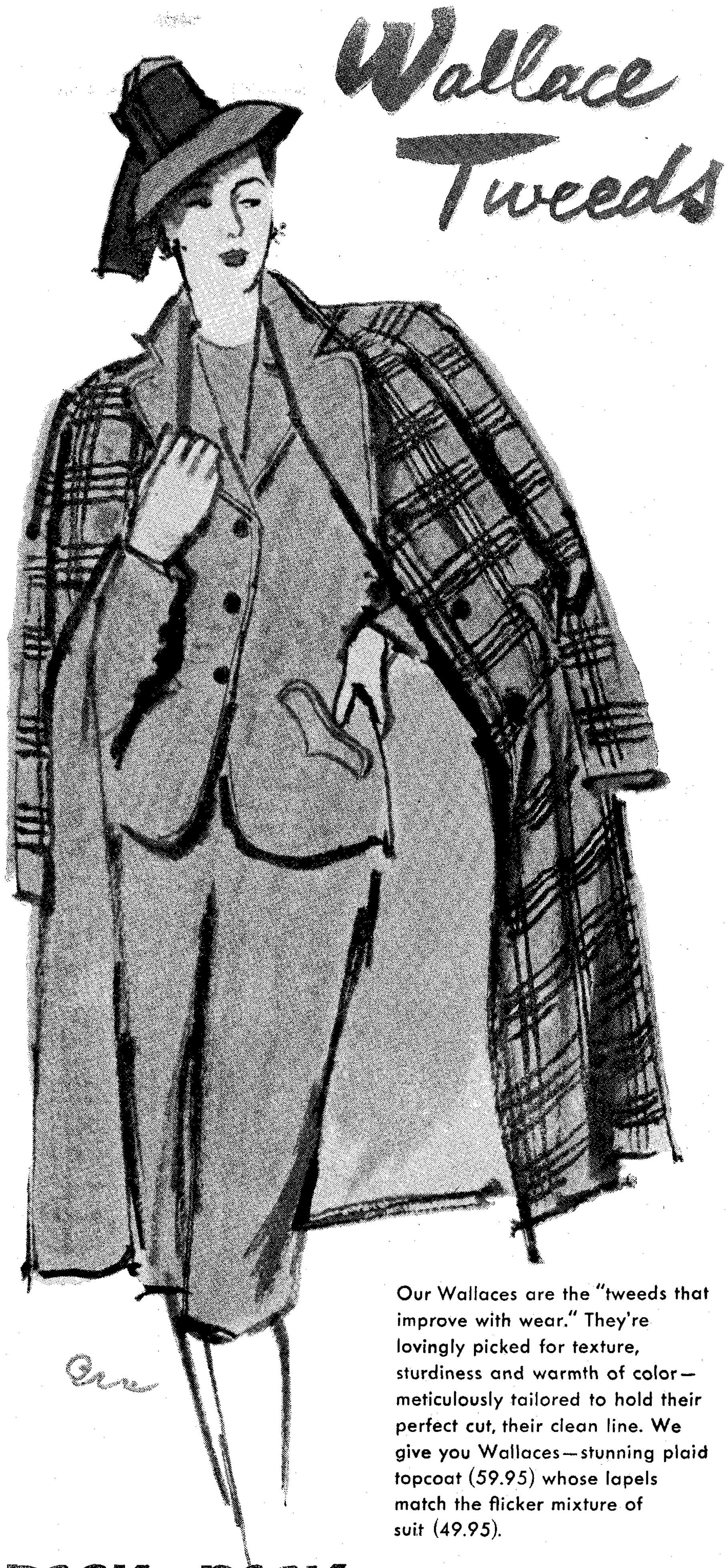
"It will not do. You must have mixed up the families."

"I don't understand, Judge," Father said.

"He is too small."

I looked at my brothers and sisters. I looked at my brothers' children. I real-





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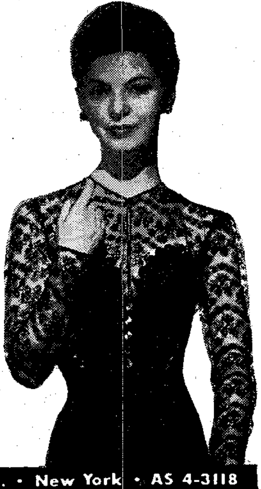

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ized with a sense of inferiority that I was the smallest among them. I was older than my oldest nephew, but I was a dwarf beside him.

"Why is he so small for his age?" asked the judge.

"He drinks wine," Father said.

"When did you start drinking, son?"

"When I was five," I said.

"Do you *like* drinking, boy?"

"I sure do," I said.

"Do you have any wine in that jug you're holding?"

I nodded.

"Come here, son," he said. "Sit beside me and bring your jug with you."

My sisters giggled. My little nephews made faces at me as I sat beside the judge, holding the jug on my lap. They pointed at my long hair and laughed. They stamped on the floor and pointed at my big feet.

"Let me see now," the judge said. "Let your married sons stand with their wives. Let their children stand in line behind their parents. Let all your unmarried children except this boy"—he patted my head—"stand in line behind you."

My married brothers crossed over to their wives and children. The judge read something from a book in Spanish and wrote down our names. Then he rose up from his high chair and shook hands, first with Father, then with every one of us.

"This is all I have to give you, Judge," Father said, offering a basket of eggs.

"Thank you, sir."

"I'll send you a goat tomorrow," Father said.

"Thank you again, sir."

"You did me a great honor," Father said.

"You did me a great honor, too," the judge said. "You are the only ones in town who wished to be married by me."

"Well," Father said, "I was informed that we could be married by you without paying."

"You didn't have to pay in the church, either," the judge said.

Father's mouth dropped open. He grabbed Mother's hand and told us to follow him. We all rushed out of the building and found that the peasants and laborers had already gone to the church. Before we followed them there we stopped at the edge of the plaza and looked back at the *presidencia*. The judge was at a window, waving his hands.

"Where are you going?" he shouted.

"Get married again," Father said.

"You can't do that!" screamed the judge, but we ran across the plaza and past the schoolhouse. Father stumbled over a rock and fell into a rice paddy. Mother found a long pole and held it out to him. We pulled him out and he sat down on the grass and took off his wet shirt. Then we all ran on toward the church. Mother ran faster than any of us; she had tucked her skirt between her legs.

People looked out of their windows and shouted joyfully at us. The bus-drivers honked their horns. The church was guarded by two policemen, but they laughed and opened the door. Father stepped inside, gasping for breath. Then he wrung out his shirt and put it on.

We fell in line behind him and walked to the altar, before which stood crowds of men, women, and children; nearly two hundred couples were getting married. The priest was standing on a little platform. It was almost the end of the ceremony. We stood in silence and waited till he finished reading the marriage service. Then candles were lighted under the holy images, the priest disappeared behind a black curtain, and the guards opened the door. We walked out into the sunny plaza.

We went to the schoolyard, where dozens of tables were laden with food provided by the local government. There was plenty to eat for everyone. Father kept glancing at my little nephews and nieces; he was beaming with joy and contentment.

"Open the jug now, son," he said to me.

"The judge took it," I said.

—CARLOS BULOSAN

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13. In section 20, Table A, the name of Schedule No. 27 is amended by deleting the words "(Oncorhynchus tschawtyscha)[4]" and inserting in their place the words "(Oncorhynchus tschawytscha)[3]."

14. In section 20, Table A, the name of Schedule No. 28 is amended by deleting the words "(Oncorhynchus kisutch)[4]" and inserting in their place the words "(Oncorhynchus kisutch)[3]."

—*Federal Register.*

We're all in a rut, every one of us.

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the World-Telegram*]

NORMAN, Okla.—If you're having trouble keeping the addresses of friends as they move hither and yon, consider the plight of the University of Oklahoma alumni office.

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EARLY AMERICAN
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Refreshing toiletry essentials created by Shulton to enhance your round-the-clock loveliness and keep you fragrant with roses and spice. Old Spice Talcum 50¢, $1.00; Old Spice Toilet Water $1.00; Old Spice Toilet Soap, 3 cakes for $1.00.

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America needs your willing hands to help speed the day of victory. No one is too young or too old, too inexperienced or too busy to do some kind of war work, paid or volunteer, full time or part time. If you do not know how to start, consult the United States Employment Service or local volunteer organizations.

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE BOYS IN MAROON

A FEW weeks ago I had a letter from a friend of mine, an infantry corporal who had been wounded in one leg by shrapnel in North Africa. After passing through a first-aid station and several field hospitals on the other side, he had returned to this country on a transport and been sent to Halloran General Hospital, on Staten Island. He had stayed there ten days before being transferred to a hospital nearer his home, which is in the Middle West. After leaving Halloran, he wrote me, "It was the first place in America I hit after more than a year out of the country. Coming back wounded, I was afraid that I'd enter a vacuum, that nobody would give a damn. But at Halloran I never had a chance to be lonely and there were times I actually forgot I was in a hospital." Recently I spent an afternoon at Halloran and found out what my friend meant.

Halloran lies approximately in the centre of Staten Island, about a half hour by bus from the ferry terminal at St. George. It's a sprawling group of low, red-brick Colonial buildings, dominated by a seven-story structure with four wings jutting, like spokes, from the middle. I was met at the main building—the seven-story one—by one of its officials, Captain Max Lipsky, a stocky, jovial man, who suggested that the Red Cross recreation building would be the best place for me to talk with some of the patients and see how they spend their free time. Most of the ambulatory patients, the ones who can get around, drop in there during the afternoon and early evening, Captain Lipsky told me, and free and easy is the rule.

As we walked over to the Red Cross building, Captain Lipsky gave me a few facts about Halloran: three hundred and eighty-three acres, three thousand beds, named after the late Colonel Paul Stacy Halloran of the Medical Corps, and built by the State of New York, at a cost of over twelve million dollars, as a hospital for feeble-minded children. "The State never used the place," he said, "but some of the bathrooms still have the original fittings, like wash basins practically down on the floor and faucets that spurt hot and cold water already mixed, installed so the kids wouldn't burn themselves." In September, 1942, the Army leased the place for the duration and built several annexes. The first wounded were admitted in November, soon after the invasion of North Africa. Halloran is mainly a debarkation hospital for overseas wounded. Men are taken there as soon as they arrive in this country and are given preliminary care, then are classified medically and passed along to other Army hospitals either nearer their homes or specializing in the type of treatment they need. For example, Walter Reed, in Washington, receives from Halloran a great many wounded who need skin grafting and orthopedic care. Halloran, in addition to getting the overseas wounded, handles sick or injured soldiers from the Second Service Command—New York, New Jersey, and Delaware—who are transferred to Staten Island if their ailments cannot be taken care of in the small station hospitals. "Our population varies from day to day," Captain Lipsky said. "Overnight the hospital may clean out and a whole new batch arrive in the morning. We don't know how long a fellow's going to be here. If he's from overseas, it's apt to be anything from ten to thirty days. Whatever it is, we want him to be happy from the minute he comes."

We entered a two-story, T-shaped building and walked down a narrow hall crowded with men, most of them wearing handsome maroon bathrobes over maroon pajamas. "Regulation issue of the Medical Corps for convalescents," Captain Lipsky told me. "The maroon is a smart idea—gives the men a lift." He led me into the music room, a large, sunny place containing a piano, several sofas, and a lot of tables littered with magazines and newspapers. A dozen men were lounging about, smoking and reading. On a long table at one end of the room stood a combination phonograph and recording machine. Captain Lipsky introduced me to a Miss Belknap, an efficient-looking young woman in a gray linen dress, the Red Cross worker in charge of the room. The boys, she explained, were going to make recordings of their voices. "The Red Cross supplies the records," she said, "and the boys sing, play an instrument, or just speak their pieces, and mail the record home for three cents. We have all kinds of instruments—harmonicas, accordions, mandolins, guitars. They're in constant demand, here and in the wards. We have shelves of rec-

10¢
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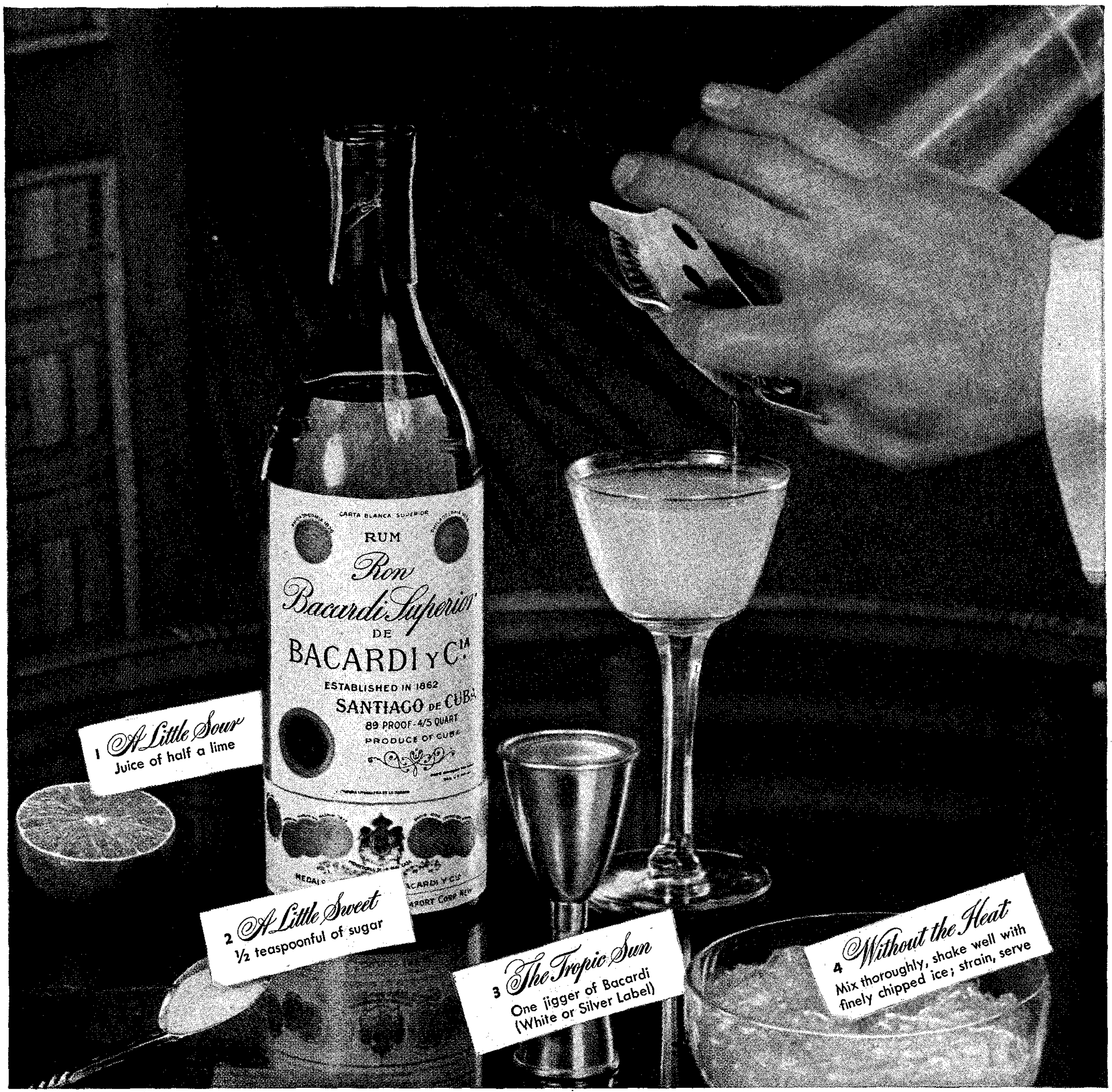
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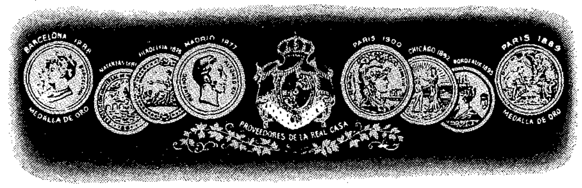
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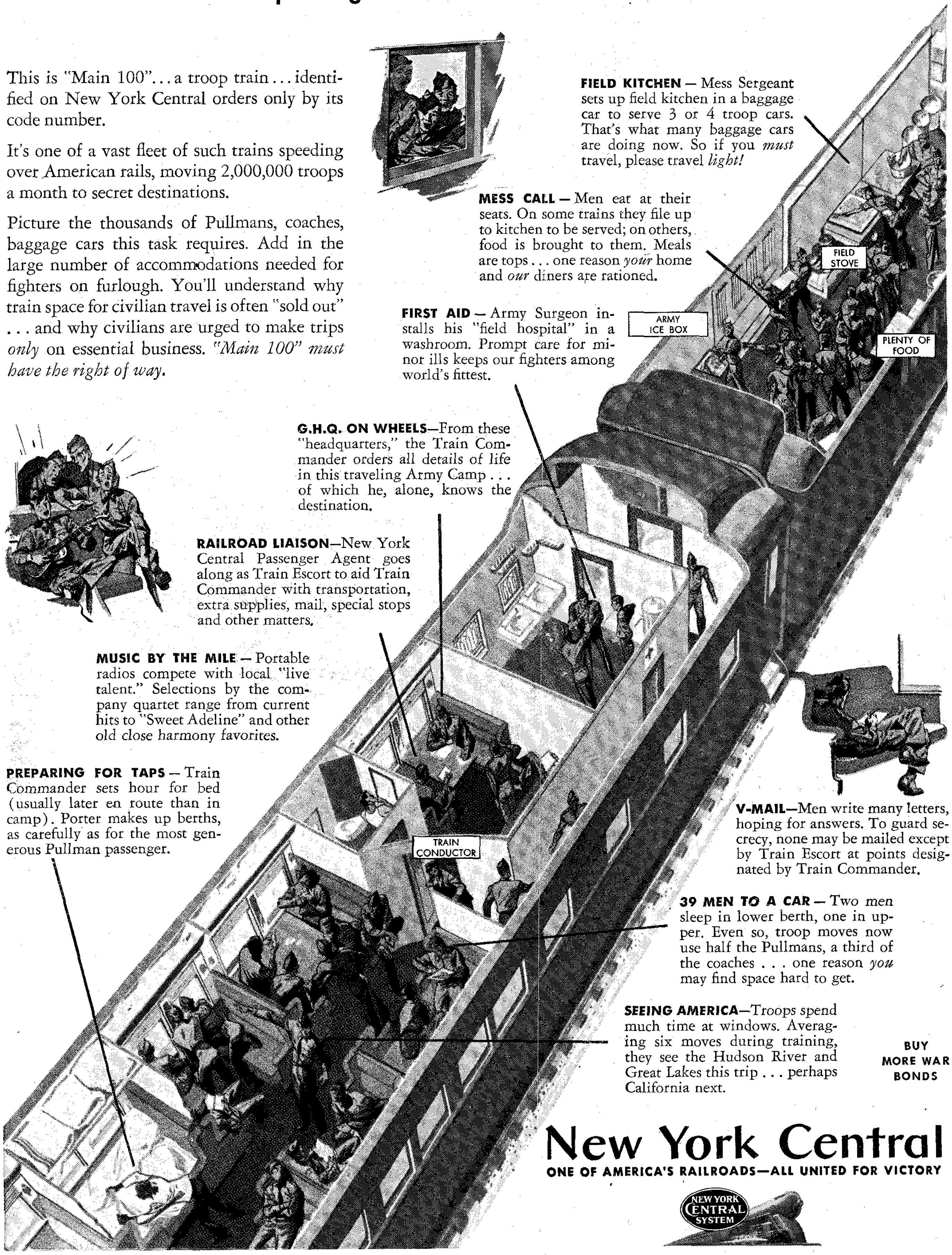
speeding over the Water Level Route

This is "Main 100"... a troop train... identified on New York Central orders only by its code number.

It's one of a vast fleet of such trains speeding over American rails, moving 2,000,000 troops a month to secret destinations.

Picture the thousands of Pullmans, coaches, baggage cars this task requires. Add in the large number of accommodations needed for fighters on furlough. You'll understand why train space for civilian travel is often "sold out" . . . and why civilians are urged to make trips *only* on essential business. *"Main 100" must have the right of way.*



FIELD KITCHEN — Mess Sergeant sets up field kitchen in a baggage car to serve 3 or 4 troop cars. That's what many baggage cars are doing now. So if you *must* travel, please travel *light!*

MESS CALL — Men eat at their seats. On some trains they file up to kitchen to be served; on others, food is brought to them. Meals are tops . . . one reason *your* home and *our* diners are rationed.

FIRST AID — Army Surgeon installs his "field hospital" in a washroom. Prompt care for minor ills keeps our fighters among world's fittest.

G.H.Q. ON WHEELS—From these "headquarters," the Train Commander orders all details of life in this traveling Army Camp . . . of which he, alone, knows the destination.

RAILROAD LIAISON—New York Central Passenger Agent goes along as Train Escort to aid Train Commander with transportation, extra supplies, mail, special stops and other matters.

MUSIC BY THE MILE — Portable radios compete with local "live talent." Selections by the company quartet range from current hits to "Sweet Adeline" and other old close harmony favorites.

PREPARING FOR TAPS — Train Commander sets hour for bed (usually later en route than in camp). Porter makes up berths, as carefully as for the most generous Pullman passenger.

V-MAIL—Men write many letters, hoping for answers. To guard secrecy, none may be mailed except by Train Escort at points designated by Train Commander.

39 MEN TO A CAR — Two men sleep in lower berth, one in upper. Even so, troop moves now use half the Pullmans, a third of the coaches . . . one reason *you* may find space hard to get.

SEEING AMERICA—Troops spend much time at windows. Averaging six moves during training, they see the Hudson River and Great Lakes this trip . . . perhaps California next.

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NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM

ords, including everything from Shostakovich and Wagner to Victor Herbert. You'd be surprised how popular Shostakovich is. He ranks with the 'William Tell' overture."

Captain Lipsky said he'd turn me over to Miss Belknap, and departed. She briskly shut the door after him and then addressed the men in the room. "Please keep still a few minutes while we use the recording machine," she said. A slight, sallow boy made the first recording. Carrying a red book, he stepped quietly to the microphone of the machine and in a soft, solemn voice read a passage from Hamlet's advice to his mother, the one beginning, "Such an act that blurs the grace and blush of modesty."

"Swell, simply swell," said Miss Belknap after he had finished. She played the record right back. Everybody applauded enthusiastically.

Another boy walked to the microphone, dedicated his number to "the sweetest little girl in Bayonne, New Jersey," and began singing "This Love of Mine" in a throaty baritone. I went over and sat down beside Hamlet. His book was the complete works of Shakespeare, and was opened to "King John." "My next rendition," he said. "Some day I'm going to try 'Romeo and Juliet,' really Shakespeare's best. Shakespeare is so restful it makes me feel fine inside. I guess I got a little bomb-nuts in New Guinea from the noise." Hamlet said that he had enlisted in March, 1941. He'd been a page boy at the Stork Club. When the war ends, he wants to try dramatic readings over the radio. "One saw many strange people at the Stork Club," he said. "Sherman Billingsley is a very complex character. Say, listen to Kelly. He's on the beam!" He nodded toward the microphone, where by now a man in his early thirties, with jet-black hair, long lashes, and the face of a tired choir boy, was singing "Oh Johnny, Oh Johnny" in a high, babyish soprano. As soon as he finished, Miss Belknap put on another record, and a boy with his foot in a cast hobbled to the microphone and said, "Mom, I want you to hear Kelly. Mom, here's Kelly." Kelly returned to the microphone, closed his eyes, and started to sing "I Wouldn't Trade the Silver in My Mother's Hair for All the Gold in the World." "Kelly is a fine singer," Hamlet whispered to me. "Some shells from eighty-eight-millimetres exploded all around him in Africa and rattled him a little, but they didn't affect his voice." When Kelly finished this number, he ducked out of the room with the casual, weaving walk of an old-time vaudevillian heading into the wings.

His place at the microphone was taken by two tall lads in their early twenties. Miss Belknap went into a whispered huddle with them, then turned to the other boys in the room and said, "Petty and Calabrese are going to talk to Petty's wife. If by any chance they say anything funny, you people laugh." Everybody laughed. Miss Belknap switched on the machine and held the microphone before Petty's mouth. He breathed heavily, coughed, and shifted from foot to foot. "Go ahead," said Miss Belknap. "The thing's running." Petty took a deep breath. "Listen," he said, "about the fractures. . . . It all depends on what they say here at the hospital. . . . About my coming home, I mean. . . . If it's O.K., I'll let you know and wire for money. [Laughter] There's lots I wanted to tell you. . . . I had everything figured out before I started to speak, but it's all disappeared now. . . . Hey, Calabrese, you talk to her." Calabrese, somewhat more assured, spoke into the microphone. "Hello," he said. "I'm holding down your old man here for you, but it's getting to be quite a job. [Laughter] So long now."

Miss Belknap played the record back. It started out, of course, with her saying, "Go ahead. The thing's running," followed by Petty's heavy breathing.

"Remarkable talent," said Miss Belknap to the audience as Petty and Calabrese, giggling and nudging each other, came over and sat down beside me.

"Like our act?" Petty asked, and I said yes, it was fine. Petty reached into his bathrobe pocket and brought out a snapshot. "Rommel," he said, handing it to me. "I got it off a German master sergeant, a prisoner. Cost me one cigar." It was Rommel, all right, looking fierce and self-important, seated stiffly in the rear of an open German staff car. Petty explained that he was an M.P. and had escorted prisoners back from North Africa. He had fractured three ribs in a motorcycle accident on this side. Practically every M.P. on the ship coming over had bid for the Rommel picture, he said, mostly cigarettes. Some bids went as high as three packs. The German sergeant apparently had his heart set on a cigar, for he jumped at Petty's offer. Calabrese, not to be outdone, produced a thousand-ruble note from the recesses of his pajamas. "I got this off a German who got it off a Russian," he told me. Cala-

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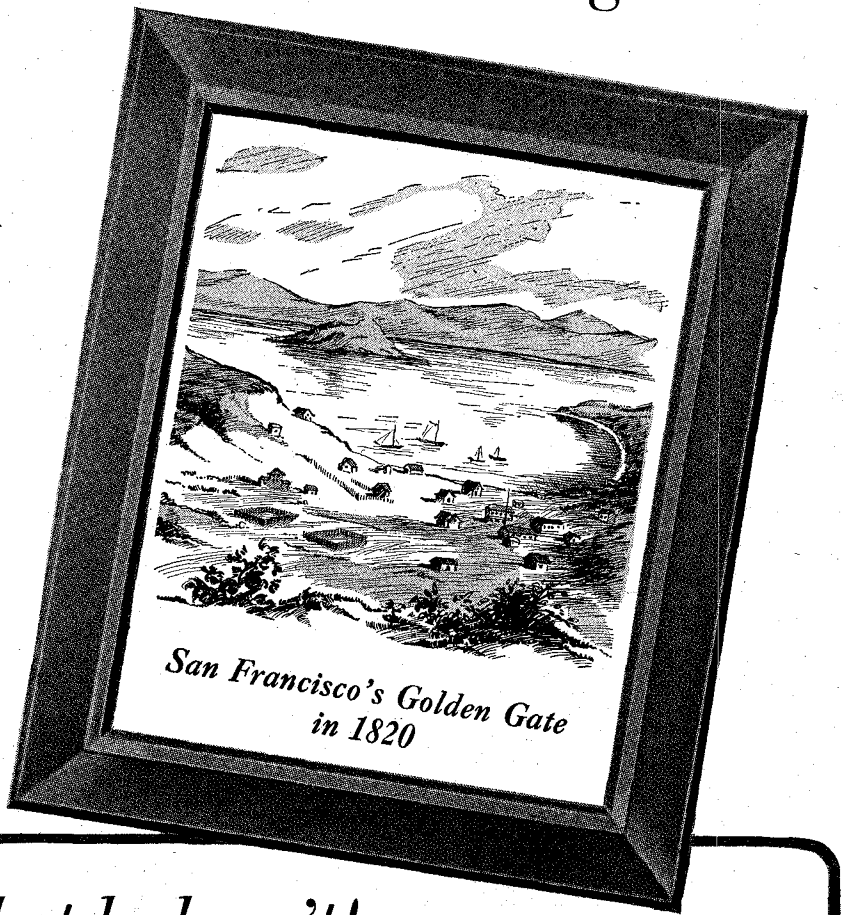

San Francisco's Golden Gate in 1820

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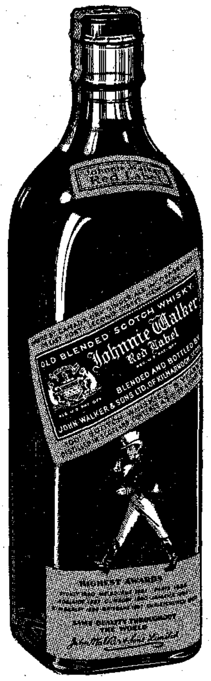
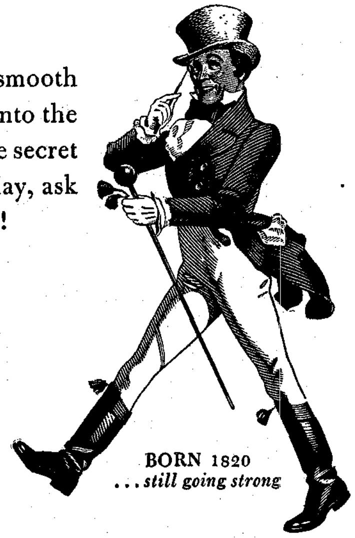


Due to British War Restrictions gold foil has been eliminated and other slight changes have been made on the *outside* of the familiar Johnnie Walker bottle—but *inside* good old Johnnie Walker whisky remains unchanged.



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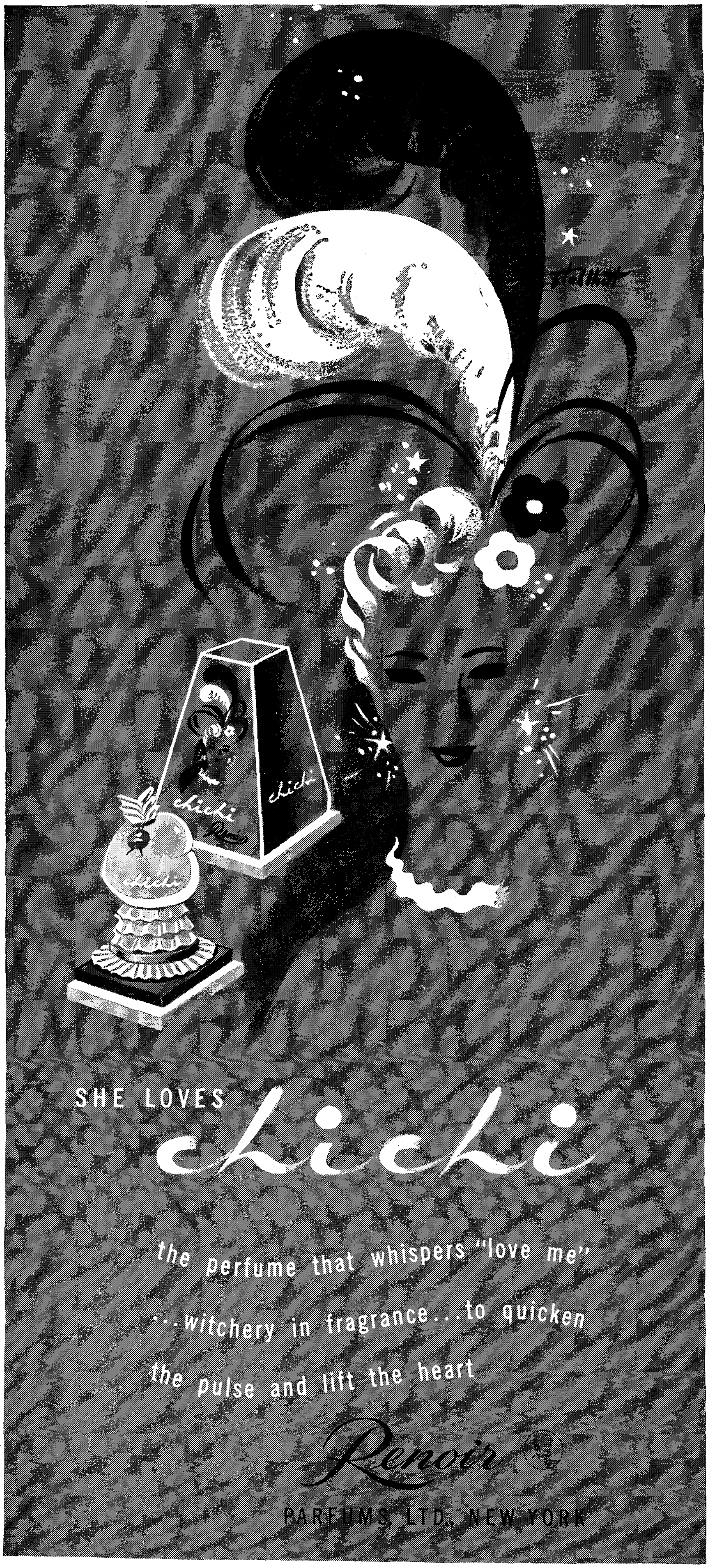
brese was an M.P., too. He had kidney trouble.

AFTER listening to a few more recordings, I wandered down the corridor and into a large corner room filled with the sound of hammering. About twenty men, all in maroon bathrobes, were bent over workbenches. A pretty brunette, wearing a gray dress like Miss Belknap's, walked over, said that Captain Lipsky had told her I might be in, and introduced herself as Miss Sylvia Block, the Red Cross worker in charge of arts and crafts. "One of our aircraft is missing," she said sadly, pointing to the ceiling, where a lone papier-mâché plane hung rather giddily from a brown string. "That's a Heinkel fighter, made by the boys," she said. "It was pursued by an Airacobra, which hung behind it, until somebody came along and swiped the Airacobra. We don't make many planes. Pounding foreign coins into bracelets and rings is the rage right now. That's one reason this place sounds like a boiler factory. Boys from Australia and North Africa were so proud of their coins that some of the men who hadn't been overseas got jealous and began hammering at quarters and half dollars." She laughed. "We put up a sign about that," she said, pointing to a hand-lettered notice on the wall which said, "Federal Law Prohibits the Defacement of American Coins. Do Not Use American Coins for Projects."

"Most of the boys make leather lanyards for their identification tags or ashtrays for their girls," she went on. "Some have bits of plastic from the turrets of planes and turn them into heart-shaped trinkets. That lieutenant over there"—she nodded toward a short man wearing an officer's cap at a jaunty angle—"got a bum knee in North Africa. He's a bug on ashtrays and leather belts. Slaves over them for hours and has made dozens of them, all lovingly decorated with one heart and one arrow. When we started a year ago, we thought maybe they should do serious things, like heads of Beethoven, but the boys said nuts, they had ideas of their own." Miss Block opened a small wooden cabinet and pulled out a clay model of a drunken, reeling old salt, holding a bottle in one hand. "It's called 'Home from the Sea' and was made by a psychotic patient," she said. "Such cases either come down here in a group with an attendant or we send the materials to their wards. They work with special, non-poisonous finger paints, pastel crayons, charcoals, and plasticine clay that can be modelled without tools. The majority of the boys in here are being treated for physical injuries, though. They'll start a project, get shifted to another hospital, and then write us frantic letters for material. This morning I heard from a Harlem boy who left here a few weeks ago, just as he was finishing a scarf of chartreuse green and Shocking pink. He says he needs more yarn right away. There are no inhibitions here. That's why the work is healthy. Recently we had a tall, husky pilot who had been seriously burned in a crash. His wife was having a baby, and he worked solemnly for days making a fuzzy little wool rabbit. From the look on his face you would have thought he was repairing a plane. Let me show you what we're working on now."

I followed Miss Block across the room to a shelf filled with models of water towers and incinerators set in tiny dioramas. "Models of sanitary field installations, scaled one inch to a foot and complete to the last detail," she said. "The boys turn them out from drawings in the official field manuals and hand them over to instructors for use in classes for nurses, doctors, and other Medical Corps people going overseas. Here's an incinerator, complete with four air vents. That water tower is an outdoor shower; water poured through the top comes out in a fine spray." Miss Block reached into a diorama with a dirt floor and held up a small, unpainted, wooden object. "Perfect working model of a box latrine," she said proudly. "This work is taken very seriously. Just the other day a lady visitor asked a boy what he was making, and when he turned and said, 'A toilet, Madam,' she got huffy and left. He couldn't understand her attitude."

Miss Block said she wanted to see how some of the men were coming along with the belts they were making at the other end of the room. I walked over to a workbench and stood beside a slim boy who was intently carving an ashtray from a large block of yellow wood. He was Private Harry Willett of Atlanta, he told me. He was twenty and had been wounded at Hill 609, in Tunisia. "See, they got my big toe on the left foot," he said, leaning over and pushing down the leather at the tip of his shoe with one finger. "Imagine," he said, "I entered the Army last June, took basic training, and went straight to Africa without a furlough, landing at Casablanca in November. In the landing my commander's head was blown off right in front of my eyes, but nothing happened to me personally. When we



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moved to Kasserine Pass, I thought the Stukas would get me for sure, particularly one afternoon when they came by right after chow and I fell into a slit trench and lay flat on my back as they peeled off, one by one. Suddenly I look up and there's a big son of a bitch in a plane staring down at me, just for a second. That fellow's seen me, I said, and he's coming back for sure, so I lay there waiting for him to turn. He *did* turn and headed back, but machine-gun and rifle fire got him from the ground, just two hundred yards from my trench, so nothing happened to me personally. Later we hit Hill 609 and the Krautheads—that's what I prefer to call the Germans—well, the Krautheads are on the hill with machine guns, and they dug right into the rock. I'm firing a machine gun, too, and there's a fierce battle, and what do the goddam Krautheads do but shoot off my big toe! A hell of a note after all that trouble at Casablanca and Kasserine." The expression on Private Willett's face was one of hurt pride. He seemed to consider his big toe an undignified sacrifice to the Wehrmacht. "Before I stopped firing, I managed to get off six or eight bursts," he said. "Next morning I persuaded a friend in the medics to help me up Hill 609. I didn't want to leave without seeing the place. Back at a Casablanca hospital they traded some skin from my leg to where my big toe formerly was, and gave me a Purple Heart. There's no more fighting on the ground for me, so when I leave here I'm going to try for aerial gunnery." He laughed. "You know," he said, "last year my mother wouldn't let me join the Navy. She thought I was too young. Can you imagine?"

MISS BLOCK came by and suggested I take a look at what is called the auditorium. "Sloane's decorated it in the colors of a cathedral window," she said. "It's a favorite spot of the men. They have visitors there from two to four." I crossed the corridor and walked into one of the most beautiful rooms I have ever seen, an enormous lounge a couple of hundred feet deep, with high windows along both sides and a stage at one end. Chairs, sofas, ottomans, and tables of soft green, blue, and rich orange were scattered about the room, and the colors gave me a sense of peacefulness and warmth. Soldiers, most of them in their bathrobes, were sitting at tables with visitors, undoubtedly their families, huddled in conversation. What were obviously younger sisters and brothers were scampering between the groups. Here and there men were playing bingo or reading. Others were embroidering maps of the United States on linen, deftly following outlined patterns with stitches of colored thread. Still others were listening to a recording of "Ballad for Americans," by Paul Robeson: "Am *I* an American? I'm just an Irish, Negro, Jewish, Italian . . ." he sang, and his voice carried to every corner of the room. I introduced myself to three soldiers who were playing bingo at one of the tables and they asked me to sit down with them. Beside me was a rangy, middle-aged man with a mandolin across his knees. Across the table were a thin, quiet-looking boy in his early twenties and a heavy-set, athletic fellow in his late thirties. The former had just won the game. He pushed back his chair and we started to talk. He seemed to want to talk about what had happened to him in Africa. "Crossing a hill near Mateur, I got hit with a mortar shell in the leg," he said. Two pieces of shell fragment had been removed. For the past week he had been at Halloran, taking heat treatments thirty minutes a day. His doctors promised that he would soon be transferred to a hospital closer to his home in Michigan. "I walk stiff now, but that'll clear up," he said. "You should have heard Kidder in the music room just now." He nodded toward the rangy man with the mandolin. "He played 'She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain' and then he announced he'd play 'Red River Valley,' but after a couple of bars it turned out to be 'She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain' all over again."

Kidder looked embarrassed and scratched his head. "Don't understand how that record business works," he said. "One minute you're playing the piece, next minute it's played back." He added that he had been in the Army twenty-five years and had served in the last war as a private. Now he is a private first class. Malaria, dust storms, and heat in Karachi, India, put him on the sick list some months ago. While serving with the Army of Occupation in Germany in 1919, he had his first encounter with the world of music when he bought a violin for six marks from a young Pole. "A bunch of us soldiers lived in a private home and the German lady let me practice 'Home, Sweet Home' in her living room," he said. Back in this country after the war, Kidder switched to the clarinet, which he played in Army bands. "One band leader," he said, "said to me, 'Kidder, you practice several hours every day and you'll develop talent, but you got to work hard.' I said baloney, life isn't worth living if you got to play music all day."

"You were right about the music," said the heavy-set soldier at our table. "Who in hell would want to encourage 'She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain' on a clarinet?" He told me he had injured his back while doing gunnery duty aboard a transport that had taken men to Suez. "A dozen Stukas came over the ship," he said, "and every damned one was knocked out of the sky. Nobody on board got killed, but I slipped and wrenched my back." Heat treatment and massage were expected to heal him in short order. "Thing that bothers me, though," he said, "is the sound of a bell. I hear a bell and I get a feeling of terror. Reminds me of the alarm on the ship. I hear a bell and start running every which way."

AT the far end of the auditorium a number of the men began pushing sofas, chairs, and tables to the walls of the room and bringing in wooden chairs, which they arranged in rows down the centre. I spied Miss Block talking to a group of men and walked over to her. "We're going to have movies here tonight," she said. "Twelve hundred men will see them. And I'll tell you something. Hollywood can't get away with a thing here. The other night we showed a picture in which a submarine captain was in a café with his girl. 'My ship leaves in the morning,' he whispered to her, and the audience went wild saying, 'Sh, sh, sh,' and yelling, 'Loose talk costs lives!' and 'Button your lip!' Lots of horsing around in this place."

I told Miss Block I was leaving and she said she'd see me out. We walked into the long main corridor. Just as we reached the outer door, a tall boy with a round, cheerful face came in. His left leg was in a cast up to the knee and he walked slowly on a single crutch. He had five or six packages clasped under his free arm. He smiled at Miss Block. "Been at the post exchange buying presents for the folks," he said. "I tried to get them some stuff in Africa, but everything over there is kind of cheesy. Now I'm glad I waited till I got to the hospital." —PHILIP HAMBURGER

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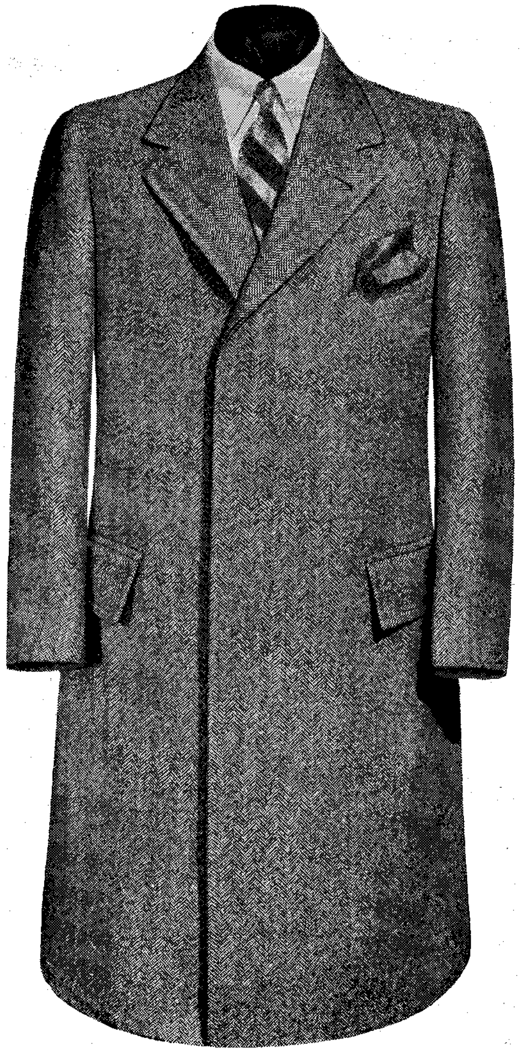

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THE RACE TRACK

Stout Filly, Stout Colt

EVEN though racing isn't what it used to be, a couple of the events at Aqueduct last week had that old élan. When you get all of the good fillies and mares in training together and they run the way they did in the Beldame last Saturday, you can't ask for much more. I wasn't surprised to see Mar-Kell win the race. She was one of the better two-year-old fillies in 1941, when she beat Petrify in the Spinaway, and although she didn't sparkle last season, this summer she was good enough to be rated at the top of most official handicappers' lists. Ben Jones, her trainer, who never approved of high imposts on his horses anyhow, wasn't sure how well she'd be able to carry 126 pounds, top weight in the race, but he hoped she'd do her best. She did. For half the distance she seemed almost hopelessly out of it, but she finished with a rush, beating Stefanita by a length and Vagrancy by a bit more than that.

Then there was the Cowdin Stakes, earlier in the week, which might have been more truly run if the track hadn't been muddy but couldn't have been more exciting. Among the unpredictable things that happened were the victory of Alorter, a 16–1 shot who took the long way around on the turns yet beat Ogham by a head, and the utter discomfiture of Professor Lee, a handsome colt who'd won his last start by ten lengths and was probably planning to do the same thing this time. Lots of excuses were made for Professor Lee: he didn't like the mud, or Atkinson, his jockey, didn't follow instructions, or he followed them too literally, and so on. My own theory is that Professor Lee just didn't like the way Ogham kept alongside him for more than a furlong. I was disappointed in Occupy, who resembles his elder brother, Occupation, after a fashion, but can't run as fast.

ALORTER belongs to Alwin C. Ernst, head of the big Cleveland accounting firm of Ernst & Ernst. Ernst also owns a dozen other racers, whom he bred in Kentucky. His stable was so successful in Chicago during the summer (Alorter, for instance, won the Joliet,

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the Primer, and the Washington Park Juvenile out there) that one of my outside men tells me that a lot of horseplayers started off on a new system—betting on horses whose names begin with Al. The reason is that the names of all Ernst's horses begin that way, and their construction follows a methodical plan, as the names of any accountant's horses should. Ernst combines the first syllable of Alwin, his own first name, with some part of the name of the animal's papa, if the animal is a colt, or the mamma's name, if it's a filly. For example, Alorter, by The Porter. Simple, isn't it? To continue the lesson, a colt by Bull Dog goes by the name of Albuldo, one by Halcyon is called Alacyon, and a filly out of Xanthina is Althina. Try to telephone *those* names to your bookmaker.

WELL, Market Wise won the Narragansett Special at Providence last weekend, as almost everyone expected he would. I'm sorry to report, however, that he came out of the race so lame that it's unlikely he can be patched up again. The colt has always been beset by one ailment or another, and George Carroll, his trainer, has worked a small miracle in keeping him going as long as he has—a miracle, by the way, that has not gone unrewarded, for Market Wise has won around $223,000 all told, and that's not bad for a colt that cost only $1,000.

GETTING along to Belmont Park (and aren't you glad to?), Bee Mac shouldn't have much trouble winning the Matron Stakes on Saturday. She'll have only Mrs. Ames to worry about, because Cocopet has housemaid's knee or fallen arches and I don't believe that either Twilight Tear or Miss Keeneland is quite ready to run. As for the Manhattan Handicap and the Lawrence Realization, my timid guess is that Princequillo can win either, or both.

—AUDAX MINOR

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...The tapir is the only animal that has not been changed by evolution . . . The way to get a divorce in Zochin, China, his immortal poem, "Trees." (Poetry is merely to break a pair of chopped giggling is illegal on the streets sticks in the presence of witnesses ...The sound made by 27 singers is only twice that of one singer... Joyce Kilmer received only $6 for is the best poverty)...Unrestrain- of Hlena, Mont. (It's okay, however, to laugh up your sleeves.—*Austin (Texas) American.*

O.K., we're laughing.

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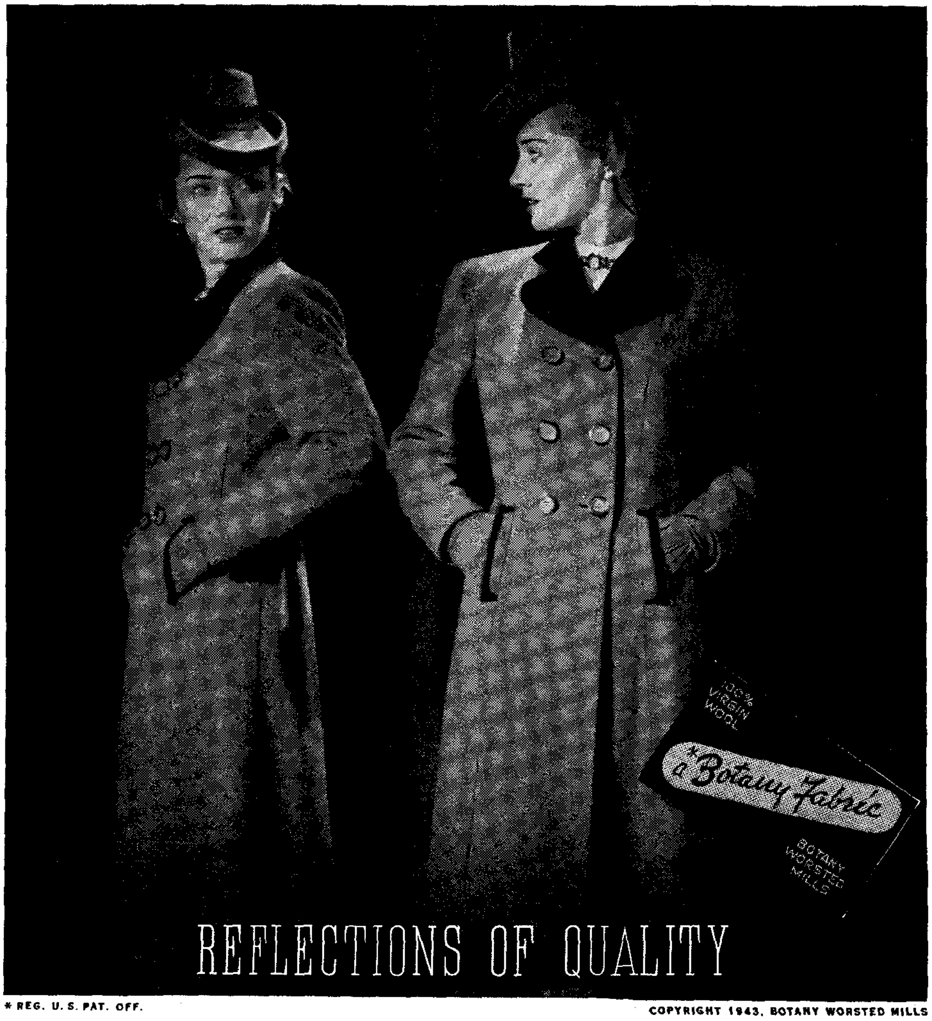

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

G. I. CHRISTMAS, AT HOME AND ABROAD

XMAS
GIFTS
FOR THE
MAN
IN
SERVICE

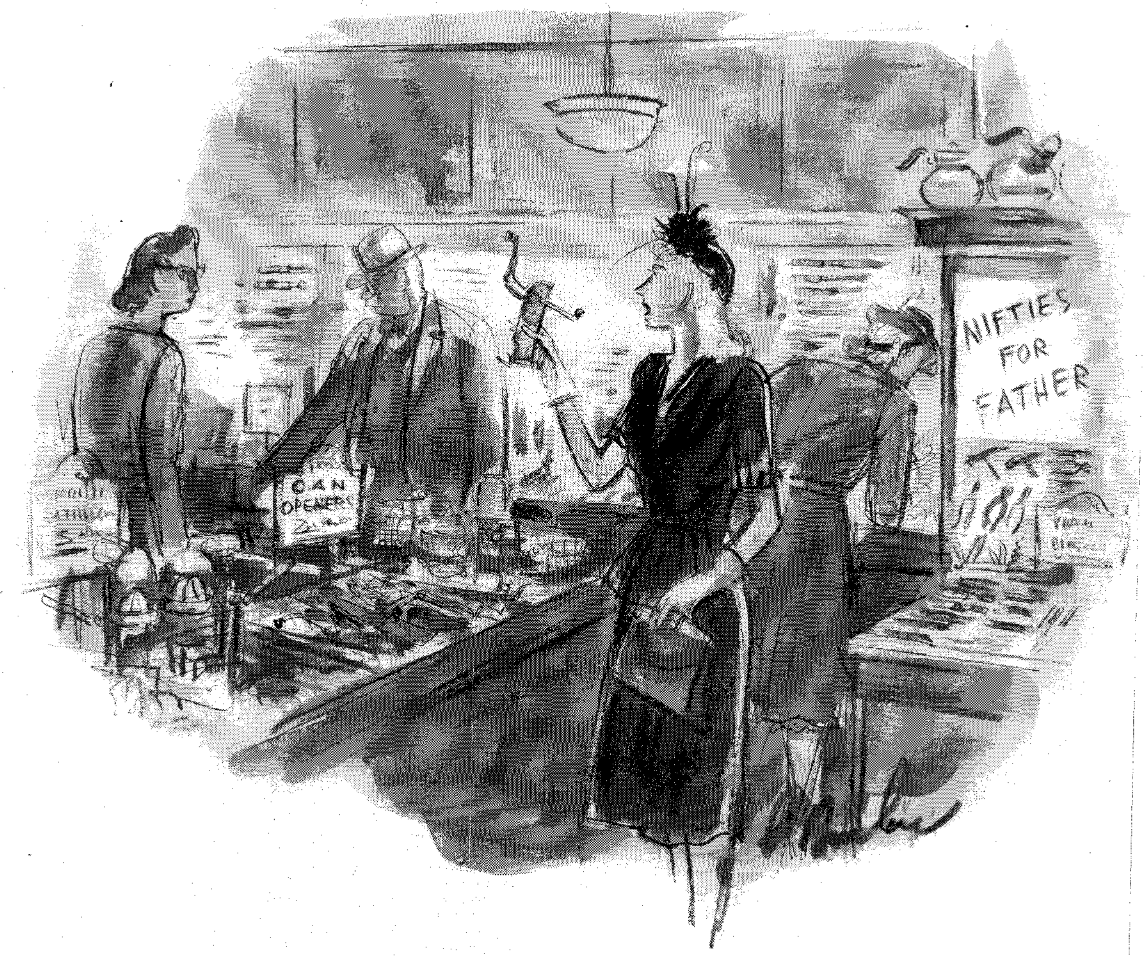
IT is needless to point out to this audience that the thrill of opening packages on Christmas morning will do a lot to shorten the painful distances between the men and women of the armed services and their sweethearts, friends, and families at home. It is necessary, however, for the said loved ones at home to be efficient as well as fond in the selection and mailing of gifts, because the Army, Navy, and Post Office think that they will have to deliver, before Christmas Eve, ten million packages to posts scattered all over the earth's surface, to say nothing of what will have to be done in this country. It's a colossal undertaking, though one that they expect to handle without mishap, if a few foolproof rules are obeyed.

Gifts for overseas men and women in the Army must be mailed before October 15th; for the Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard, before November 1st. Five pounds is the maximum weight allowed for each package; the cubic volume is slightly larger than that of a shoe box. Nothing longer than fifteen inches or more than thirty-six inches in length and girth combined. If you must know all, the full (and we mean full) details are on the bulletin board of any post office. Since actual shoe boxes are fragile, it is well to note that Dennison has, at ten cents apiece, sturdy, corrugated-board boxes built to conform to the requirements of size and strength. They also have heavy, waterproof brown paper of the proper size to encase these boxes (three sheets for a quarter), and heavy twine at forty-five cents a ball. Most Woolworth stores, too, have boxes built to specifications (ten cents), and paper and twine as well. Last year, many women, after reading the regulations, conscientiously proceeded to ship their presents in shoe boxes, even taking the trouble to go to a shoe store and ask for empties, and tons of gifts were lost when these flimsy containers collapsed in the mails. Everyone concerned will be a lot happier if that doesn't happen this time.

According to the rules for overseas packages, perishable stuff, for obvious reasons, is Out, and loving moms will have to restrain their sentimental impulse to make up a batch of the kid's favorite chocolate cake or cookies. You can't send inflammable things, like matches or lighter fluids (though a lighter is still a most desirable gift, if you can find one). No liquors. No poisons, even for the enemy. Jewelry or watches at your own risk; the Post Office won't insure packages, which gives you an idea of what hazards are in wartime. No package can be sealed; the censor has to have a look. However, gifts should be packed snugly, so that they don't rattle around; sharp points on scissors and knives must be sheathed so that they won't puncture either the box or the fingers of the censor. The Post Office says that printing "Christmas Package" on the outside of your parcel will help it on its way, and begs you to be sure there is enough postage and that the name and address are bold, legible, and complete. It is safer to write them on the package (on two sides, too) than to use stickers, which may steam off in the hold of a ship in the tropics.

You'll find that almost all of the shops, acting on first-hand information from men overseas and concise suggestions from government and service-club agencies, have assembled merchandise not a bit like the gimcrackery of last year and intelligently designed to meet the greatly varied regional and climatic conditions on tropic and subtropic fronts, in Arctic and temperate zones, and in civilized and primitive communities.

Good things to eat, basic and traditional for Christmas, must be confined to things in glass or in tins if they are



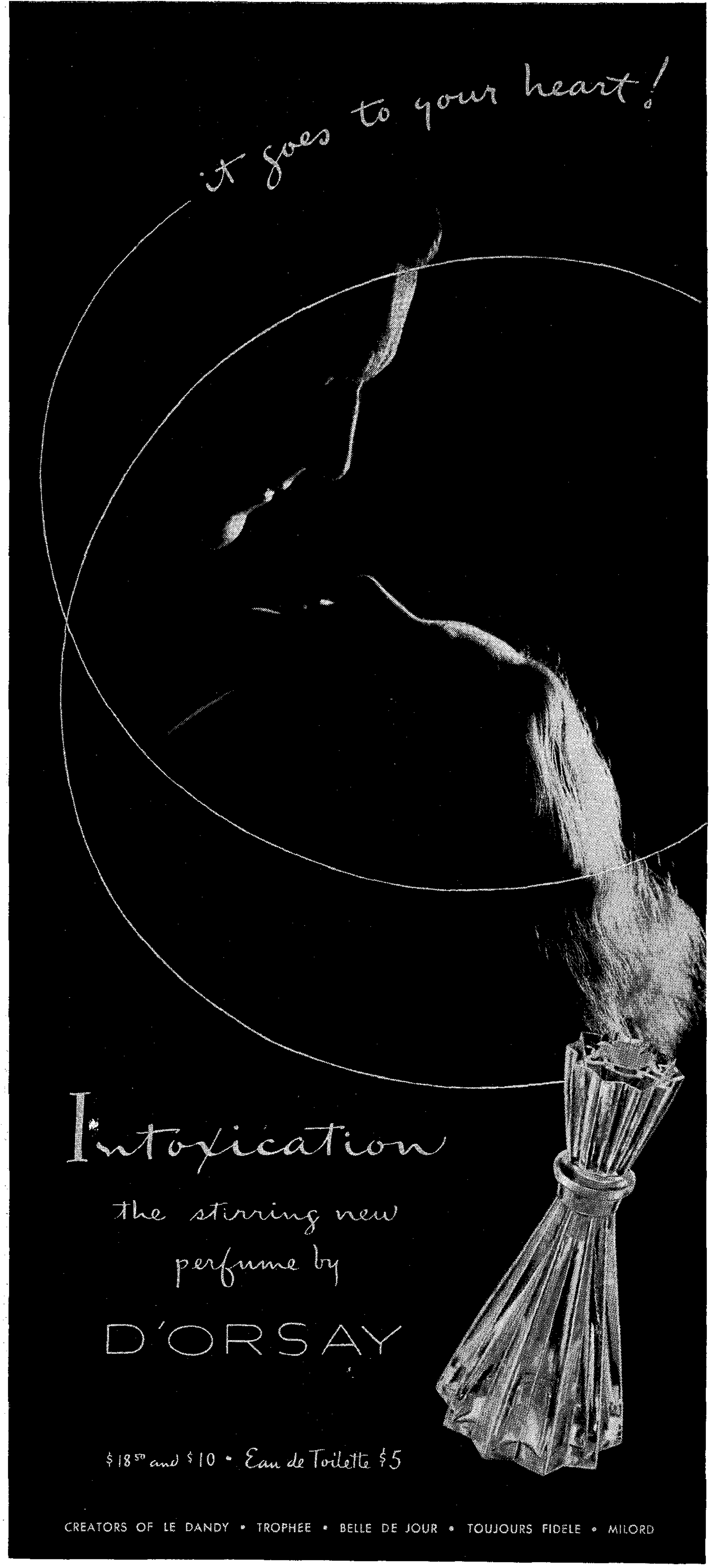
"Do you happen to know whether they've worked all the bugs out of this yet?"

going overseas; we urge you to consult specialists like Altman, Macy, Gristede's Bon Voyage Shop (12 Vanderbilt Avenue), Alice Marks (6 East 52nd Street), and Bloomingdale, and de-luxe delicatessens like the Vendôme, to help you choose goods that will pass P. O. inspection as well as please the boys and girls who have been living on Spam. We hope in a later department to take up the question of food for men and women in the camps in this country. (Note: Men who have been enjoying hospitality in countries where rationing is strict, such as the British Isles, delight in returning favors by showing up at their hosts' parties with a delicacy to add to the feast or by bringing a rare trifle like a lipstick to a hostess who has tried to make him feel at home in a strange land.)

A cross section of opinion from men and women in all branches of the services makes it clear that useful things which once might have been classified as banal are treasured luxuries these days. You needn't feel, either, that the practical things you sent last year are going to last forever. Money belts take such a beating that they wear out in a year's time, and so on.

Most of the gifts you will find listed below are recommended for service men and women both at home and abroad. Naturally, for the latter, you must keep in mind the limitations on weight and bulk as well as the risk of loss in transit.

WATCHES, which are expensive, are the No. 1 craving of both men and women in the services. If you can afford a chronograph (and if G-2 can help you find one), it is the perfect gift for aviators. De-luxe timepieces—which cannot, however, be worn bathing or in a shower—include a women's 17-jewel, leather-strap gold wristwatch at $130 and a 19-jewel for men, with raised gold numerals and a second-hand dial, at $105. They're at Tiffany. A service watch usually means a stainless-steel one that is non-magnetic and shock- and waterproof. Abercrombie & Fitch have a good one for $44. Georg Jensen's pride is a Juvenia that winds itself, and who could ask for anything more? It's $62.50. He also shows an excellent waterproof watch of steel and chromium at $43.50; a feminine variation of this in keystone shape is $46.50. Dunhill's Swiss watch of stainless steel with a pig strap is a honey for either sex ($42.50), and Black, Starr & Gorham offer Swiss watches of stainless steel at $55—shock- and waterproof and excellent for any-



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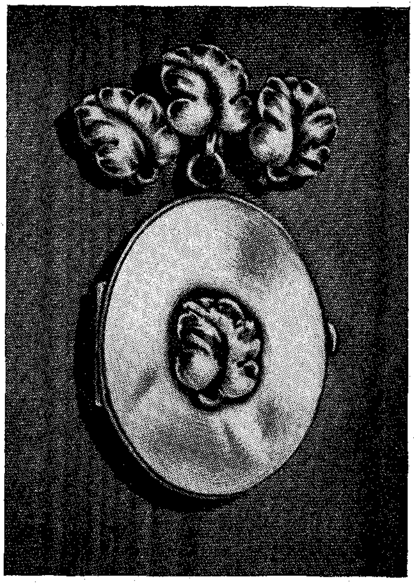

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one not needing a special watch for special work.

Money belts, high on the list for both men and women, can be found literally everywhere, at prices ranging from $1 at Liggett's drugstores to $5 or so at Lewis & Conger, for a sturdy leather affair. In belts, zippered pockets are desirable. Abercrombie's $2 offering of waterproofed fabric has three; so does Mark Cross's, in navy or khaki twill, at $2.25. Hammacher Schlemmer do a nice job for $1.50. Saks-Fifth Avenue, in addition to regulation belts, has old-fashioned, soft leather "grouch" bags (the things chorus girls of the nineties carried their money and jewelry around in, and don't tell us yes, yes, you remember) on a thin rawhide thong that may be worn around the neck or suspended from a belt. Women in particular often prefer this type to the others, which are less becoming to feminine waistlines. They are $1.75.

Men holler as loudly as ever for knives, which are indispensable in combat zones. Hoffritz, Abercrombie, Hammacher Schlemmer, and Lewis & Conger have the Boy Scout variety (and invaluable, too) at around $3, with a big blade, leather punch, cap-lifter, screwdriver, and can-opener. Georg Jensen has a thin sliver of a knife (no tricks, though, for opening cans and such) that won't bulge in the snuggest of uniforms; $7.

On account of the clamor for certain items that are rapidly becoming scarce in the shops, we recommend that you have any of them that are kicking around the house reconditioned and sent off. For example, Waterman, Sheaffer, and Parker pens respond to intelligent treatment, and the humblest Brownie No. 2 or other camera, put into condition, will be greeted with huzzahs if you're thoughtful enough to send along some rolls of film, too. So will Dunhill, Ronson, or Zippo lighters which may be lurking in the back of a drawer, needing nothing more than a new flint to make them efficient again. If you haven't one, Tripler has a stock of small, sterling lighters of the old-fashioned cord type ($5) and Georg Jensen has a fuelless, windproof affair of the flint-and-wick sort in sterling, with an extra wick, at $5.50. Macy has one for ninety-four cents that the store swears up and down will work.

THEN there are kits. They range from a brass-button-polishing one for forty cents (Abercrombie) to a portable valet for an old-line brass hat at any price you care to pay. Kits which have already proved themselves in the field include plain, prosaic-sounding shoeshining numbers. Like: tubes of saddle soap and sponge (Mark Cross, sixty cents); Army or Navy kits in a canvas case ($4 at Abercrombie); Altman's de-luxe kits in cowhide boxes, at $6.95. Lord & Taylor have a drawstring utility bag that is $3.50 unfitted and $5.95 equipped with shoe-polishing stuff and toilet equipment. Macy's pet shoeshine kit contains, among other things, a bottle of Primo, a non-inflammable cleaning fluid for spotted uniforms; $1.59. Arthur Gilmore, 16 East 52nd, shows a small duffel bag of canvas with a leather base, to carry both toilet things and a shoe kit; $10.

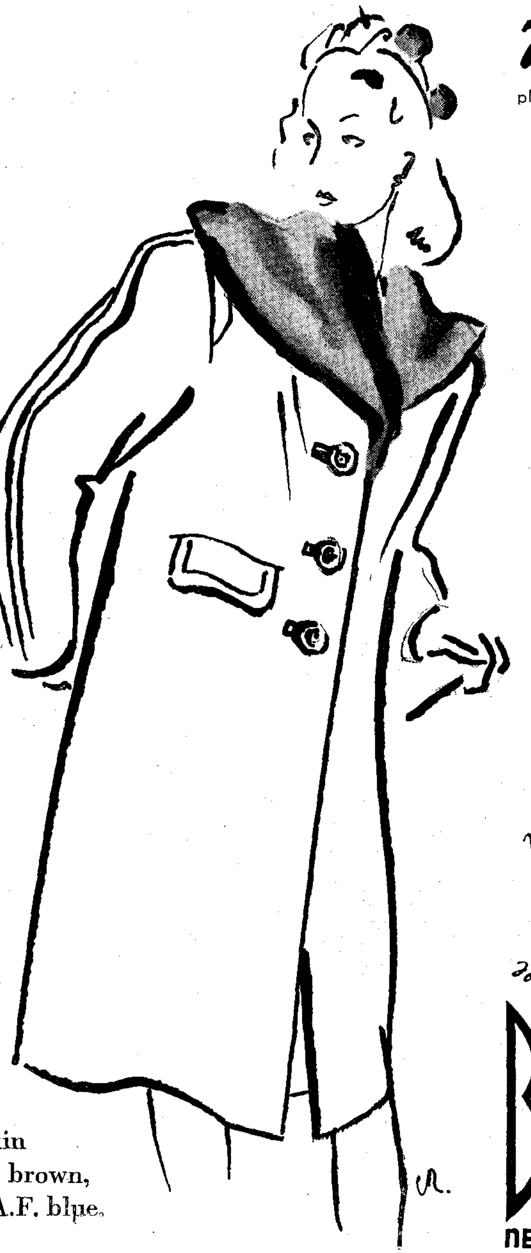
Sewing kits are also vital for all branches of the services and are no longer considered good material for comic drawings. We urge that you supplement them with a first-class pair of blunt-sharp scissors, which cost about $2.25 at first-class hardware and cutlery shops; the ones included in inexpensive kits just *can't* be good. A new type of kit is fitted with a safety-razor-blade knife for cutting threads (you can refill it with old blades). It's at Altman, among other places, for $4.95.

As for toilet and dressing-case kits, the predominant school of thought seems to favor unfitted cases into which men or women can put their own choice of gear, though there is merit in your tossing in a grab-bag collection of toothpaste, razor blades, and the like if you send such a bag as a present. Many varieties of toilet kit come fitted or unfitted. One is the apron type, which made its appearance last year. It has numerous pockets, rolls up compactly, and is easily stowed away; since it's worn around the waist when in action, it takes up no space on crowded washstands. This is $2.50, unfitted, almost anywhere. Abercrombie fits it up with a mass of accessories that include a washrag and a steel mirror, for $4.50; Saks makes it for women, at $1.50, in pink and blue, which goes to show you. Bergdorf has a variant of the apron kit—a bib hung from the neck and filled with the appropriate necessaries; $5.50. The traditional drawstring bag comes in soft cowhide at Altman for $12; Hammacher Schlemmer's is unlined and

made of rejected shoe leather (doesn't look rejected to us), with an inside pocket of tackle twill, at $4.95. Dunhill's is of the wet-pack type carried by sensible travelling Englishmen for generations. It's made of leather and lined with oiled silk and has separate compartments for wet and dry things; $5. Abercrombie has a long roll kit whose only fitting is a stainless steel mirror; you hang the kit up on the wall and the bottom turns out to be a steady shelf for shaving things; $5.25. There are other roll-up kits at Macy, Lord & Taylor, Hammacher Schlemmer, and elsewhere, at prices from $1.49 up. Tiny flat kits, small enough to be slipped into a shirt or blouse pocket, are in demand, too. They are likely to hold a nail file or emery board, a comb, and a metal mirror or scissors, and some have identification windows for passes and the like; from $1.75 to $3.50 at Saks, Dunhill, Bloomingdale, Lord & Taylor, Altman, and so on.

Writing portfolios may be picked up at practically every price, from a simple kit at a dollar to a cowhide case for $18.50 at Abercrombie. Bloomingdale has a particularly attractive one in saddle leather for $5.95.

If it's to be luggage, everyone, male or female, in the armed forces can use a soft bag, whether for a dash home on a weekend pass or for handling odds and ends in a major move. Arthur Gilmore's leather-bound, zippered, mackintosh cloth roll bag is tan or blue, and $9.50 or $10.50, according to size. Saks has a zippered, leather-bound canvas bag with an inside pocket; $13.75. Altman's canvas zipper roll bag has leather ends and binding; it's $10. Bloomingdale's sample is small and squat, in pearl gray or brightly colored canvas; $2.95 to $5.95. Dunhill has blue or O.D. four-pocket canvas bags closed by a drawstring; their rigid bases make them fine for stowing shirts without mussing. Jumping to the other extreme in the scale, we find those big carryalls of the wardrobe type. Ridabock, the tailor, at 65 Madison Avenue (28th), has a model that will hold two uniforms and has outside pockets for shirts, shoes, and toilet articles. Rugged, lightweight, and $16.50. Saks, Altman, Brooks, and Luxenberg (485 Madison Avenue, at 52nd) have designs of their own and in approximately the same price range. Musette bags, great rarities in luggage, which itself is a rarity these days, are at Brooks for $4, in tan canvas with a leather bottom and an adjustable webbing shoulder strap. All girls in uniform can use a small weekend case;


Young-Timers
Beaver-collared "Wear-over-all"
79.95
plus 10% Federal Tax

Smooth-as-doeskin virgin wool . . . brown, moss green, R.A.F. blue. Sizes 11 to 15.

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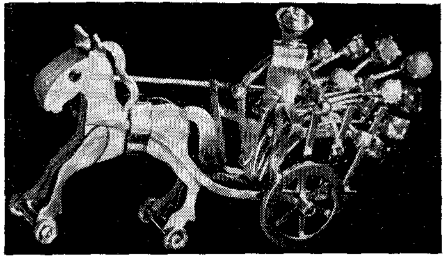
NEW YORK 19 NY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Saks has a morocco one with a mirrored top and a small, removable shelf to hold toilet articles; $42.50. Gilmore's example is in morocco too, at $39.50. Dunhill has a leather-bound canvas affair for $8.

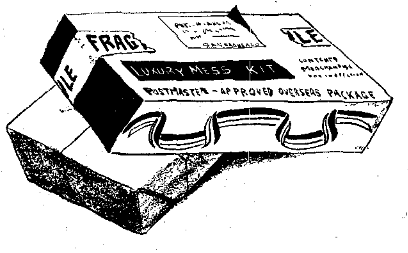
WALLETS and billfolds, once a last resort for harried givers of gifts, are important for both men and women in the services. Everybody wants them with identification windows, and a space for snapshots is welcome, too. Officers who must carry a flock of passes like to be able to whip them into view with ease; with this in mind, Mark Cross has a billfold of pin seal or pig which has *nine* identification windows (ought to be able to tell who *that* man is, hey?); $10. Cartier's is very brass hat; a tan or navy twill wallet is lined with pig or navy morocco and has a sterling-silver combination pen-and-pencil and an address book added to the basic requirements; $40. Black, Starr's hip wallet is of morocco-lined twill; $10. Dunhill's wallets of pigskin or seal have eight identification windows; $6. Abercrombie & Fitch have one of perspiration-proof leather to fit the tunic or hip pocket, with a change purse, address book, pockets for bills and cards, and a window for snapshots; $6.50. Lord & Taylor have, for the girls, a thin leather one in pale colors or dark shades, with sterling-silver-gilt ends; $2.50. Jensen has produced a coëd wallet of calf with pockets for passes and a secret compartment for big bills; $7.50 in brown or black leather only.

There is hardly a shop that doesn't have silver identification bracelets; the prices run from $5 to $15. McCutcheon's silver tag on a leather strap is a neat present for girls; $2. Tiffany has a sterling-silver dog tag and chain for $4.75, and Cartier, not unexpectedly, has it in gold for $63. The jewellers all have gold bracelets at gold-standard prices. Tiffany shows a gold copy of the stainless-steel one of the first World War at $40; Cartier's flat gold affair on closely meshed links is $67. Black, Starr have a gold one with a St. Christopher medal concealed against the wrist on the reverse side at $68; their silver version of this is $11. Gold cuff links for Navy men are highly welcome; Ross-Pennell has an especially good-looking pair of heavy gold oval links with an enamel line at the edge for $46.50.

Trench coats and raincoats—just try and get them at the camps, if you have a month's holiday with nothing else to do—will be appreciated by any brand-new officer. Aquascutum trench coats, than which there isn't anything finer, are available in some quantity at Luxenberg, and that's news. Navy raincoats are in all the good shops at $39.50. Luxenberg will turn out a custom affair of whipcord or cravenetted elastique for $47.50. Ridabock has a Marine trench coat of Skinner's tackle twill for $28.50. Abercrombie has a gabardine Army trench coat with removable wool interlining and other niceties at $65. Brooks' English trench coat, also gabardine, has a buttoned-in wool warmer. Tripler's cotton twill coat also has a detachable lining. The time-honored Alligator balloon-cloth raincoats are highly popular in the Army; Ridabock, for one, has them at $10 and $15. You'll find Wac raincoats at Macy and Saks, and Wave raincoats as well. For these, regulations require that the shop must send them direct to the recipient and that you must give the shop the young lady's serial number and service address.

The Army long overcoat is no longer regulation, though long coats already in service are not, of course, outlawed. A recent directive calls for a coat like the standard field jacket but without a belt. Fledgling officers will naturally be happy indeed to get one. Luxenberg does such coats to order for $85, in beaver cloth, either with standard lining or a lining in the appropriate color for the arm of the service. Neat touch. Ridabock makes the coats in either beaver or kersey.

As welcome as it is practical is the gift of extra shirts and socks for both officers and enlisted men, and every shop dealing in their equipment will give you instructions on regulations governing them. One of the best Army shirts is an O.D. work number that costs $9.50 at Tripler. Navy men, who may have a good stock of working khaki shirts but are still short of the new grays, will welcome those at Luxenberg, Brooks, and Rogers Peet. Poplin, twill, or broadcloth; $2.75 to $3.50. Poplin Wac shirts are $3 at Macy and Saks, and all the girls, whether in the tropics or not, like the tropic weights. Dress gloves are an expensive item, at least to those on service pay, and are always acceptable. McCutcheon has one-clasp pig ($3.95) or capeskin gloves ($3.95) for the Army and gray mocha ones for the Navy at $5.50. For Wacs there are one-button or slip-on capeskins for $3 and white cotton hand-sewn gantlets for Waves at $2.15. Dunhill has imported hand-sewn capeskin gantlets for the Wacs and Waves at $5 and one-button gloves for the Army men at $5.50. Abercrombie's hand-sewn pig or gray mocha gloves cost $5.50, and white Egyptian cottons to go with navy whites are $2.50. Both of these for men. McCutcheon has white rayon-crêpe scarves for Waves. Brooks has Naval Aviation mufflers, two yards long and half a yard wide, in the same material; $5.



IN the hundred-per-cent feminine side of the overseas picture (and it apparently remains hundred-per-cent, as you will soon see) the great cry is for cosmetics and soaps and for toilet waters and colognes (rather than perfumes) that have none of the old-time sultry appeal and are light, clean, and floral. The supplies the girls carried overseas were quickly exhausted. If you know the favorite brand of cosmetics your Wac or nurse or Red Cross girl wants, send her a supply, by all means. Gourielli's Foot-Stick is a creamy business, wonderful when applied to hot, sore feet; it costs a dollar. Lord & Taylor have cream-impregnated facial tissues for use in waterless areas or for general cleaning up; Quickies is the name, and $1 is the price.

Compacts: Mark Cross presents one in pig for loose powder, with a slot for a lipstick, at $6.50. McCutcheon's squat, puffy, drawstring compact bag of navy or tan twill is already a great favorite with the girls; $1.50. Dunhill has a sleek, metal-bound compact in pig or baby calf at $7.50; Best offers a square compact in tan or navy calf with a top that is a frame for a favorite snapshot; $3.95.

The over-shoulder handbags are regulation in design, naturally, but the girls are allowed leeway in leathers, which can make them more de luxe than the G. I. model. Dunhill's Wac bags in buffalo grain are $7.50 and those summer ones of khaki cotton twill with leather trim are $5.50. McCutcheon's heavily grained leather affairs for Wacs are $15. Cartier's bags of twill, morocco, or pigskin for the various services are morocco-lined and $50; Mark Cross's goatskin one, with reverse suede lining, is the same price. This last is for Wacs. Long-grain morocco in coffee bean or navy makes a $22.50 bag at Mark Cross; a leather-lined calf bag, at Georg Jensen, is the same price.

The girls haven't changed a bit,

either, in the way they feel about stockings. The Navy nurses must wear black, the rest of the girls wear neutral beige, and they all want the best quality possible. They also yearn for dainty handkerchiefs, which must be all-white and are to be found everywhere, at whatever price you want to pay. The girls need slips that can be laundered easily and require no ironing. Saks has Kayser khaki-colored rayon-jersey slips that fill the bill for $2; Lord & Taylor, among others, have Van Raalte pink or white rayon-jersey slips for Waves, Spars, and Marines; $2.15. Soft-soled bedroom slippers, which don't set up a clack clack in the dormitory or barracks, are in great demand—like the morocco or kid Pullman slippers of yore, compact in little cases; $3.50 at Saks and Mark Cross. Macy has sandals of straw cloth tied about the ankles with red tape—shower-bath nonsense for ninety-four cents. Wooden bath clogs, to wear right into the showers, cost $1.25 at Abercrombie.

And all the service women, brisk as they may look in uniform, crave feminine underwear. Altman's hand-made nighties of rayon crêpe are well cut through the waist and bosom; $5.95. With fussier lace, they are $10.95. Bonwit Teller, Franklin Simon, Best, and Lord & Taylor are all good at inexpensive gowns and negligees more frivolous than the necessary and orthodox bathrobes. Altman has good bathrobes, by the way—classic wool plaids at $15.25. Best's schoolgirl flannel robes are $16.95.

Stern warning: No girl abroad, no matter how much a lady she is, will thank you for sending her anything at all that can't be easily laundered and that has to be ironed.

MISCELLANY: Good sun glasses are fine for everyone at sea, in the air, or in the glare of desert or Arctic snows. Any reliable optician can supply them. . . . A subscription to *Yank* is something the boys appreciate; 205 East 42nd Street, and $2. . . . Brooks has a bristleless clothes brush that is magic; $1.75. . . . Folding snapshot frames are on every list; Mark Cross has a nice small one of khaki or navy twill which opens up to make an easel, just like those travellers' watch cases; $4.75. Black, Starr have flat sterling folders for two photographs and designed to fit in a G. I. shirt pocket; $20, including monogram. . . . Mark Cross has glove shampoo for fifty cents. . . . Saks' cap covers for Wacs are $2, for Wave enlisted personnel $2, for Wave officers $4. The Wave covers have havelocks to

THE A&F GREATEST SPORTING GOODS STORE IN THE WORLD

"When I get back..!"

For the first time in their lives many American boys are sleeping under the stars or in a tent. They are eating in the open air. They are learning that, in peace-time, there are previously unknown pleasures awaiting them in the vast beautiful outdoors of their own country.

When they get back, they will go camping on their vacations, for their eyes have been opened to the peace and health awaiting them in the woods, mountains and on the rivers and lakes of their homeland.

We shall serve them as we served their fathers and grandfathers in the past. Everything possible for life in the open will be found in our shop—for cooking, shelter, sleeping, for comfort and convenience and for travel over trails that lead away from streets.

Many camping articles, equipment and accessories are still available for those who need them either for a picnic on the lawn or a vacation in the woods.

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keep the hair dry in back. . . . Dunhill's Khaki cigarettes, wrapped in leaf instead of paper, are $2 for a cedar box of a hundred. . . . Swimming trunks and suits are things overseas men and women were likely to forget. Spalding has wool Wikies trunks in navy or maroon at $5.50; Lord & Taylor have War Baby, a girl's six-ounce suit of a cotton knit that looks like quilting. . . . Everyone loves those compact game sets that are to be found all around. Abercrombie is a past master at these; a good set, for $5, has a dice cup of sole leather enclosing poker and regular dice, and pinochle and regular cards. . . . The Navy likes key chains; Cartier has them in sterling with a holder for two dice; $4.50. . . . New officers will appreciate a copy of the "Officer's Guide;" the Army one is $2.50, the Navy one is $3. . . . Arthur Gilmore's plain leather envelope briefcases for officers with lots of paperwork are $12. . . . Abercrombie has a Swedish safety razor which may be honed and ground like Grandfather's straight-edged affair; $17.50 with two extra blades. . . . Nice writing paper is useful. Tiffany's single-sheet, "executive"-size stationery, with the Army or Navy coat of arms, is $2.75 a box. A box of airplane stationery, with a hundred sheets and fifty envelopes, is $8 and up at the same place. This price includes monogramming. . . . A magnifying and regular mirror in a flat leather case, to be hung up or stood easel fashion, is to be found, pig-bound, at Hammacher Schlemmer for $6.50. . . . Bergdorf's flat twill cigarette case has room for twenty lovely coffin nails and a compartment for a book of matches. . . . Brooks' Navy parka, in twill, has a deep fleece lining and four pockets; $55, and a fine thing even for someone who isn't on permanent duty on Kiska. . . . And don't forget to tuck in, as an extra gimmick, some of those compact little twenty-five-cent Pocket Book editions of popular novels, to be found in every stationery store.

Blessings on you and your gifts and on all the boys and girls you send them to.

•

> Whether it be food, clothing, gasoline, oil, solid fuels, or what not, whether luxuries or necessities, the OPA seeks to control distribution and price, saying how much and to whom, hen and where, who so and when and where, who so and why not.
>
> —*Helena (Mont.) Record-Herald.*

It certainly succeeds, too.

My 8 hour beauty Treatment

CLAUDETTE COLBERT
In Paramount's
"SO PROUDLY WE HAIL"

Between-scenes script featuring
CLAUDETTE COLBERT

WE: (admiring Miss Colbert's flawless complexion) Come, come, Miss Colbert—eight hours in a beauty parlor is about right for *some* people. But *you!* . . .

SHE: Who said "beauty parlor"? I simply mean I get eight hours' sleep at night. And when we're making a picture, that means *every* night.

WE: No fun to start the day feeling tired.

SHE: *Looking* tired is worse. You can't fool the camera's eye.

WE: Nor the human eye—but lots of girls try . . . By the way, Miss Colbert, do you ever have trouble getting to sleep?

SHE: When I do . . . I read. But most nights, I fall asleep immediately—my bed is so comfortable.

WE: Could-er-a-these North Star blankets have anything to do with that?

SHE: Heavens yes! They're so light and fleecy and warm—really—I feel terribly lucky to have them. I bought them *ages* ago.

WE: They're back on the market again, you know.

SHE: Gracious! Why didn't you tell me? You *knew* I needed a pair for the guest room. Quick, the phone!

Good News!
North Star Blankets are again on sale at your favorite store. (Navy needs are being fully met, too)

SLEEP IS YOUR BEST BEAUTY TREATMENT
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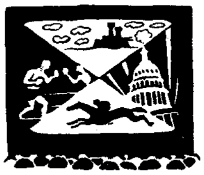
ALL WOOL BEAUTYNAP BLANKETS

FREE BOOKLET ON SLEEP. Discusses whole subject from every angle—48 pages of breezily written good sense to help you get your basic beauty treatment. Write North Star Woolen Mill Company, 216 So. 2nd Street, Minneapolis 1, Minn.

THIS WILL PUT YOU TO SLEEP

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Three Good Ones



THREE of the four pictures I saw last week are good, downright good: "Holy Matrimony," a highly successful teaming up of Gracie Fields and Monty Woolley; "Johnny Come Lately," a winsomely corny vehicle that James Cagney, now his own producer, picked out for himself; and "The Adventures of Tartu," an irresistible spy thriller from England. The fourth picture, "A Lady Takes a Chance," isn't really bad, either; it's just Jean Arthur, and if you like Jean Arthur, why, you'll like "A Lady Takes a Chance." The story? Well, Jean Arthur is this girl, and she goes out West and meets this cowboy.

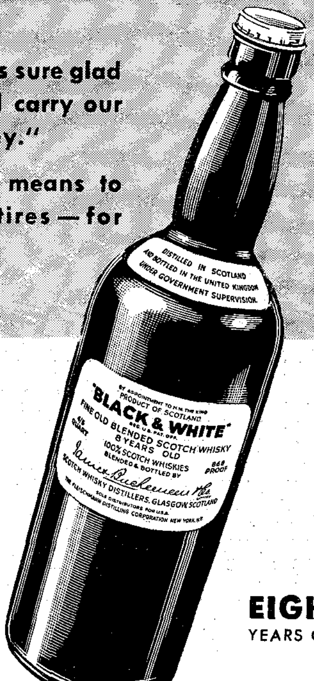
THE bland good humor of Arnold Bennett's "Buried Alive" is retained in "Holy Matrimony," the latest screen version. Gracie Fields and Monty Woolley are practically perfect, the supporting cast is exceptional, and the production deals lovingly and faithfully with the period in which the story is set, a decade or so before the first World War. Gracie Fields is surprisingly well adjusted to the rather thoughtful comedy that derives from the scatter-brained plot. (In case you've been sleeping up in the Catskills for the past forty years, it's about mistaken identity: a famous and crotchety painter, whose valet dies, allows the valet to be buried in Westminster Abbey under his name, assumes the valet's identity in order to enjoy a little peace and quiet, and eventually marries a comfortable woman who has been in correspondence with the valet through a matrimonial agency.) Monty Woolley's impersonation of Priam Farll, the painter, is bad-tempered and delightful. It may occur to you to wonder, as I did, whether Priam Farll, if he had borne a beard as memorable as Woolley's, would not have shaved it off in the interests of anonymity, but that's probably carrying logic too far. Woolley's beard is now one of the art treasures of the nation, like Gary Cooper's shoulders, Marlene Dietrich's legs, and Jane Russell.

"JOHNNY COME LATELY" also takes us back some forty years, for a glimpse of American small-town jour-

We carry our own!

Blackie: "That storekeeper was sure glad when we said we'd carry our own bundles, Whitey."

Whitey: "He knows what it means to save trucks and tires—for Victory, Blackie!"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"BLACK & WHITE"
FINE OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
8 YEARS OLD
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES

Can you take it? Then don't say "send it." Every package you carry saves trucks and tires for vital deliveries—to keep foodstuffs coming to the grocer and the dairy, to keep raw materials moving to factories. So don't go away empty-handed. Carry your own bundles—for Victory!

EIGHT
YEARS OLD

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF

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LISTEN: SEPTEMBER 25, 1943

Some weeks ago a lieutenant under water in a British submarine in the Northeast Atlantic heard a piece from "The Talk of the Town" broadcast on a CBS daytime serial. It was about the war. He wrote *The New Yorker* about it and they told us. He said he liked it. It took his letter a long time to come through.

★

The sponsorship of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony orchestra's Sunday afternoon concerts in Carnegie Hall marks another milestone in making great music popular music by making it familiar music. The average audience that listened to the orchestra even before its sponsorship was estimated at over 10 million people, or the capacity of 125 Yale bowls.

★

Although she never had a singing lesson in her life, Kate Smith has today a larger audience than any professional on the air, and is listened to by more Americans than any other individual except the President of the United States.

★

CBS operates three short-wave transmitters to Latin America. Looking from where you are toward Cape Horn, the extreme right-hand beam covers Mexico, the Isthmus, and the backbone of the Andes through Ecuador, Bolivia, Peru and Chile. It spills a little east and to the west—and probably hits the island of Juan Fernandez, where Robinson Crusoe was.

This beam speaks Spanish. The central beam aims southward so as to serve the Caribbean and the Spanish Main (Colombia and Venezuela) and keeps on going to blanket the eastern watershed of the Andes, Bolivia, Paraguay, Uruguay, and the Argentine—and this beam likewise talks Spanish. The left-hand or eastern of the three aims southeast, blankets Brazil, speaks Portuguese. Many CBS programs carry identical music on all three transmitters, and when it comes time to talk between numbers, two voices, in separate studios, speak the identical text, one in Spanish, one in Portuguese, and come out even to the split second. If they don't come out even, a technician in a CBS control room looks sad, in English.

★

Sooner or later you are going to have to know this so you might as well get it clear now: a program described in the trade as a "sustaining" program is one which originates in and is broadcast and paid for by the network or station. A "sponsored" program is one broadcast at the expense of an advertiser, who uses the program as a vehicle to carry a short message about his product or service.

★

And speaking again about Kate Smith: she went first on 15 minutes of CBS air, just singing songs. Then there was a youngster named Harry Lillis Crosby who went first on the CBS air, just singing songs. Now there's a lad from Jersey, who started on the air just singing songs for 15 minutes on CBS, and his name is Sinatra, and he is pretty promising, too.

★

At a broadcast of its Thursday-evening half-hour variety program Stage Door Canteen CBS asked Jeanette MacDonald, the evening's guest star, to keep tabs on the songs the service men most wanted. She did. The songs were *Ave Maria* and *The Battle Hymn of the Republic.*

★

Mrs. Nussbaum has paid all the installments on both bookends and is now on vacation.

★

The White House stopped calling those regular Tuesday and Friday meetings between the President and the Washington reporters "press conferences." The new name is "press and radio conferences." Radio having had its own reporters at these meetings for at least the past 10 years, agreed it was high time.

★

This is

CBS

the COLUMBIA

BROADCASTING SYSTEM

nalism. Now that Cagney is his own boss, he's presumably in what he considers exactly the right sort of picture for himself, and I don't know but what I agree with him. Using the tried-and-true old story of the crusading journalist who bucks the local political machine, he manages to squeeze out of it some excitement and quite a bit of old-fashioned charm. The old-fashioned charm is handled principally by Grace George, here making her movie debut.

IN "The Adventures of Tartu," the English again demonstrate that they can turn out a better thriller than we can any time they want to. It's not just a matter of Alfred Hitchcock, either, since we have Hitchcock and the English are still consistently outpointing us. "The Adventures of Tartu" has everything, or at least everything except a good title. (It's quite a week when you get a title as good as "Johnny Come Lately" and one as bad as "The Adventures of Tartu.") Robert Donat does most of the work in "Tartu," and very good he is, too. The story is plausible, the exposition is logical, the dialogue is crisp and to the point, and the settings are perfect make-believe. Come to think of it, the settings of these English thrillers are one reason for their superiority to our product. "The Adventures of Tartu" includes the setting that is the hallmark of a good English thriller—the huge, white-walled factory interior with big, bubbling tanks (they're making poison gas), levers that open and shut doors, photoelectric alarm bells, and a complicated system of iron ladders and catwalks. The sort of factory, in a word, in which nothing could be manufactured except an English thriller. This one is almost as good as the chocolate factory in Hitchcock's "Secret Agent," and there's no higher praise than that, as far as I'm concerned. —RUSSELL MALONEY

•

There was no one, not even Jean, who lay at the hospital at Neuilly with his right leg amputated at the knee . . .—*From "The Louis Bromfield Trilogy," Blue Ribbon Books edition, page 315.*

. . . and now Jean lay in the hospital at Neuilly with his left leg amputated at the knee.—*Ibid., page 355.*

If it isn't one damn thing, it's another.

•

RAISED EYEBROWS DEPARTMENT
(RED STAMP DIVISION)

[*From the Columbus Ohio State Journal*]

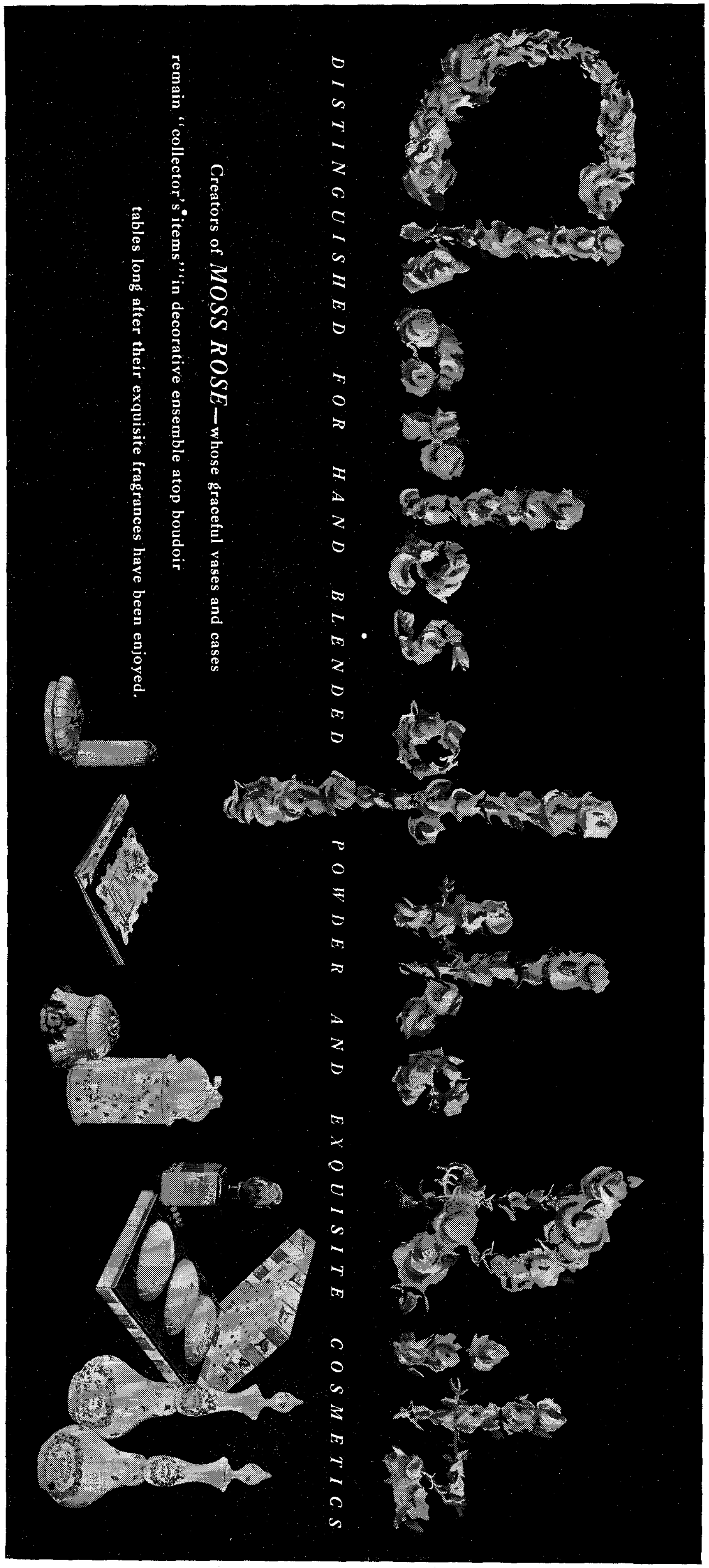
MORGAN MEMORIAL, J. C. Babbs, pastor—10:30 A.M. "I Have Meat That Ye Know Not Of."

LETTER FROM LONDON

SEPTEMBER 19 (BY CABLE)

THE midweek's deepening anxiety here over the outcome of the Salerno battle would have been an anticlimax to the wild excitement over Italy's surrender, if there had been any wild excitement. On the night the news of the capitulation broke, there seemed to be little to-do beyond a few private parties and a spurt of business in the pubs, which opened for the evening, conveniently enough, soon after the exultant newspapers appeared on the streets. Some Londoners remarked that it would have harmed nobody and cheered everybody to hang out the flags, ring the bells, and fire off the Hyde Park guns, in the Moscow manner. As it was, almost the only official attempt to cash in on the emotional opportunities of the occasion was the concert which B.B.C. promptly broadcast, apparently aimed at putting its listeners in the right frame of mind with such triumphant music as Elgar's "Land of Hope and Glory." People were kept bounding to their feet for one national air after another, including "The Red Flag," which the orchestra played in a manner as piously soulful as though it were a hymn written by an Anglican bishop.

Next day, according to the press, all the remaining Soho Italian restaurant keepers (maybe conscious of olive oil and Parmesan cheese once more as much as of political regimes) dutifully remarked that they were "very please' indeed" by the news. A Strand bookseller filled his window with hastily dusted-off copies of guidebooks for Rome, Naples, and Milan, along with an earnest injunction to read up on the beautiful old Italian cities. Plenty of people must have been happy at the notion that they could think of them as beautiful old cities and not as enemy objectives which our bombers visited last night. That, however, was as far as anyone's enthusiasm went. The subsequent discovery that the Germans hadn't been backward either in dusting off *their* guidebooks to the peninsula was therefore not such a shock as it might have been. As the news grew worse, there were queues of worried people on every corner waiting to buy papers. On the whole, the nation's reaction was admirably steady, but the relief over the brighter turn of events



DISTINGUISHED FOR HAND BLENDED POWDER AND EXQUISITE COSMETICS

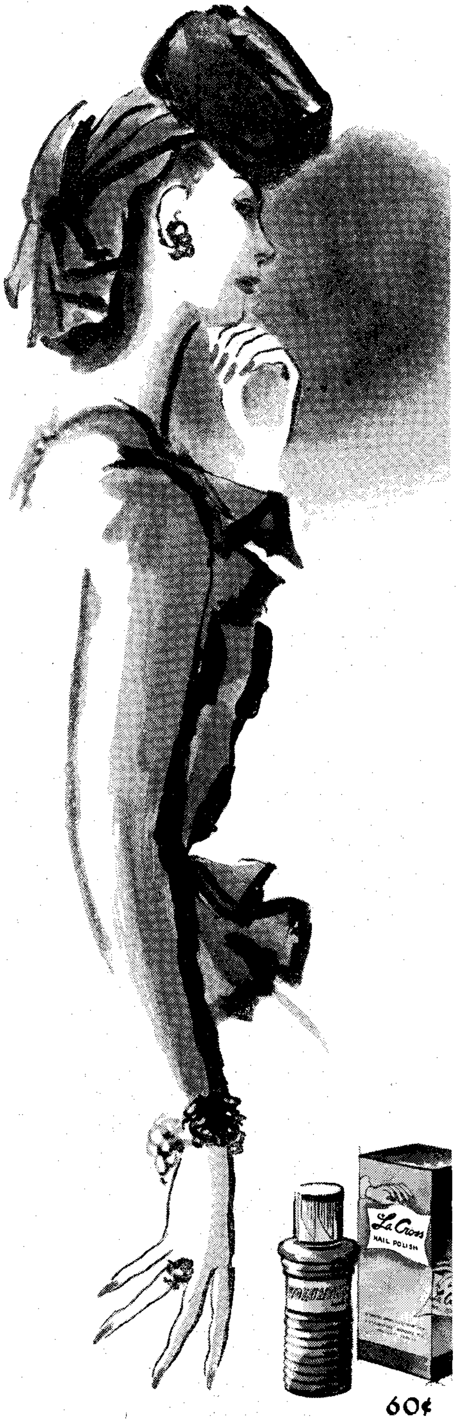
Creators of *MOSS ROSE*—whose graceful vases and cases remain "collector's items" in decorative ensemble atop boudoir tables long after their exquisite fragrances have been enjoyed.

this weekend was nonetheless tremendous.

There is still considerable disappointment and perplexity over the Il Duce affair. How such a valuable cat was allowed to get out of the bag (if he was ever in one) is certainly an item that everyone hopes Mr. Churchill will touch upon in his forthcoming report to Parliament.

COAL and housing have been big topics both in the week's news and in Londoners' conversation. The Nottinghamshire miners' strike, in support of an eighteen-year-old lad's refusal to be drafted for work underground, cost the country sixty thousand tons of coal while it lasted, but it was less serious than the news that the output of coal fields all over Britain is steadily dwindling. This situation has been attributed variously to long working hours, to the low meat content in miners' rations, and to the dangerous notion that the war is now going so well that everyone can afford to take things a trifle easier. Maybe the touch-and-go aspect of the affair at Salerno, coupled with the increasing belief that the Italian campaign will be a tough one, will knock this complacency in the head.

Though the problem of the home fires looks as if it will be acute enough this winter, there are even worse headaches right now for the numberless citizens who can't find a home to have a fire in. The housing shortage is universal, even in rural areas, where agricultural workers have been agitating for more cottages for almost a year. Of the three thousand modestly promised by the government, exactly two have been completed. They were formally opened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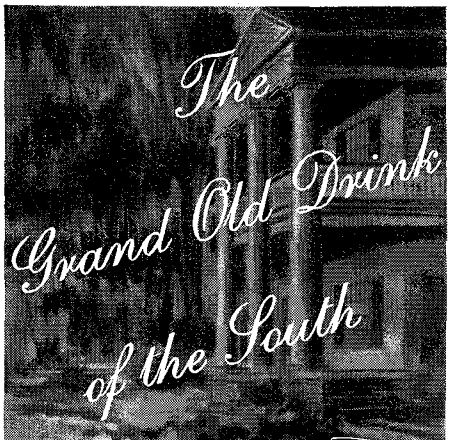

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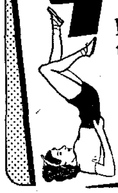

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the other day by Mr. Ernest Brown, Minister of Health, with considerable fanfare and presumably a lot of disappointment among the two hundred eager families who showed up to make application for them. District authorities have now been empowered to take over the cottages of weekending Londoners for local families who need to be in the neighborhood seven nights a week instead of one or two. This scheme hasn't progressed very far, from all accounts, but unhoused Londoners think it would be a fine idea if it were extended to the shuttered town houses of the well-to-do parties who skipped to hotels in unbombed areas way back in 1940.

BURLINGTON HOUSE, decked with flags and brisk with martial music from a military band in the courtyard, is drawing big crowds to the "Path to Victory" exhibition, put on by the *Daily Express* to show the public some excellent war photographs and war paraphernalia both life-size and in model. The crush is deepest in the Soviet section, where people may view a horrific picture of Russian snipers posed with the bodies of the Germans they had picked off. An absorbed crowd stands before a model of Essen burning, which is exhibited in darkness to the accompaniment of a recording of a blitz, which booms and whistles realistically enough to make nervous visitors dodge for the air-raid shelter. Another popular exhibit is the invasion barge in the courtyard. Ecstatic schoolboys swarm aboard it and peer over the side, as if pretending that Piccadilly is the beach at Salerno. The many soldiers visiting the show view this exhibit less excitably, as if they expected soon to be peering from such a vehicle in good earnest and trying to pretend that a stretch of beach somewhere in Europe is Piccadilly.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

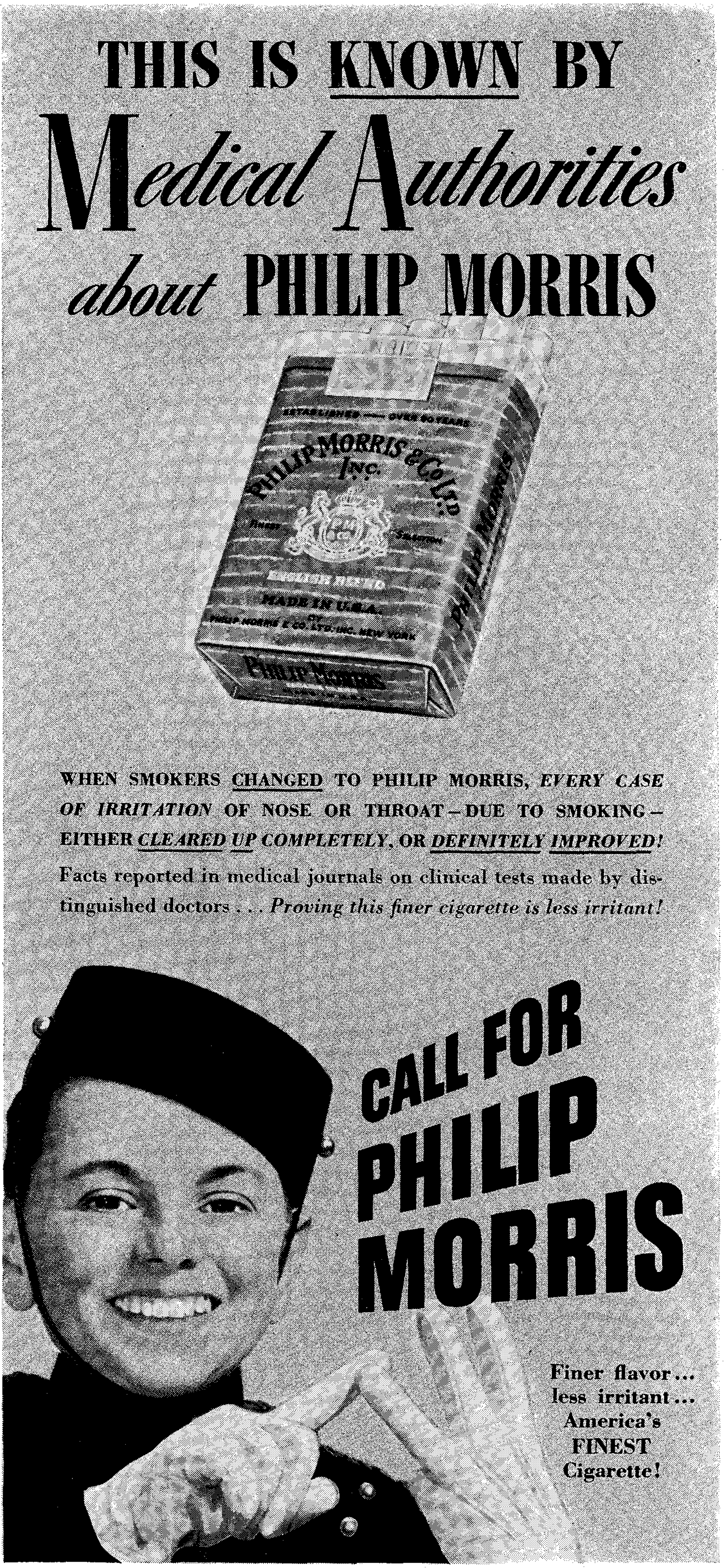
LABORATORY LULLABY

Crying also will occasionally occur when the young infant is dropped.—*"Child Psychology," by Arthur T. Jersild, Ph.D.*

Reaction one:
Complete surprise.
Reaction two:
It blinks its eyes.
Reaction three:
The infant cries.

Let's try her
A little higher.

—AUDREY HOYT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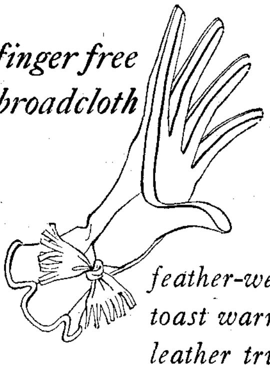

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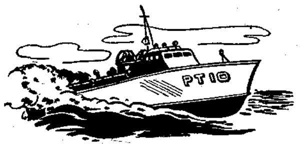

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A DOUBLE WHISKEY-AND-SODA

ONCE every couple of weeks I have to spend a day or two in Washington. This routine has been going on for a year or more and I have been through all the usual experiences that people have in our national capital—room shortages, taxi shortages, the tropical heat. Everybody knows about them, so they're hardly worth mentioning. Last week, however, I ran into what I think is something new.

It was one of those hot, steamy days with occasional showers. The temperature and humidity were in the nineties. My day there was no better than usual, which was terrible. I had been thoroughly soaked through twice, my shoes were wet, and my hat was sodden and misshapen. So I decided I would try to catch the four o'clock. I couldn't get a taxi and when I arrived at the Union Station by trolley car I had missed my train. The station was steamy, and the only thing I could think of that might make me want to go on living was a good stiff dose of whiskey.

The bar in Union Station, as a great many people know, is not the ideal place for a man in the condition I was in. In the first place, there *is* no bar. You have to sit down at a table. I took a small table near the door and, when a young waitress appeared, ordered a double whiskey-and-soda, adding, with what I thought was a friendly, light touch, "And please, Miss, with the speed of light." The girl didn't move. Instead, she began a careful scrutiny of the menu she was carrying. Finally she announced, "We don't serve double whiskey-and-soda."

"You don't serve *whiskey?*" I asked, feeling sure I had misunderstood.

"Yes," she said, "we serve whiskey, but not double whiskey." I pointed out that "double whiskey" wasn't a brand name, like Johnnie Walker, that it meant simply two ponies of whiskey in one glass. Therefore, if they served whiskey at all, there wasn't any reason she couldn't serve me a double whiskey.

She continued to stand there, looking at the menu and shaking her head. After a while she said, "I'm sorry, but it isn't on the menu and I can't serve it to you."

I threw myself on her mercy. "Please," I said, "no one would know. I'm sure it will be all right."

"*No*, nothing doing," she said firmly, and then added rather formally, "All the girls are given careful instructions to take orders only for things listed on the menu. Double whiskeys are not on the menu and it will be impossible to serve one."

This was about as much as I could stand, but since I really didn't have the strength to rise up and in a loud voice damn the whole place, I tried cunning. It's more or less standard equipment for getting results in Washington anyway. I asked if it would be all right if she brought me a whiskey-and-soda and also one for my friend. "He's going to sit there," I said, and pointed to the empty chair across the table. She still hesitated until I added, "He's in the washroom, but he'll be here in a minute."

AT the end of the usual twenty minutes it takes to get service anywhere these days, the waitress arrived with two whiskeys, two highball glasses, two splits of soda, and two paper doilies. She carefully put one of each in front of me and one opposite.

"Now, Miss," I said boldly, "I'll show you about double whiskey-and-sodas." I took both whiskey glasses, poured them into my highball glass, filled it up with soda, and gave it a whirl.

"What will your friend say?" she asked. But I didn't have to answer that one, for she went away, shaking her head and muttering.

I choked the drink down and felt slightly better. It was time to start thinking about getting on the five o'clock if I wanted a chance at a seat. There was the usual trouble about catching the girl's eye, but she finally came over and I asked her for my check. She started to write it out and then asked if I wanted

ROOMS TO LET

one check or two. I said, "One check." She stopped writing, gave me a funny look, and then walked over to the hostess, or lady captain. They had a short conversation and as they talked, the hostess turned and, holding the menu in front of her face, looked at me over the top of it. She nodded to the waitress, walked over to my table, and asked me very sweetly if there was any trouble.

"No," I said, "with the possible exception of the fact that I can't get a check and I'm trying to catch a train."

"I am sorry, sir, but your waitress says *you* say you only had the one drink."

At this I got up and made a brief speech. "I did only have the one drink," I said. "It was a double whiskey-and-soda, and what's more, I am prepared to pay for it. Money is no object, but for God's sake give me a check."

She looked at the menu and shook her head. "I am very sorry, sir, but there must be some mistake. You see, we don't serve double whiskey-and-soda."

By that time I had become the centre of some attention. I put two one-dollar bills down on the table, reached for my ruined hat, and said, "Lady, I can't go through all of this business with you. Will two dollars cover the damages and let me out of here?" Without waiting for more, I plunged out, fully expecting to be arrested. I had to stand up only as far as Baltimore.

—Paul MacNamara

•

Fred L. Morgan, chief machinist mate, U.S. Navy recruiting office, Federal Building, reported the girth of a seven-pound boy to his wife, Mrs. Helen Proudfoot Morgan, in Good Samaritan Hospital, Friday.—*Cincinnati Times Star.*

Thorough of him.

•

There was no boat on Sunday evening, which meant no boat out Monday morning. And as there was no boat in for the mid-day trip, of course there was no afternoon boat out on Monday.—*Nantucket Inquirer & Mirror.*

Damn little boating around there for an island.

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From "Spider, Spider," by Conrad Aiken*]

She emptied her glass, and turned her back to put it on the mantelpiece. She did this quite simply, without any sort of self-consciousness; there was nothing histrionic in the gesture; it was the entire naturalness of the action that made it, somehow, heartbreaking.

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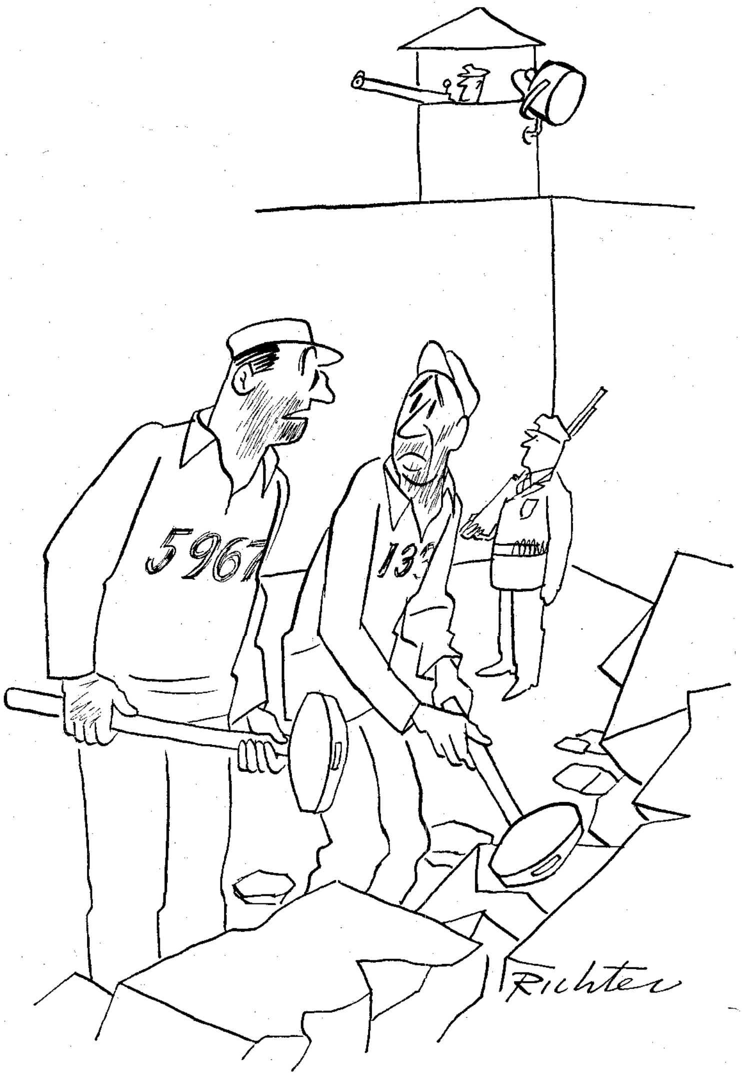
BOOKS

Heroes, Germans, and Superfluous Men

THE House of du Pont was founded by an idealistic dreamer, a man of courage and honor, every one of whose ideas would today be regarded with open-mouthed astonishment by the average board of directors. Hamilton was the poet and visionary, Jefferson the practical man who knew what would work. Martin Van Buren, a truly magnificent politician, failed only when he stepped out of character and honestly tried to be a high-principled statesman, just as his great opponent, Clay, a first-rate statesman, failed when he attempted to be a politician. William Henry Harrison, far from being the rugged log-cabin figure of legend, was a gentleman of aristocratic lineage who rose to the Presidency without any clear consciousness of what was happening to him. William Jennings Bryan, the perennial failure, was really a permanent success, for almost everything he fought for has been enacted into law, whereas Theodore Roosevelt, who never lost a major battle, always lost the campaign. Thomas E. Watson, who should have been the great liberal to lead the South out of reaction, turned into a ranting demagogue. Woodrow Wilson was repudiated by the American people (not Congress) because they were not mature enough to see that his world politics, instead of being utopian, were the only kind of politics that could have saved the country and brought about the prosperity, security, and happiness which we thought we were achieving when we turned our backs on the rest of the universe and relapsed into the cultivation of our own garden.

These are some of the ironies of American history treated with an altogether extraordinary mixture of charm and scholarship in Gerald W. Johnson's "American Heroes and Hero-Worship." His book is an original statement of an old truth—that the opinions men hold about their country's history are not only mutable but quite often have no special relevance to the facts. Thus "Heroes and Hero-Worship" becomes not only a series of highly instructive lessons in history but a study in folk psychology, in the process by which certain myths are born, exploited, established, and called the truth.



"I wouldn't feel too bad if I were you. Before long everyone will be working for the government."

YOU may care to note the appearance of the opposite number to Joseph Rosenfarb's "Highway to Tokyo." It's called "The Invasion of Germany," and it's by Curt Riess, an emigré German who has written several other better-than-middling books about wartime Europe. The manuscript was delivered to the publishers two weeks before the Sicilian invasion. So far events seem to have validated rather than dated his judgments, one of which is that the big push should and would start in the south.

The nub of Mr. Riess's thesis lies in his demonstration of the necessity for a large-scale invasion of Germany itself if we are (a) to win this war and (b) head off the Third World War which the Germans are probably already looking forward to. While he accepts air power as a necessary auxiliary, he has no faith in it as the decisive weapon. Nor does he place any faith in the notion that the Germans will crack up internally. There will be no revolution, except perhaps the kind of Fascist fakery involved in a military dictatorship or even a German "republic."

Nor does he agree with Max Werner, who is of the opinion that a major second front can win this year. He advances the more cautious notion that several major invasions, undertaken within a reasonable time, should bring victory in 1944, provided we fight the Germans on their own soil. (This was also the thesis of General Pershing, who should know something about the subject.)

The major part of Riess's book is devoted to a fairly detailed and rather convincing study of the actual routes such invasions may be expected to take, the kind of terrain we will have to fight on, the help (very little) we may expect from the German underground movement, the pattern our psychological propaganda should take, the rôle to be assumed by the occupied countries, and similar considerations.

At the risk of wearying the reader, I find myself forced to repeat what Riess, who is a German, confirms and what has by now become apparent, it would seem, to many others, not including the heads of the Allied governments, par-

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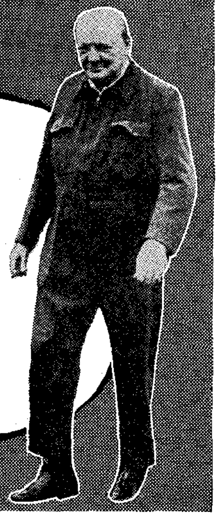

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—Hilary St. George Saunders—New York Times

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ticularly Stalin—the fact that there is very little distinction to be made between Nazis and Germans.

IT is the conviction of Albert Jay Nock that he is one of the few men alive privy to the secret that we are on the threshold of a new and more barbarous Dark Age. It gives him keen pleasure to hold this conviction and to write about it, and though I cannot share it, I must confess it gives me keen pleasure to read about it. The fact that Mr. Nock seems wrong-headed in many respects, petulant, irascible, and too sweeping should not prevent any intelligent reader from admitting that he writes with far greater wit and elegance than most right-headed men.

In "Memoirs of a Superfluous Man," Mr. Nock provides us with the history of his intellect. His position is that of an aristocrat-anarchist. He stands far to the right of mere Toryism and I suppose would condemn Fascists almost as heartily as he condemns New Dealism. What he is against is the State, in whatever form it presents itself, the common people, considered as the repository of wisdom, and the nineteenth-century idea of progress.

I have not since the days of the early Mencken read a more eloquently written blast against democracy or enjoyed more fully a display of crusted prejudices. Mr. Nock is a highly civilized man who does not like our civilization and will have no part of it. He is a rare bird, one of an almost extinct species, and, as he very properly puts it, a superfluous one. We are not apt to see his like again. —CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE WIDE NET AND OTHER STORIES, by Eudora Welty. The title piece in this collection has the wit and the mysterious imagination, hovering between the craziness of a dream and the familiarity of everyday life, which characterized Miss Welty's "A Curtain of Green" and "The Robber Bridegroom." Because of the inclusion of one such gorgeous tale, it's probably captious to complain that the collection as a whole falls below the author's other works. Miss Welty is entitled to her experiments, but this reader would enthusiastically welcome her back to the less labored, less diffuse, and more direct manner of her earlier books.

O RIVER, REMEMBER! by Martha Ostenso. Another of Miss Ostenso's

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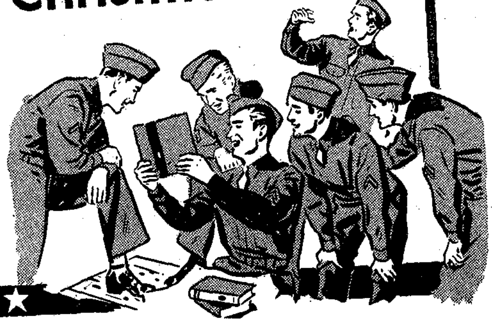

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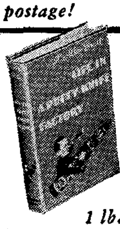

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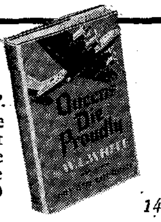

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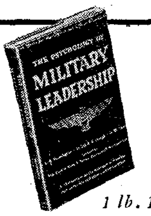

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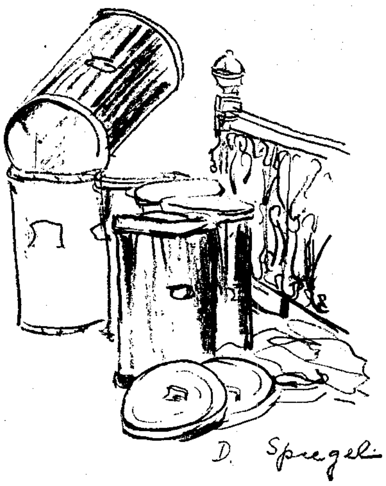
competent, uninspired novels about Minnesota farmers. This one is told all higgledy-piggledy; the action of the story shuttles back and forth between the present and the pioneer days of the eighteen-seventies. The author brings to light plenty of greed and selfishness among our idealized pioneers.

The Turnbulls, by Taylor Caldwell. The fortunes of John Turnbull, his lowborn wife, his children, the woman he loved but did not marry, his shady business transactions, and his rise to great wealth in the New York of the middle of the last century. Miss Caldwell's characters would be remarkably unpleasant people if they were people at all, but in spite of the violence of their portrayal they never really seem credible. A novel innocent of any feeling for style, at its best recalling the more lush passages of Disraeli's works.

Retreat from Rostov, by Paul Hughes. The notable feature of this 586-page novel is the fact that its young Oklahoma author, who in this book reconstructs the thirty-four-day battle for Rostov-on-the-Don, in which the Germans suffered a decisive defeat in November and December of 1941, has never been out of the United States. Mr. Hughes' characters (Russian, German, and American) are sadly unconvincing and his plot rather operatic, but one must admire the energy and intrepidity of this full-scale, remote-control attempt at a current-events "War and Peace."

This Was Lidice, by Gustav Holm, translated from the German by Elizabeth Abbott. Still another novel about the now permanently established symbol of calculated German savagery. Touching and full of regional color and warmth.

The Night of the Summer Sol-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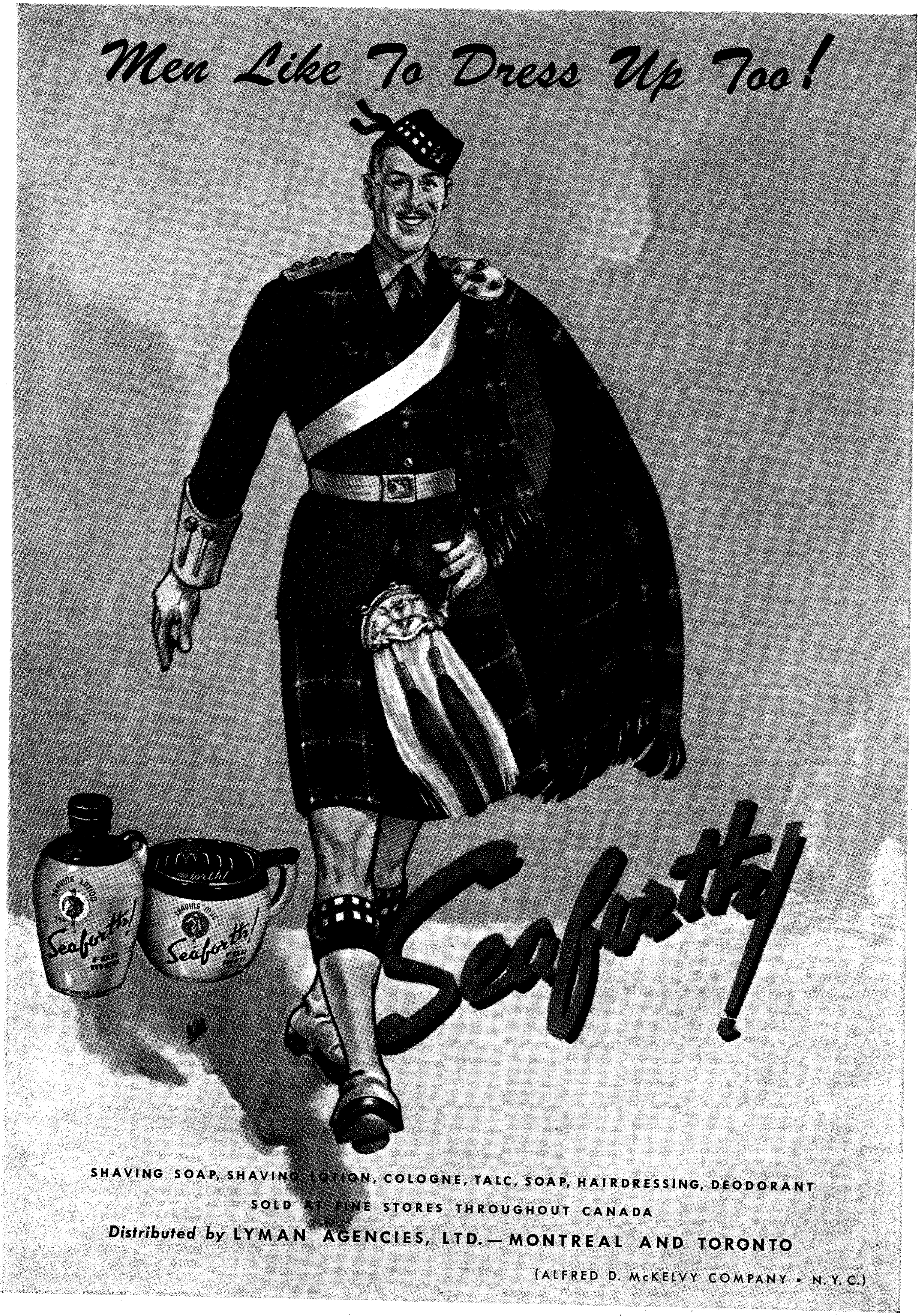
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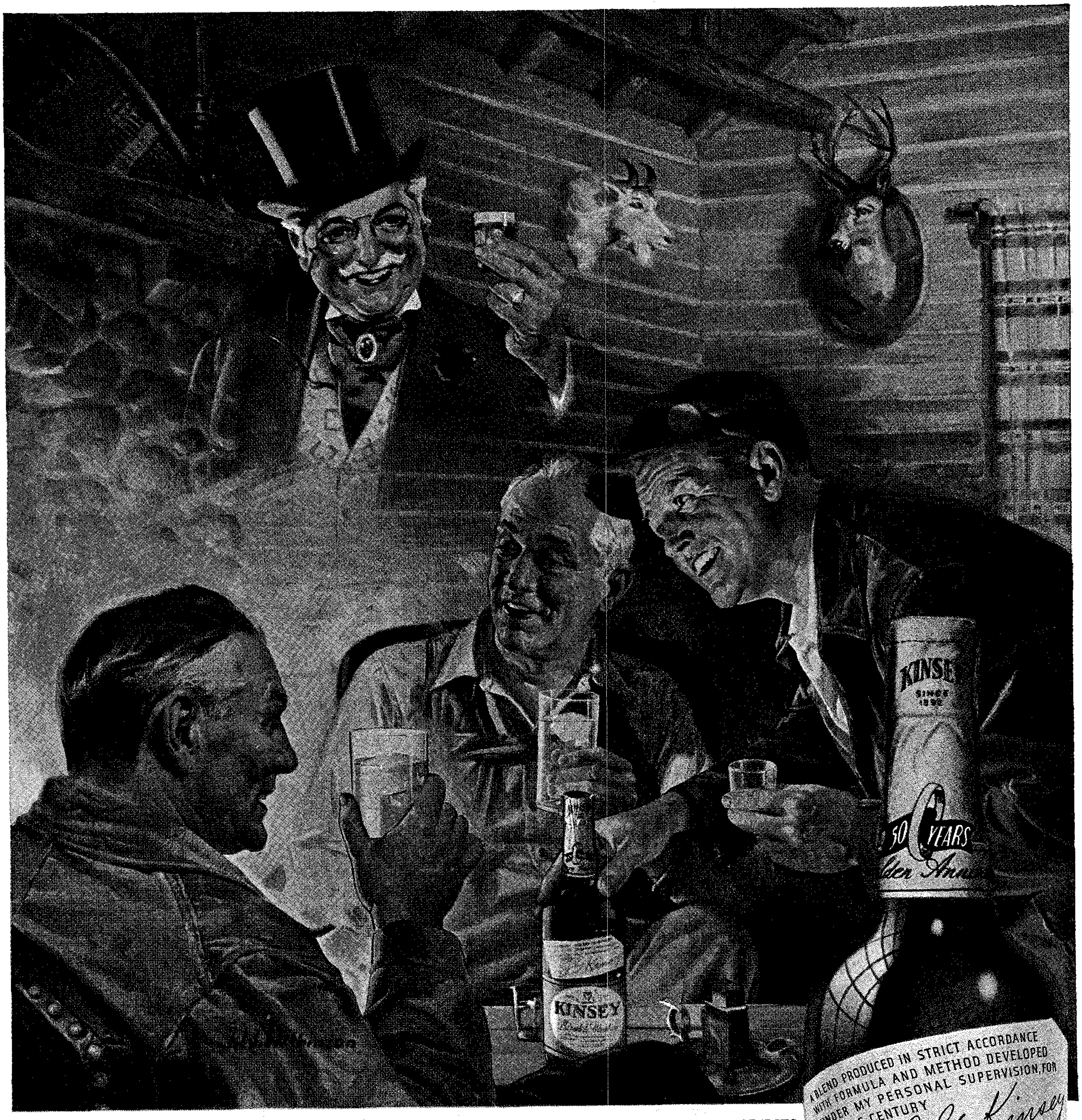
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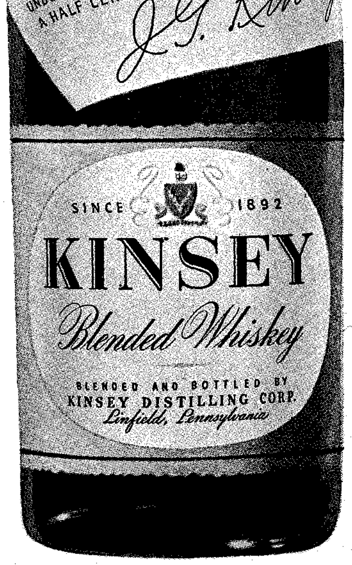
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GENERAL

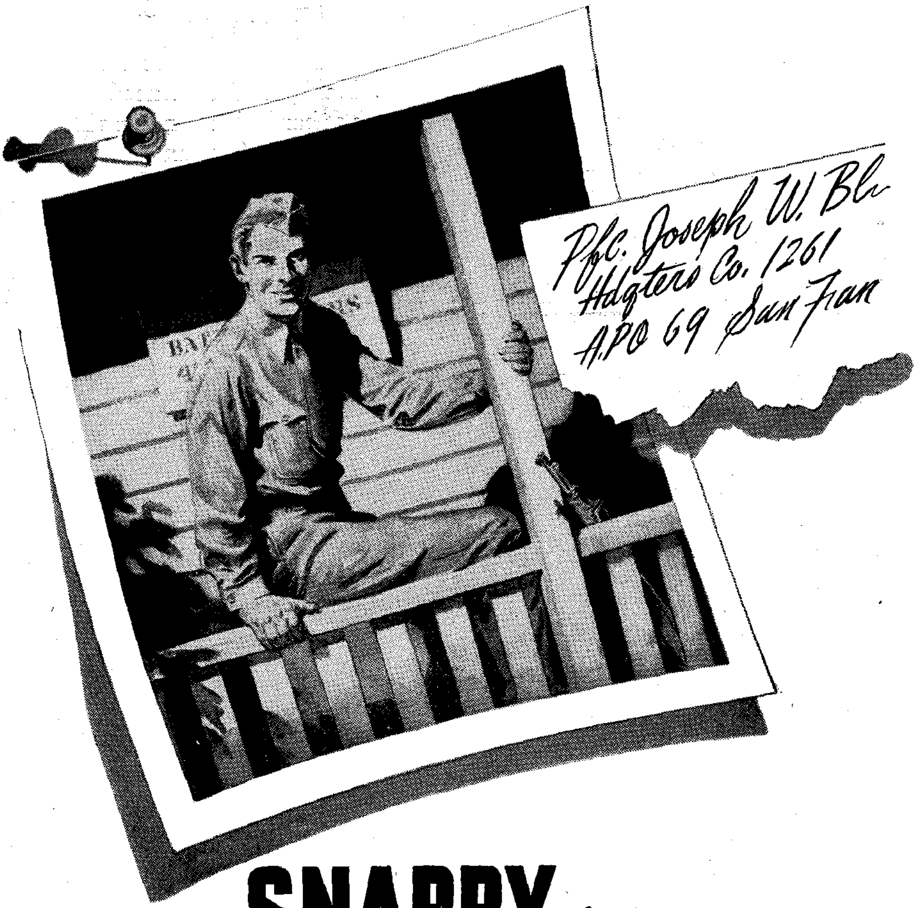
The American, by James Truslow Adams. Historical evolution of the American temperament as it has developed in and been influenced by politics, religion, the frontier, foreign affairs, and so on. A comprehensive, readable job, with here and there a new insight. You may feel, though, that rugged individualism has been played up at the expense of the lend-a-hand spirit. The author's Boston-baiting is amusing, but his rationalization of slavery's benefits to the slaves may strike you as a good deal less than that.

The Conquest of North Africa 1940-1943, by Alexander G. Clifford. Topical history of the chief North African campaigns of this war, from Graziani's move into Egypt in August, 1940, to the finish in Tunisia, plus an account of actions in Greece, Syria, Ethiopia, and so on. Mr. Clifford, a London *Daily Mail* correspondent who was on hand for most of the battles he describes, has done a crisp, orderly job. He has also done the accompanying maps.

Home Front Memo, by Carl Sandburg. An assortment of the author's pamphlets, speeches, broadcasts, columns, poems, and such, written during the last three years, all on the subject of the war or colored by thoughts of the war. Many of these pieces are warm and moving, others appear to be blighted by a self-consciously bad syntax that threatens to become Mr. Sandburg's worst mannerism. The book includes a collection of pertinent photographs by Commander Edward Steichen, U. S. N. R., with text by the author.

The Air Future, by Burnet Hershey. A "primer of aeropolitics," in which are discussed the changes we face and must prepare for in the new postwar world, which Mr. Hershey believes will be dominated by air power. Future types of planes, regulations, bases, and other matters all get due attention in this clearly written and enthusiastic forecast.

Paris-Underground, by Etta Shiber, in collaboration with Anne and Paul Dupré. Mrs. Shiber, an American



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Maybe you never knew Joe, but Joe knew you. Joe used to work at the postoffice. When a letter came along with your address, Joe shot it into slot 17—which was practically in the bag. The postman's bag! Joe carried your Postal Unit Delivery number in his head.

Joe is sorting letters for the Army now, by Pacific bases instead of city blocks. The new man on Joe's job will be years learning what Joe knew. Slow sorting is making late mail . . . may even delay letters a day.

So the Post Office, short 35,000 men like Joe, wants you to put the Postal Unit Delivery number on your letters to the 124 cities where the mail is hard to sort. Revise your address records, mailing lists and stencils—and include in the addresses the Unit Delivery number for every city where they are in use . . . It won't take long to get used to this new number system . . . it will help the Post Office in this critical period. And it does assure your own mail getting prompt delivery.

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woman, helped to smuggle some two hundred British soldiers out of occupied Paris. She was arrested by the Nazis, was sentenced to three years at hard labor, and was later exchanged for a German woman spy. A remarkable story, simply told, perhaps at too great length.

A HUNDRED YEARS OF MEDICINE, by C. D. Haagensen and Wyndham E. B. Lloyd. Painstaking, rather pedestrian account of the milestones in the progress of modern medical science. A sound, not too inspiring job designed for the layman and the first-year medical student. Illustrated.

EUROPE'S CHILDREN, by Thérèse Bonney. Sixty-two photographs of Fascism's most pitiful victims, by an artist who has both an eye and a heart. Some are unavoidably gruesome.

LOG BOOK, by Frank Laskier. Experiences of an English seaman, told in the third person, though apparently in large part the author's own story. A short book, but touched with a harshly eloquent faith in mankind. One of the most bitterly honest and inspiring of the recent reports on the war.

THE THEATRE BOOK OF THE YEAR, 1942–1943, by George Jean Nathan. A collection of critical essays on last season's dramatic fare, including the turkeys. Not the least of the author's charms is that he uses words like "neoteric" when he simply means "recent," and his syntax is still as complicated and fascinating as the works in a watch. Mr. Nathan's book is full of very funny reading for the casual theatregoer and interesting, if occasionally high-handed and debatable, thoughts for the trade. Projected as an annual feature.

83 DAYS, by Mark Murphy. This is

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a grim, abundantly detailed, and human account of the twelve weeks a twenty-year-old American Navy gunner spent on a raft in the South Atlantic after the torpedoing of a Dutch liner last year. Illustrated with photographs of his rescue. A briefer version of this story, by the same author, appeared recently in *The New Yorker*.

VERSE

THE BOOK OF NEW POEMS 1943, edited by Oscar Williams. A selection from the recent work of forty American and British poets—Frost, MacLeish, and Edith Sitwell, in the company of younger men and women, a good many of them on the wordy side. Interesting previously uncollected material by Marianne Moore, Auden, and others. Biographical notes and photographs, both grave and gay, of certain contributors.

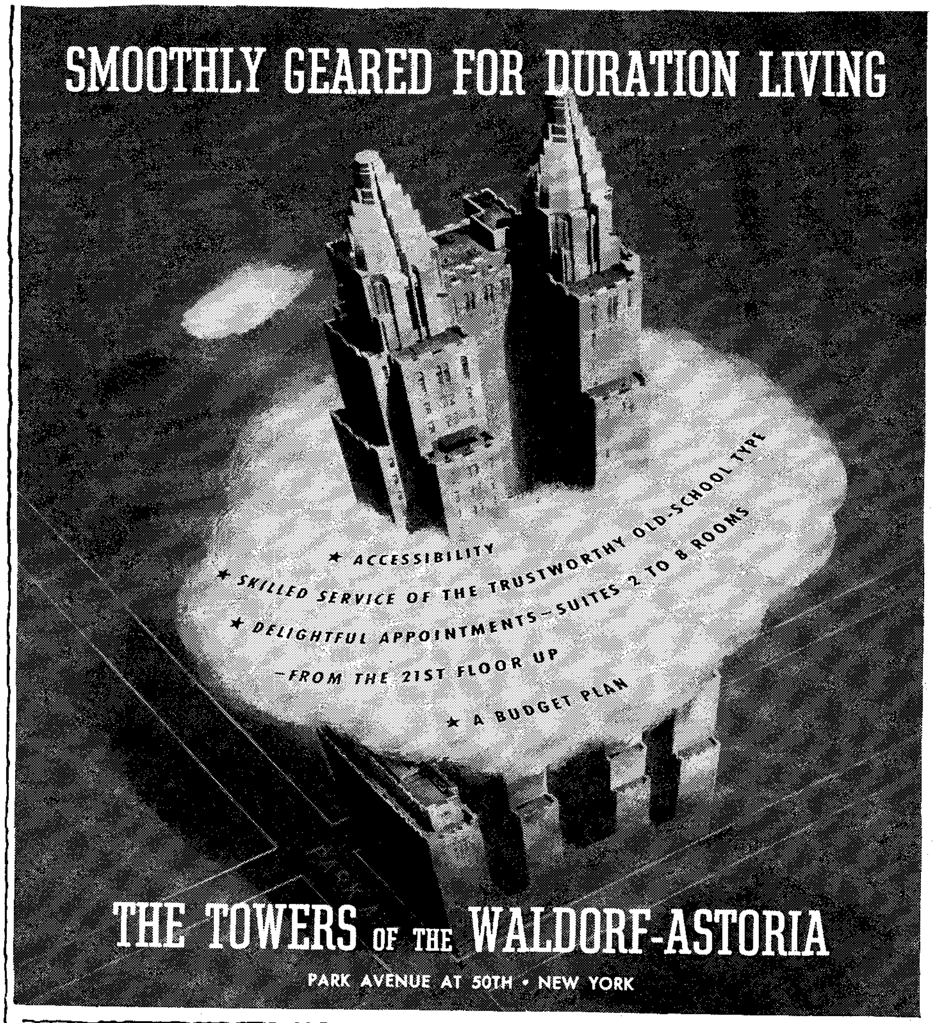
THE BOOK OF CANADIAN POETRY, edited with an introduction and notes by A. J. M. Smith. A comprehensive critical and historical anthology which traces Canadian poetry from its beginning, commenting upon material and influences, native and otherwise. A gifted contemporary group of Canadian poets is well represented.

AFTERNOON OF A PAWNBROKER AND OTHER POEMS, by Kenneth Fearing. Twenty-one poems which manage, in spite of their lightness of tone, to arouse a nameless dread not unlike that of the man in the nursery rhyme who ran fifteen miles in fourteen days and never looked behind him. Many of them have appeared in this magazine.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE WEIGHT OF THE EVIDENCE, by Michael Innes. Some unusual aspects of life in a provincial English university are revealed after a meteorite falls from one of the towers onto Pluckrose, the eminent scientist. Inspector Appleby of Scotland Yard, who can trade Latin quotations with the best of them, talks his way to a solution of the case, which is remarkably involved. Get out your reference books before you settle down to read this. Recommended for those with a pedantic turn of mind.

SALLY'S IN THE ALLEY, by Norbert Davis. You get the feel of this mystery early in the game, when you discover that it features a Great Dane named Carstairs, who sleeps in a twin bed and eats English tea biscuits. If this happens to appeal to you, there's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LARVEX

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plenty more of the same in the course of the story, which, in its confused way, has to do with the activities of spies in the Mojave Desert.

NIGHT ATTACK, by Lee Crosby. Sabotage, murder, and other forms of deviltry in a Long Island war plant. It is fortunate that Peter Wayne, the trouble-shooter sent out by the home office, has a hard head, since he's knocked on it at regular intervals before he finally clears things up. Exciting enough to make you think twice before you take an evening stroll in wartime, particularly if you live on the South Shore.

•

WEDDING IN AUGUST

About the last day of August HE, plus his nearly earned wings, will come galloping out of Texas for a quick wedding to snatch his bride. SHE is only 19 and without relatives or many friends even, so it will be a small little rectory ceremony. She came west to do war-work and hasn't been here very long.

"My hair is black and I wear it in a long, soft bob. My shoulders are wide and my bust rather full, but my hips are small and my legs slender . . . and I have the most adorable red sandals with pompoms on the toes that I would like to wear with whatever you plan. I want something I can use when I go out with my husband in Texas later. Please plan something stunning even if it is to be a small wedding. I'll make it myself, for I have made all my clothes for years!"

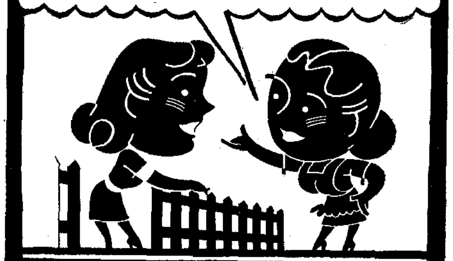
Now August in Texas is real hot—and so are the months that follow. So it would not even be wise to plan a real autumn costume. Something light in color and pretty to wear it must be—but the design can be very new. I'd love a splashy red print upon a white background plus a few black lines. And this would be smart in Texas for over two months to come. The fabric will be jersey for good packing. Then the style of the dress will be this. A slender wrap-around. The simple deep surplice neckline is very becoming to broad shoulders and a full bust. The skirt can have a narrow self-ruffle down the side where it laps and also around the hem for pertness. Maybe a small ruffle around the very short, puckered-up sleeves.

But accessories add the last special touch!

Since this little bride-to-be can sew so well she can make a big new pouch bag herself. It will tie with ears sticking up and there will be room to slip her arm through beneath. Red grograin will be very smart and this bag plus red sandals will begin to give a new fall dash to her looks. Then she can buy interesting red flowers like geraniums and attach them to a tiny black calot—possibly high over the ears in new Chinese fashion. And all this can be swathed in black veiling with hanging ends at the back.—*Santa Rosa (Calif.) Press-Democrat.*

Wrap the groom in an old tarpaulin and you're off.

I've found that just
a simple dash
Of Mustard lends
real lure to hash!
It costs no points,
but bear in mind—
You want the
keystone-labeled kind!



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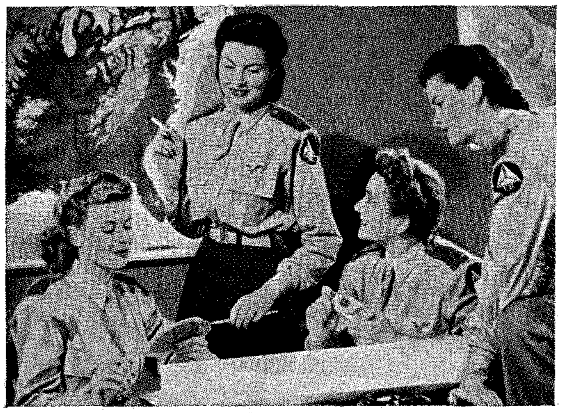
FLIGHT OFFICER GAY GAHAGAN OF THE CIVIL AIR PATROL SAYS THAT EVERYTHING'S CHANGED NOW——EXCEPT THE CIGARETTE SHE'S SMOKING. IT'S STILL——AND ALWAYS——CAMEL

Flight Officer Gay Gahagan—"on leave"

IF ANYONE ever rated the title "Glamour Girl" it was the gracious and gay Gay Gahagan. You used to see her constantly...on the covers of the best magazines...at chic parties...on the "dawn patrol" at the ringside tables of the smartest night clubs...at Roosevelt Field flying "just for fun." But now she's Flight Officer Gay Gahagan, and you find her in the cockpit of a CAP plane on Army missions. Everything's changed now. Well, not quite everything. Her cigarette is *still* Camel. "I adore Camel's flavor and mildness," she declares.



ORDERS OF THE DAY. Flight Officer Gahagan in the Operations Room. Like an Air Force "briefing"... even to the Camels. For they are the pick of pilots—like smokers everywhere who want the rich flavor of costlier tobaccos and the extra mildness of slow burning.

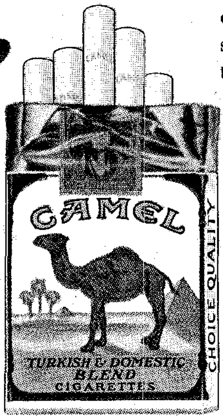
Camel

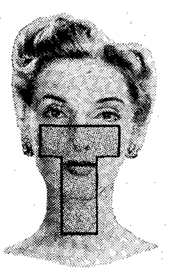
COSTLIER TOBACCOS

FIRST IN THE SERVICE

*The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and the Coast Guard is Camel. (Based on actual sales records.)

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.





"THE T ZONE"

—where cigarettes are judged

The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only *your* taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you... and how it affects your throat. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T."